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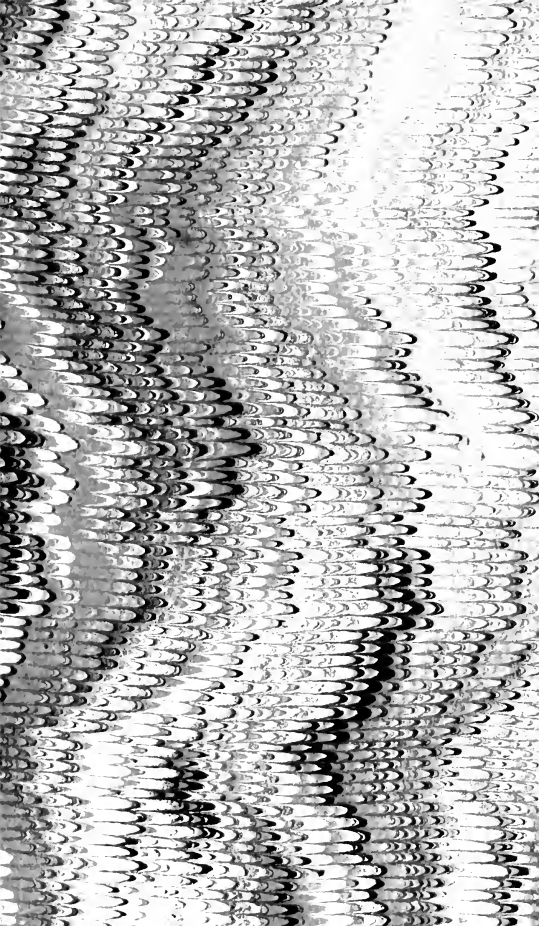


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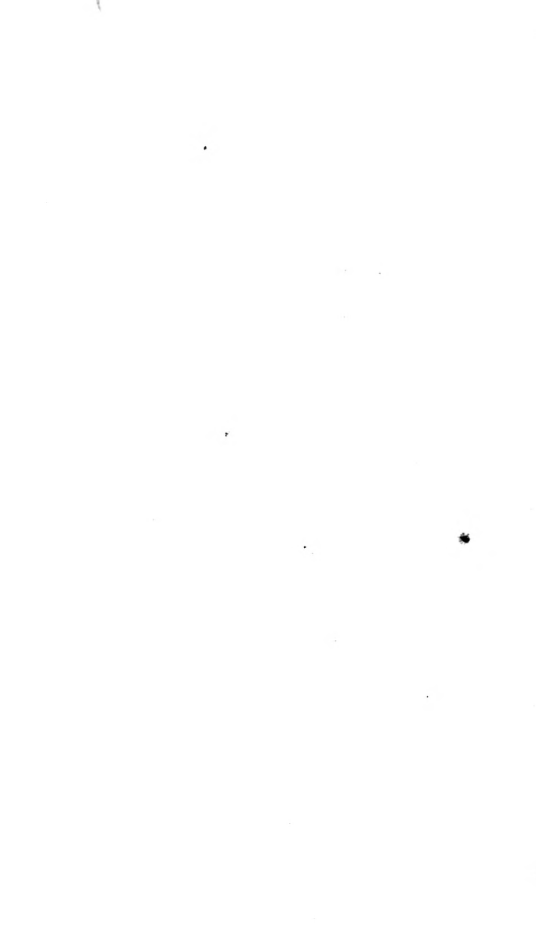
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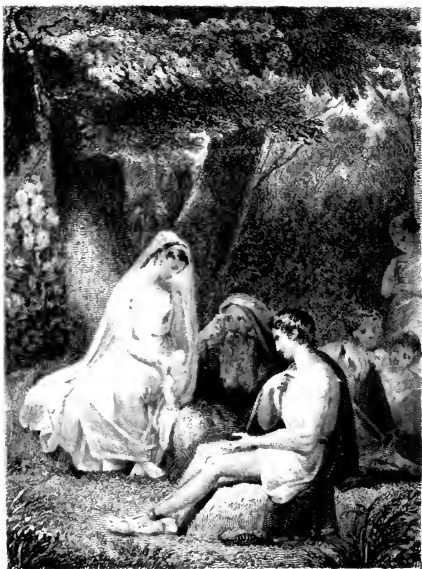


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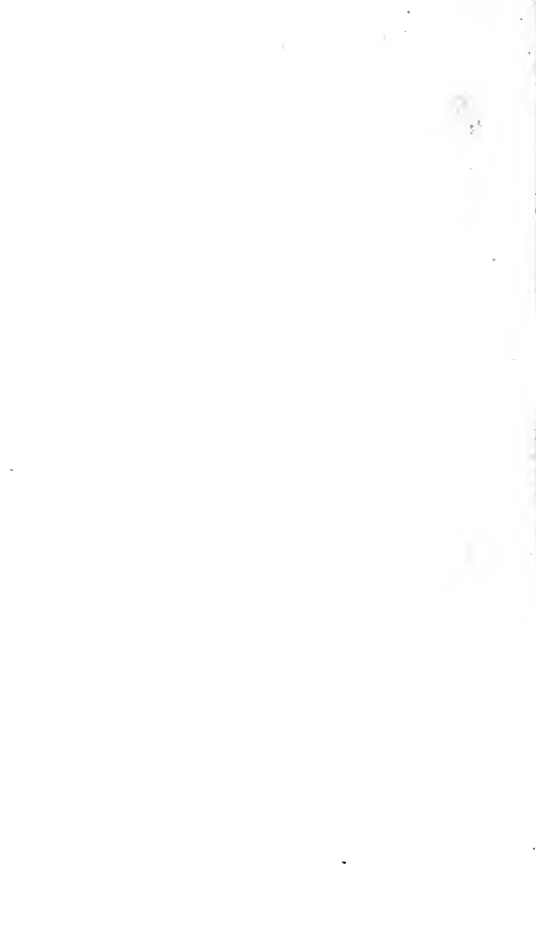


and blushing

with

*and blushing with the most graceful modesty
he continued his narrative*

Eden, vol. 1, book 1



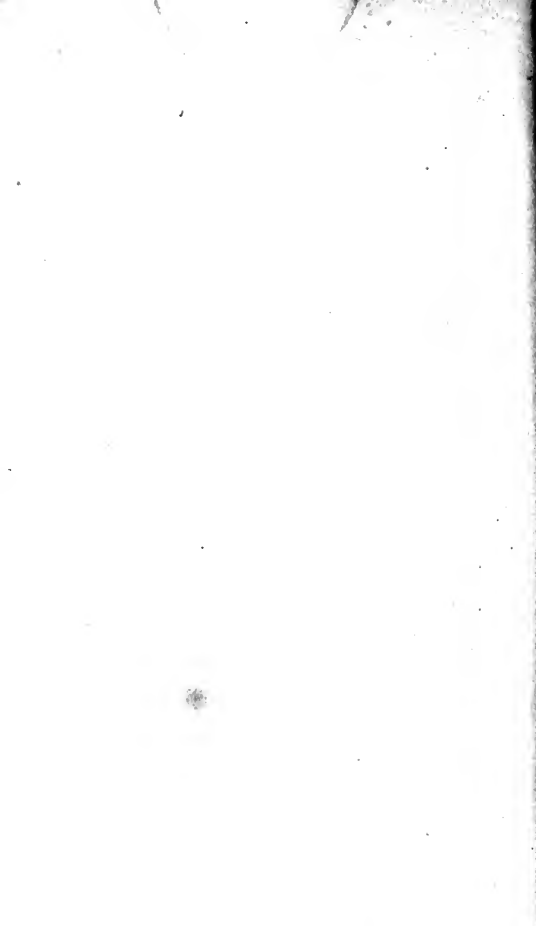
THE
ADVENTURES OF TELEPLACETTE
TRANSVILLON
DE ILAWKESWORTH.



London:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL JOHNSON & SONS

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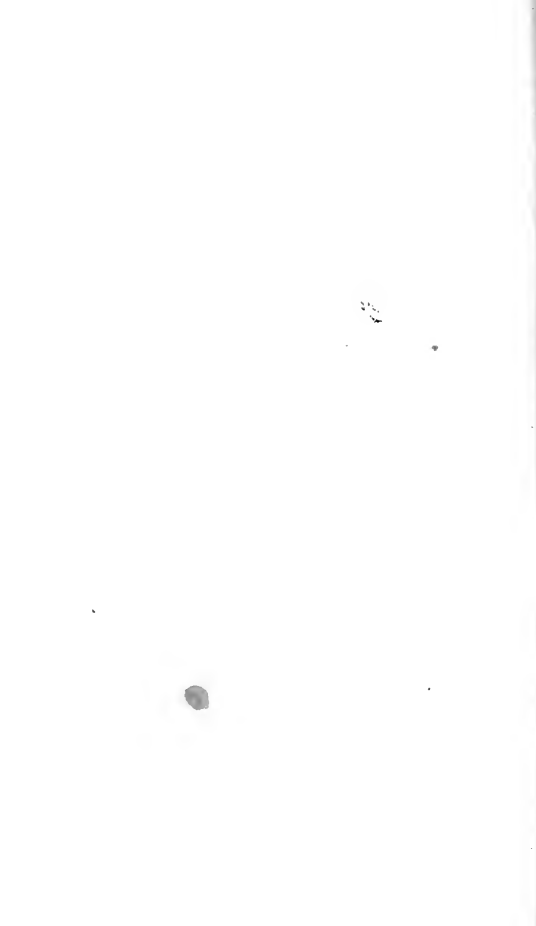
THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
THE SON OF ULYSSES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF
SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE-FENELON,
ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

BY
JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL.D.

WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
AND
REMARKS ON EPIC POETRY,
AND ON THE EXCELLENCE OF TELEMACHUS.

MANCHESTER:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY THOMAS JOHNSON, OLDHAM STREET.
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THE

LIFE OF FENELON.

FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LAMOTTE-FENELON, was descended of an ancient and illustrious family, and born at the castle of Fénélon in Périgord, on the 6th of August, 1651. Under the eyes of a virtuous father, he advanced in his literary studies with equal rapidity and success; and being from childhood nurtured in classical antiquity, and in particular familiarized in his solitude with the masterpieces of Grecian genius, his taste was formed on the purest models, whilst his benign genius was simultaneously developed. At twelve years of age he was sent to the University of Cahors; and afterwards went to Paris, to complete his education for the vocation to which he was destined, where he remained under the care of his uncle, Anthony, Marquis of Fénélon, lieutenant-general of the king's armies. At nineteen, he underwent a public examination, along with Bossuet, afterwards so celebrated, and preached before a distinguished auditory, who listened to him with a mixture of surprise and admiration. But this premature reputation rather alarmed than gratified the Marquis of Fénélon, who was fearful that his nephew's virtuous disposition might be corrupted by this early applause. He therefore induced him to retire, for a time, to the Seminary of St Sulpice, and to place himself under the care of the Abbé Trousou, the superior of the establishment. In this retreat, Fénélon imbibed the evangelical spirit, and at the age of twenty-four entered into holy orders, and commenced the functions of his ministry in the parish of St Sulpice. Three years after, he

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was chosen by the Archbishop of Paris to be the superior to the *Nouvelles Catholiques*, or newly-converted women in Paris. The duties and cares of this employment, in which he buried his genius during ten years, prepared him for the composition of his first work, entitled *Traité de l'Education des Filles* (on the Education of Daughters), a masterpiece of delicacy and of reason, which has not been equalled by the author of *Emile* and painter of Sophie. This work was intended for the Duchess of Beauvilliers, the pious mother of a numerous family, and was published in 1688. In the modest obscurity of his ministry, Fénélon had already formed with the Dukes of Beauvilliers and of Chevreuse that virtuous friendship which resisted equally the seductions of favour and the frowns of disgrace, the smiles of the court and the decree of exile. But in the case of Bossuet he met with an attachment which was destined to be much less durable. Admitted into familiarity with this great man, Fénélon studied his genius and his life; and the example of Bossuet, whose polemical religion exercised itself in controversies and conversions, probably suggested to him the *Traité du Ministère des Pasteurs* (on the Duties of the Pastors of the Church), a work in which he combats the heretics with a moderation which formed no part of the character of his illustrious model. The subject, the merit of this work, and the all-powerful suffrage of Bossuet in its favour, induced Louis XIV. to confide to Fénélon the charge of a new mission to Poitou (1689). The rigorous uniformity which the French monarch was desirous of establishing in matters of religion, and the resistance which sprung from the oppressive measures adopted for this purpose, often obliged the monarch to cause his missionaries be supported by troops. Fénélon, however, not only rejected peremptorily the co-operation of the dragoons, but even reserved to himself the choice of the ecclesiastical colleagues who should share with him in the ministry of persuasion and gentleness. He converted without persecuting, and made the faith of which he was the apostle an object of love instead of hatred. The importance which was then attached to such missions fixed all eyes upon Fénélon, who had so happily acquitted himself of that entrusted to his care.

A great object was now presented to his ambition and his talents. The dauphin, grandson of Louis XIV., had at length passed the period of childhood, and the king was looking out for a person to whom the education of the young prince might be confided. This was in the year 1689. By the favour of Madame de Maintenon, virtue obtained the preference in this appointment. M. de Beauvilliers was named governor, and he recommended to the king Fénélon as preceptor of the

young prince. These virtuous friends, seconded by the attentions of men worthy of imitating them, commenced the task of educating the future king; and history attests that there was never seen a more perfect concurrence of principle and exertion. But Fénelon, by the natural superiority of his genius, formed the soul of this reunion; it was he who, transported by the hope of one day realizing the *beau idéal* of a prince on the throne, and viewing the happiness of France as in a great measure dependent on the education of its future sovereign, destroyed with admirable art all the dangerous germs which nature and the premature sentiment of power had implanted in his youthful breast, and gradually moulded an almost indomitable character to the habit of the most salutary virtues. This system of education, precious vestiges of which remain in some of the writings of Fénelon, appears to have been a masterpiece of that genius which devotes itself to advance the happiness of mankind. When brought into the midst of the court, Fénelon, without intermingling in its intrigues, secured general admiration by the graces of his brilliant and ready wit, and the charm of his noble and eloquent conversation. In his character the apostle and the great lord seemed to be strangely united. Imagination and genius escaped him on all occasions; and the most refined politeness at once embellished and rendered pardonable in the eyes of courtiers, the ascendancy of his talents. This personal superiority, indeed, excited much more admiration than even the writings which proceeded from his pen; and, when he was chosen member of the Academy, it was made the subject of eloquent commendation. "On sent," says La Bruyère, writing of him soon afterwards, "la force et l'ascendant de ce rare esprit, soit qu'il prêche de génie et sans préparation, soit qu'il prononce un discours étudié et oratoire, soit qu'il explique ses pensées dans la conversation; toujours maître de l'oreille et du cœur de ceux qui l'écoutent, il ne leur permet pas d'envier ni tant d'élévation, ni tant de faculté de délicatesse de politesse." This ascendancy of virtue, of grace, and of genius, which excited in the hearts of the friends of Fénelon a tenderness mixed with enthusiasm, and which had even won Madame de Maintenon, in spite of her distrust and reserve, proved altogether unavailing against the prepossessions of Louis XIV. This monarch, no doubt, esteemed the man to whom he had confided the education of his grandson, but he never had any relish for his society. It is supposed, indeed, that the brilliant and ready elocution of Fénelon was distasteful to Louis, intolerant as he was of any sort of pre-eminence except his own. But if we cast our eyes on the letter in which Fénelon, in an expansion of confidence, informed Madame de

Maintenon "that Louis XIV. had no idea of his duties as a king," we shall probably find, in the expression of this honest but uncourtly opinion, a better explanation of the aversion of a monarch accustomed to adulation, than in any supposed jealousy of the superiority of his conversational powers. Fénelon passed five years in the eminent situation of preceptor to the dauphin, without asking or receiving any thing; and, indeed, during his residence at court he had preserved the most irreproachable disinterestedness. Louis XIV., however, who knew how to recompense merit, even though its possessor might not be personally agreeable to himself, gave him the Abbey of St Valery, and some months afterwards, in 1694, named Fénelon Archbishop of Cambrai, to which he was consecrated by Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, in 1695.

But at this moment of favour and prosperity his credit was destined to receive a blow, which would have inflicted a mortal wound on a less inviolable reputation. Fénelon, whose natural temperament disposed him to cherish a lively and spiritual devotion, had for some time fancied that he recognised some of his own principles in the mouth of the pious Madame Guyon, whose writings and discourses on grace and on pure love, were at first the cause of her persecution, but which afterwards obtained for her the friendship of the Duke of Beauvilliers, and to be received by Madame de Maintenon, and authorized to disseminate her doctrine in St Cyr. This exasperated the inexorable Bossuet, who loved not the mystical subtilties and refinements concerning divine love, with which the lively and tender imagination of Fénelon was captivated, and he therefore had Madame Guyon arrested, interrogated, and condemned; and endeavoured to bring it about that the new Archbishop of Cambrai should himself condemn the errors of a woman who had been his friend. Fénelon, however, refused, both from conscience and delicacy, to gratify his antagonist in this particular. Fearing to compromise opinions which were dear to him, and wishing to manage and restrain one whose only offence appeared to consist in some venial exaggeration about the love of God, and perhaps also shocked at the theological haughtiness of Bossuet, who pressed upon him as if for the purpose of proselytism, he stood upon the defensive, and published his *Maximes des Saintes*, which may be regarded as an indirect apology for, or even as a subdued exposition of, the principles of Madame Guyon. In an age when a religious opinion was a political event, the first appearance of this work excited murmurs of astonishment; and all those who had been secretly envious of the genius and the promotion of Fénelon, declared loudly against the errors of his theology. Bossuet, a man incapable of indulging mean or unworthy sentiments,

but at the same time inflexible, impatient of contradiction, and regardless of all external observances, when he believed the faith to be compromised, denounced to Louis XIV. in the midst of his court, the alleged heresy of the Archbishop of Cambrai; and at the moment when this attack was made upon Fénelon, the burning of his palace at Cambrai, and the consequent loss of his library, manuscripts, and papers, put his patience to a new trial, yet only drew from him the touching remark, "It is better that the fire should have consumed my dwelling than the cottage of a poor labourer." Nevertheless, Bossuet, committed by his declaration to the king, prepared to pursue his rival, and seemed eager to extort from him a recantation; whilst, on the other hand, Madame de Maintenon hitherto the friend and protectress of Fénelon, treated him with the greatest coldness. In the mean time Fénelon submitted his book to the judgment of the holy see. Bossuet, however, having already composed remarks, in which bitter and vehement censure is surrounded with ostentatious expressions of friendship and regret, proposed a conference; but this Fénelon declined, preferring to defend his book at the tribunal to which he had appealed. It was then that he received orders to quit the court and retire into his diocese; a circumstance which occasioned great grief to the Duke of Burgundy. Notwithstanding the evident desire of the monarch, the court of Rome hesitated to condemn an archbishop so illustrious as Fénelon. But the repugnance evinced by Innocent VIII. only served to stimulate the talents of the accuser and accused; and, whilst the judges (a commission consisting of ten cardinals) remained undecided, the writings of the two adversaries succeeded one another with prodigious rapidity. The contest had, in fact, now changed its character. After having exhausted the dogma, Bossuet threw himself upon the facts; and the *Relation du Quétisme*, written with equal spirit and malignity, seemed calculated to involve Fénelon in a portion of the ridicule which became attached to Madame Guyon. The Abbé Bossuet, an unworthy nephew of the Bishop of Meaux, extended still farther these personal inculpations, and, having collected some odious rumours, sought to impeach the purity of Fénelon's character. Never did the indignation of a virtuous and calumniated spirit display itself in greater eloquence. Fénelon, in his defence, demolished those vile accusations; and it required new letters from Louis XIV., prepared by Bossuet, and new intrigues, carried even to the extent of menace, to extort from the court of Rome a reluctant condemnation, which, when obtained, was found to be softened both in the form and in the expressions. But the long and glorious resistance of the Archbishop of Cambrai had exasper-

ated to the utmost the resentment of Louis XIV. ; and the hesitation of the court of Rome to condemn him, rendered his disgrace at that of France more irrecoverable than ever. When the brief, so long delayed, and obtained after so much discussion and intrigue, at length arrived in 1699, Fénélon hastened to subscribe it, and to ratify his own condemnation by a mandatory letter, conceived in the most touching and simple language, although Bossuet did not fail to discover in it much parade and ambiguity.

The modest submission of Fénélon, his silence, his episcopal virtues, and the admiration which these had inspired, would not, in all probability, have re-opened to him the doors of the court of Louis XIV. ; but an unexpected event, which occurred at this time, served to irritate that monarch more than ever against him. The *Télémaque*, composed several years previously, during the period of his favour, was published some months after the affair about Quietism, through the infidelity of a domestic who had been employed to transcribe the manuscript, and who, it appears, had contrived to take a copy for himself. The work, though suppressed in France, was reproduced by the presses of Holland, and obtained throughout all Europe a success which malignity rendered injurious to Louis XIV., by seeking in it allusions to the conquests and misfortunes of his reign. This prince, who had always disliked the political notions of Fénélon, and had even described him as "un bel esprit chimérique," regarded the author of *Télémaque* as a detractor of his glory, who to the guilt of ingratitude added the more irritating injustice of satire. There cannot be a greater absurdity, however, than to construe this production as a political satire, or to seek in it for allegorical and premeditated censure of Louis XIV. ; all the details being, in fact, combined in the best manner imaginable for disconcerting allusions, and avoiding, as much as possible, the inevitable fatality of resemblances. We are convinced indeed, that this generous precaution occupied the mind of Fénélon whilst composing the work, and that, writing for the happiness of nations, he selected those primitive manners, and antique forms of society, which are the most remote from the picture of life presented by modern Europe, but which served equally well to embody his poetical conception, and to suggest those instructive lessons which it was his grand object to inculcate. Besides, why should he have thought of representing Louis XIV. under the character of the imprudent Idomeneus, or that of the sacrilegious Adrastus, rather than under the masterly delineation of the great and virtuous Sesostris?

Fénélon, however, soon learned the indelible impression which *Télémaque* had produced upon the heart of the king;

and, resigned to his banishment from court, which he had sometimes the weakness to call his disgrace, he sought to console himself for the loss of the royal favour by endeavouring to diffuse happiness around him in his retreat at Cambrai. The sanctity of the ancient bishops, the severity of the primitive church, the attraction of the most indulgent virtue, the charm of the most captivating politeness, the utmost eagerness to fulfil even the humblest duties of the ministry, indefatigable goodness, inexhaustible charity ; such are the traits of Fénélon's character as delineated by an eloquent and virtuous prelate, who knew him well, and who dwells with enthusiasm on the picture which he has drawn of his illustrious friend. The first care of Fénélon was to instruct the clergy or a seminary which he had founded ; nor did he even disdain to teach their catechism to the children of his diocese. Like the bishops of ancient days, he often ascended the pulpit of his cathedral, and, trusting at once to his faith and his feelings, spoke without preparation, diffusing all the treasures of his natural eloquence. When the misfortunes of the war, which chastised the ambition of Louis XIV, brought the allied army into the diocese of Cambrai, the occasion called for new efforts and new sacrifices upon the part of the good archbishop, who, by his wisdom, his firmness, and the nobleness of his language, inspired the hostile commanders with a salutary respect for the unfortunate provinces of Flanders. Marlborough and Eugène indeed were worthy of listening to the voice of the great man whose genius and worth they so well appreciated.

The situation of Cambrai on the frontiers of France attracted to the archiepiscopal residence many strangers, none of whom approached or quitted its lord without being affected with a sort of religious admiration. Not to mention Ramsay, who passed several years under his roof, the celebrated Marshall Munich, and the unfortunate Chevalier de St George, called James III., experienced the delight of his society, and derived instruction from his superior sagacity. By the wise councils which he gave to James III, Fénélon showed his high esteem for the English constitution, powerful alike against despotism on the one hand, and anarchy on the other. The archbishop was exempt from that narrow patriotism which undervalues whatever exists beyond the frontiers. His virtuous and benevolent spirit concerned itself for the welfare of the whole human family. "I love my family," said he, "better than myself ; I love my country better than my family ; and I love the human race better than my country." The humanity of Fénélon was not, however, confined to exaggerated speculations and impracticable generalities, which always suppose

great ignorance of the details of human affairs. His politics were not the dream of a virtuous but fanciful mind. He had seen and judged both the court and the world; he was acquainted with the history of all ages; and he was endowed with an independence of spirit which raised him above the prejudices of his age and nation. In the different memoir which he addressed to the Duke of Beauvilliers may be seen proofs of the wisdom of his views respecting the greatest interests, particularly the succession to the throne of Spain, the policy best suited to Philip V., the views of the allies, the conduct of the war, and the necessity of peace. The disastrous war of the succession having brought the theatre of action near to the archiepiscopal residence of Fénélon, afforded him an opportunity, after ten years' absence, of seeing the young prince whom he had formed, and who had just assumed the command of the French troops. It cannot be disguised, however, that, in the command of armies, the pupil of Fénélon fell far below the promise of his youth and the opinion of France respecting him. The letters of the archbishop to the Duke of Burgundy, at this decisive epoch, evince a severe frankness, and show the ascendancy which the master had acquired over the mind of the scholar; so much so, indeed, as to create a suspicion that the young prince, though well informed, docile, and virtuous, was of too timid a genius. In these letters also severe judgments are pronounced on all the generals who then formed the hope of France. Fénélon, in fact, though he possessed great sweetness of disposition, had not a little of domination in his character. His ideas were absolute and decisive; the promptitude and force of his mind rendered his judgments energetic and inflexible. But the continual attention which he gave to the political interests of France in no degree diminished his zeal for the affairs of religion and the church; and those who have been accustomed to honour him as a philosopher, will perhaps be surprised to find him entering into all ecclesiastical discussions with an ardour equal to that of Bossuet himself. When the unfortunate disputes about Jansenism were, after a long interruption, revived, Fénélon wrote against men who did not imitate him in his respect for the court of Rome, and he soon found himself engaged in a controversy scarcely less animated than that which had taken place concerning Quietism.

The courtiers supposed that in acting thus Fénélon had views of ambition and flattery. But if he had desired to regain the favour of the sovereign, he employed, about the same period, a much more effectual method for accomplishing his object, by feeding, at his own expense, the whole French army during the disastrous winter of 1709. His aim in both cases

was to serve religion and his country. The same sentiments dictated the view which he presented the following year of the evils of France, and also the project of associating the nation with the government, by convoking an assembly of the notables, a proposition remarkable in itself, and still more so when considered in connexion with subsequent events. In the memoir which contains the exposition of this scheme, Fénélon shows that he had rightly estimated the strength and the weakness of despotism, as well as the salutary power of liberty. Meanwhile, an unexpected event appeared to accelerate the moment when the councils of Fénélon were to govern France. The grand dauphin died, and the Duke of Burgundy, long oppressed by the mediocrity of his father, saw himself all at once brought close to the throne of which he was heir, and to the king, whose stay and support he now became. His virtues, freed from a jealous tutelage, had at length scope for action; and the pupil of Fénélon showed himself worthy of his master. Full of hope and joy, the latter wrote to the young prince, who, according to St Simon, reigned in advance, "Il ne faut pas que tous soient à un seul, mais un seul doit être à tous pour faire leur bonheur;" language which, we believe has but rarely been addressed to the heirs apparent of thrones. But whilst Fénélon was devising plans for promoting the welfare of France, and advancing the glory of its future sovereign, all his hopes were blasted by the sudden death of the young heir of the old king, who remained unshaken amidst all the humiliations of his glory, and all the disasters of his family. Fénélon survived this event some time, and, notwithstanding his grief, laboured to prevent the evils incident to a long and inevitable minority. In several confidential memoirs which he wrote on this subject, we discover the novelty of his political views, and that spirit of liberty which, in his age, was not the least of its innovations. One of these papers is devoted to a discussion of the probabilities of the guilt of the Duke of Orleans, and whether he was actuated by an ambition which required other crimes besides that which had been laid to his charge; a memoir in which, without dwelling upon all the horrors of the popular reports, he judges severely the scandalous profligacy of the Duke of Orleans, and condemns his vices in the tone and language which it became a Christian bishop to assume. The last public discussion in which Fénélon engaged related to the bull *Unigenitus*, which, as is well known, gave rise to much controversy, and occupied his attention towards the close of his life. Malignity has supposed that the zeal of Fénélon in this matter was sharpened by an old grudge against the Cardinal de Noailles; but when the conduct of this virtuous and excellent man seems to be authorized by his

duty, it is not necessary to explain it by reference to his alleged weaknesses. Faithful above all things to his episcopal character, he conceived himself bound to combat errors which he considered as calculated to disturb the consciences of men, and to interrupt the repose of the church. But his wine of life was now upon the lees. His friends, like the travellers on the bridge in the Vision of Mirza, had dropped off one by one, till the Duke of Beauvilliers alone remained to him; and when the latter was also removed by death, Fénélon followed him to the grave at the brief interval of four months. This great and good man expired on the 7th January, 1715, at the age of sixty-four; and his death, which a slight fall had accelerated, was, like his life, that of a virtuous and exemplary Christian bishop.

The following list of the works of Fénélon includes every thing of any consequence which proceeded from his pen:—

1. *Traité de l'Education des Filles*; 2. *Traité du Ministère des Pasteurs*; 3. *Explication des Maximes des Saintes*; 4. *Aventures de Télémaque*; 5. *Dialogues des Morts, composés pour l'éducation d'un Prince*; 6. *Dialogues sur l'Eloquence en général, et sur celle de la Chaire en particulier, avec une Lettre à l'Académie Française*; 7. *Examen de la Conscience d'une Roi*; 8. *Lettres sur divers sujets, concernant la Religion et la Métaphysique*; 9. *Démonstration de l'Existence de Dieu, tirée de la connaissance de la Nature, et proportionnée à la faible intelligence des plus simples*; 10. *Recueil de Sermons choisis sur différents sujets*; 11. *Œuvres Spirituelles*; 12. *Recueil de quelques Opuscules de M. de Salignac de Lamotte-Fénélon, archevêque de Cambrai, sur différentes matières importantes*, in 8vo, a rare volume, which is precious as containing a detailed catalogue or notice of all his works, reprinted in the edition of *Les Aventures de Télémaque* published at Lyons in 1815. The most complete biographical account of this illustrious man is that by M. de Bausset, formerly Bishop of Alais, in 3 vols. 8vo, 1809, which has been translated by Mudford, 2 vols. 8vo.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

REMARKS ON EPIC POETRY,

AND ON THE EXCELLENCE OF

THE POEM OF TELEMACHUS.

*Extracted from the Discourse on these Subjects by the
Chevalier Ramsay.*

THE consent of nations has ranked the *Telemachus* among the few human productions which are entitled to claim the approbation of mankind. It was written by its amiable author for the instruction of one of the youthful princes of France, who discovered in his infancy a love of fables and mythology, and happy and fruitful imagination, and an elevated and extensive genius, which enabled him to relish the beautiful parts of Homer and Virgil. It was this which suggested the design of a poem, which might equally contain the beauties of both. To show him, in what he was fond of, the solid and beautiful, the simple and the great, and to imprint upon his mind, by affecting actions, generous principles, which might caution him against the dangers of the highest birth and supreme power. With this view the *Telemachus* was written.

The illustrious author has united in his poem the greatest beauties of the ancients. He has all the enthusiasm and profusion of Homer, and all the magnificence of Virgil. Like the Greek poet, he paints everything with strength, simplicity, and life, and has variety in his fable and diversity in his characters; his reflections are moral, his descriptions lively, his imagination fruitful, and everywhere that beautiful fire which nature alone can bestow. Like the Latin poet, he perfectly observes the unity of action, the uniformity of character, the order and rules of art. His judgment is profound, and his thoughts elevated, while he at the same time unites the natural to the noble, and the simple to the sublime. Art every where becomes nature. But the hero of our poet is more perfect than

those of Homer and Virgil, his morality more pure, and his sentiments more noble.

To the *Telemachus* the world is indebted for a beautiful argument in favour of good government; and it cannot be doubted that its universal popularity has greatly tended to cherish a love of constitutional liberty throughout the world; and even in the present day, there is no work which is so much calculated to convey to the youthful mind correct impressions of the most perfect legislation. As the grand principle on which the whole is constructed is, that all the world is but one republic, of which God is the common father, and every nation as it were one great family—each country is no longer considered as independent of others, but the human race as an individual whole.*

The *Telemachus* is an epic poem, according to the most strict definition. It recites the adventures of a distinguished person in the language of poetry; its object is to inspire the love of virtue; and it excites our admiration by the representation of heroic deeds and virtuous characters, so as to lead us to desire to imitate them.

It has been objected that it is not in verse, but poetry does not depend upon versification. What constitutes poetry is not the fixed number and regular cadence of the syllables; but the sentiment which animates the whole, the lively fiction, the bold figures, the beauty and variety of the images. It is the enthusiasm, the fire, the impetuosity, the energy, in the words and thoughts, which nature alone can give. All these qualifications are found in *Telemachus*. The author has therefore performed what Strabo says of Cadmus, Pherecides, and Hecateus:—"He has perfectly imitated poetry; he has indeed broken the measure of it, but he has preserved all the other poetical beauties."

"The plan of the work," according to Dr Blair, "is in general well contrived; and is deficient neither in epic grandeur, nor in unity of object. The author has entered with much feeling into the spirit and ideas of the ancient poets, particularly into the ancient mythology, which retains more dignity, and makes a better figure in his hands than in any other modern poet. His descriptions are rich and beautiful,

* The attention of the reader is particularly directed to this precious object of the author. The *Telemachus* is not to be read as a romance, but as a development of principles of government which might greatly tend to promote the happiness of mankind. When nations are governed under the benign influence of Christianity, there will be some chance that the happiness of the people will be consulted, and that all restrictions will be removed which tend to keep up hostile feelings, and prevent the free intercourse of one nation with another.

especially of the softer and calmer scenes, for which his genius was best suited, such as the incidents of pastoral life, the pleasures of virtue, or a country flourishing in peace. There is an inimitable sweetness and tenderness in several of the pictures of this kind which he has given.

We shall now supply some observations on epic poetry, and on the structure of the *Telemachus*, which have been drawn from the discourse on that subject by the Chevalier Ramsay.

An epic poem must be considered under three heads—first, *the action*, or enterprise, which the poet chooses for his subject; second, *the moral*, or the object which is sought to be obtained and third, *the poetry*, in which the genius of the poet is displayed in sustaining a continued interest by the skilful introduction of a variety of heroes, and the dangers and obstacles which they are made to encounter.

I. THE ACTION must possess *unity* of object, be *great* and *marvellous*, but yet *probable* and of *a due length*. The *Telemachus* has all these qualifications, and will admit of being compared with Homer and Virgil in these respects.

The plan of *Telemachus* is similar to that of the *Odyssey*. In that poem, Homer introduces a wise king returning from a foreign war, wherein he had given signal proofs of his wisdom and valour. Tempests stop him by the way, and cast him on divers countries, whose manners, laws, and politics, he learns. But knowing the many disorders which his absence caused in his own kingdom, he surmounts all these obstacles, despises all the pleasures of life, and is unmoved even by the offer of immortality itself; he renounces every thing in order to relieve his people and to meet his family again. In the *Æneid*, a pious and valiant hero, having escaped from the ruins of a powerful state is destined by the gods to preserve its religion, and to found an empire more great and more glorious than the first. This prince being chosen king by the unfortunate remains of his fellow-citizens, wanders with them for a long time in foreign countries, where he learns everything that is necessary to a king, to a legislator, to a high-priest. He at last finds an asylum in a distant country, from whence his ancestors had come. He defeats several powerful enemies who oppose his settlement, and lays the foundation of an empire, which was afterwards to be the mistress of the world.

The action of *Telemachus* comprehends what is great in both of these poems. We there see a young prince, animated by the love of his country, going in quest of his father, whose absence caused the misfortunes of his family and kingdom. He exposes himself to all sorts of dangers; he signalizes him-

self by heroic virtues; he refuses royalty, and crowns more considerable than his own; and passing through several unknown countries, learns every thing that is necessary to govern afterwards according to the wisdom of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, and the valour of both; like a wise politician, a religious prince, and an accomplished hero.

In the unity of action, the author of *Telemachus* has everywhere imitated the regularity of Virgil, and has avoided the fault, which has been assigned to Homer, of overpowering his principal action by the length and number of his episodes. In *Telemachus*, the episodes are connected, and so artfully interwoven into each other, that the former brings on that which follows. The chief personages do not disappear, and the transitions from the episode to the principal action always makes us sensible of the unity of the design. In the first six books, Telemachus speaks, and makes a recital of his adventures to Calypso; and yet this long episode, in imitation of that of Dido, is related with so much art, that the unity of the principal action remains perfect. The reader is there in suspense, and perceives from the beginning that the abode of the hero in that island, and what passes there, is only an obstacle that is to be surmounted. In the XIIIth and XIVth books, where Mentor instructs Idomeneus, Telemachus is not present, being at that time with the army; but then it is Mentor, one of the principal persons of the poem, who does every thing with a view to Telemachus, and for his instruction after his return to the camp. There is great art displayed by the introduction of episodes, which do not arise from the principal fable, without breaking either the unity or continuity of the action. These episodes are placed there, not only as important instructions for a young prince (which is the great design of the poem), but because they are recounted to his hero during a time of inaction, to fill up a vacuity. Thus, Adoam informs Telemachus of the manners and laws of Bœotica, during a calm of a voyage; and Philoctetes relates his misfortunes to him, while the young prince is in the confederate camp waiting for the day of battle.

As the author of *Telemachus* has avoided the intrigues of modern romances, so has he not fallen into the marvellous with which the ancients have been reproached; he never makes horses speak, nor tripods walk, nor statues work. His hero is continually conducted by Minerva, which makes every thing possible, and at the same time intimates, that man can do nothing without the assistance of divine wisdom. Nor is this all: the sublime consists in the concealing (unknown to Telemachus) the goddess under a human form, which renders it more probable and natural, and at the same time equally marvellous.

In the duration of the action of the *Telemachus*, the author has adopted a middle course between the impetuosity of Homer and the majestic and even pace of Virgil. He also imitates them in the division of his fable into two parts. In the first the hero speaks, and relates his past adventures to Calypso which embraces a number of incidents, and a considerable period of time, but contracted as to the circumstances, and is contained in the first six books; in the second, the poet only makes a narration of what afterwards happens to his hero, which occupies but a short time, but which is treated of more at large, and therefore occupies the remaining eighteen books. By this division of his subject, the whole life of the hero is brought under review, without prejudicing the unity of the principal action, and without giving too great a duration to his poem. A variety and continuity of adventure is joined together; all is motion, all is action, and we never find his personages idle, nor does his hero ever disappear.

II. THE MORAL.—Virtue may be recommended by examples and by instructions, by manners, and by precepts; and in this respect our author greatly excels.

The *manner* of painting words, and of giving body to thoughts, was the true source of mythology, and of all poetic fiction. But to Homer we are indebted for the noble invention of personalizing the divine attributes, human passions, and physical causes; a fruitful source of beautiful fictions, which animate and enliven everything in poetry. But his religion is reduced to a texture of fables, which represent the divine nature under images by no means proper to make it beloved and revered.

The author of *Telemachus*, in imitating what is beautiful in the fables of the Greek poet, has avoided the two great faults which are imputed to him. He personates, like him, the divine attributes, and makes subordinate deities of them; but he never introduces them but on occasions that deserve their presence. He never makes them speak or act but in a manner that is worthy of them. He artfully joins together *the poetry of Homer and the philosophy of Pythagoras*. He says nothing but what the Pagans might have said, and yet he has put into their mouths what is most sublime in the Christian morality, and has thereby shown that his morality is written in indelible characters in the heart of man, and that he would infallibly discover them there if he obeyed the voice of pure and simple reason, in order to give himself wholly up to that sovereign and universal truth, which enlightens all spirits, as the sun enlightens all bodies, and without which the reason of every particular man is nothing but darkness and error.

He represents God as a lover of man ; but his love and goodness towards us are not directed by the blind decrees of a fatal destiny, not merited by the pompous show of an exterior worship, nor subject to the whimsical caprices of the Pagan Deities ; but always regulated by the immutable law of wisdom, which cannot but love virtue, and treat men, not according to the number of animals which they slay, but to the passions which they sacrifice, and the faith which they entertain.

In the *Telemachus*, the pathetic and moral is beautifully united, and there is also an admirable mixture and contrast of virtues and passions. It shows nothing too great, but equally represents to us the excellence and meanness of man. Telemachus is not raised above humanity ; he makes him fall into the weaknesses which are compatible with a sincere love of virtue ; and his weakness serves to reclaim him, by inspiring him with a diffidence of himself and his own strength. He does not make the imitation of him impossible, by giving him a spotless perfection ; but he excites our emulation, by setting before our eyes the example of a young man, who, with the same imperfections which every one feels in himself, perform the most noble and the most virtuous actions. He has joined together, in the character of his hero, the courage of Achilles the wisdom of Ulysses, and the tender disposition of Æneas. Telemachus is wrathful, like the first, without being brutal ; politic, like the second, without being deceitful ; and tender-hearted, like the third, without being voluptuous.

The *precepts* in *Telemachus* always join the most important instruction with heroic examples—the morality of Homer with the manners of Virgil. The morality, however, has three qualifications which is not to be found in the same degree in any of the ancients, whether poets or philosophers—it is *sublime* in its principles, *noble* in its motives, and *universal* in its uses.

1. Sublime in its principles. It arises from a profound knowledge of man. The poet lets the reader into his own heart ; he shows him the secret springs of his passions, the latent windings of self-love, the difference between false and solid virtues. From the knowledge of man, he ascends to that of God himself. He everywhere makes us sensible, that the infinite Being incessantly acts in us, in order to make us good and happy ; that he is the immediate source of all our knowledge, and of all our virtues ; that we are not less indebted to him for reason, than for life ; that his sovereign truth ought to be our only light ; and his supreme will the rule of all our affections.

It is thus that the morality of our author tends to make us forget ourselves, in order to refer everything to the Supreme Being, and to make us adore him ; as the end of his politics

is to make us prefer the good of the public to private advantage, and to incline us to love the human race. Machiavel and Hobbs have founded their systems of government in craft, artifice, stratagem, despotic power, injustice, and irreligion; and Puffendorf and Grotius have sought to be useful to society, and to promote the happiness of man, but their maxims of government are not even equal to those which had been developed in Plato's *Republic* or Cicero's *Offices*. But the author of *Telemachus* is an original, in that he has joined the most perfect politics to the ideas of the most consummate virtue. The grand principle on which the whole turns is, that all the world is but one republic, of which God is the common Father, and every nation as it were one great family. From this beauteous and luminous idea arise what politicians call *the laws of nature and nations*, equitable, generous, full of humanity. Each country is no longer considered as independent on others, but the human race as an indivisible whole. We are no longer limited to the love of our own country; the heart enlarges itself, grows immense, and by an universal friendship embraces all mankind. Hence arise a love for strangers, a mutual confidence between neighbouring nations, integrity, justice, and peace between the princes of the universe, as well as between the private men of every state. He shows us that the glory of royalty is to govern men, in order to render them good and happy; that the authority of the prince is never better established, than when it is founded in the love of the people; and that the true riches of a state consist in retrenching all the imaginary wants of life, and in being satisfied with necessaries, and with simple and innocent pleasures. He hereby shows that virtue not only contributes to the fitting of men for future felicity, but that it actually renders society as happy as it can be in this life.

2. The morality of *Telemachus* is noble in its motives. Its grand principle is, that the love of *beauty* ought to be preferred to the love of *pleasure*, as Socrates and Plato express themselves; *the honest to the agreeable*, according to Cicero. Lo! the source of noble sentiments, greatness of soul, and all heroic virtues. It is by these pure and elevated ideas, that he destroys, in a manner infinitely more affecting than by dispute, the false philosophy of those *who make pleasure the only spring of the human heart*. He shows, by the excellent morality which he puts in the mouth of his heroes, and the generous actions which he makes them perform, what an effect the pure love of virtue may have on a noble heart.

3. The morality of *Telemachus* is universal in its uses, extensive, fruitful, suited to all times, to all nations, and all conditions. We there learn the duties of a prince, who is at the

same time a king, a warrior, a philosopher, and legislator. We there see the art of governing different nations; the way to maintain peace abroad with our neighbours, and yet always to have in our own kingdom a warlike youth that is ready to defend it; to enrich our dominions without falling into luxury; to find the medium between despotic power, and the disorders of anarchy. Here we are given precepts for agriculture, trade, arts, government, the education of children. Our author introduces into his poem not only heroic and royal virtues, but those also which are suitable to all sorts of conditions. While he is forming the heart of the prince, he teaches every private man his duty.

III. THE POETRY.—Poetry only differs from eloquence in that it paints with enthusiasm—borrowing its harmony from music, its passion from painting, its force and justness from philosophy.

The style of *Telemachus* is polite, clear, flowing, magnificent, having all the richness of Homer without his redundancy of words. The author is never guilty of repetitions; when he speaks of the same things, he does not recall the same images. All his periods fill the ear by their number and cadence; there is nothing shocking, no hard words, no abstruse terms, nor affected turns. He never speaks for the sake of speaking, nor even barely to please; all his words make us think, and all his thoughts tend to make us virtuous.

The images of our poet are as perfect as his style is harmonious. To paint is not only to describe things, but to represent the circumstances of them in so lively and affecting a manner, that we may imagine we see them. The author of *Telemachus* paints the passions with art; he had studied the heart of man, and knew all its springs. When we read his poem, we see nothing but what he shows us, nor do we hear any but those whom he directs to speak: he warms, he moves, he transports; we feel all the passions he describes.

The similes of *Telemachus* are just and noble. The author does not raise the mind too much above his subject by extravagant metaphors, nor does he perplex it by too great a crowd of images. He has imitated all that is great and beautiful in the descriptions of the ancients, as their battles, games, shipwrecks, sacrifices, &c., without expatiating on trifling particulars, that make the narration languid; and without debasing the majesty of the epic poem by the description of things that are low and beneath the dignity of the work. His descriptions are magnificent, but natural; simple, and yet agreeable. He does not only paint after nature, for his pictures moreover are always natural. He joins together the truth of design

and the beauty of colouring; the fire of Homer and the dignity of Virgil. Nor is this all; the descriptions of this poem are not designed only to please, for they are all likewise instructive. If the author speaks of the pastoral life, it is to recommend an amiable simplicity of manners. If he describes games and combats, it is not solely to celebrate the funeral rites of a friend or a father, it is also to choose a king, who excels all others in strength of mind and body, and who is equally capable of bearing the fatigues of both. If he represents to us the horrors of a shipwreck, it is to inspire his hero with firmness of soul, and resignation to the gods, in the greatest degree. We could run through all his descriptions and find the like beauties in them; but I shall content myself with observing, that the sublime moral which is sought to be enforced is, that the shield of the prince, and the support of the state, are good manners, sciences, and agriculture; that a king, armed by wisdom, always seeks for peace, and finds fruitful sources against all the evils of war in a well-disciplined and laborious people, whose minds and bodies are equally inured to labour.

Poetry derives its strength and justness from philosophy. In *Telemachus* we every where see a rich, a lively, an agreeable imagination, and yet a just and profound judgment; two qualities which are rarely found in the same author.

The fire of Homer, especially in the *Iliad*, is impetuous and violent, like a storm of flames which sets every thing in a blaze. The fire of Virgil has more light than heat, and always shines in an uniform and equal manner. That of *Telemachus* warms and enlightens all at once, according as it is necessary to convince the mind or to move the passions. When this flame enlightens, it makes us feel a gentle heat, which gives no uneasiness. Such are the discourses of Mentor upon politics, and of Telemachus upon the sense of the laws of Minos, &c. These pure ideas fill the mind with their gentle light. There the enthusiasm and poetic fire would be hurtful, like the too fierce rays of the sun, which dazzle the eye. When the business is no longer to reason but to act; when a man has clearly seen the truth, and his reflections only arise from irresolution, then the poet raises a fire and pathos which determine and bear away the enfeebled soul, which has not the courage to yield to the truth. The episode of Telemachus's amour, in the island of Calypso, is full of this fire.

In *Telemachus*, all is reason, all is passion. It is this which makes it a poem for all nations and all ages. All foreigners are equally affected with it. The translations which have been made of it into languages less delicate than the French, do not deface its original beauties, and one may venture to affirm, that *Telemachus* will always preserve, in all languages,

its strength, dignity, soul, and essential beauties. And the reason is, because the excellence of this poem does not consist in the happy and harmonious arrangement of words, nor even in the charms which it borrows from the imagination ; but in a sublime taste of the truth in noble and elevated sentiments, and in the natural, delicate, and judicious manner of treating them. Such beauties are of all languages, of all times, of all countries, and equally strike good wits and great souls throughout the world.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK I.

Telemachus, conducted by Minerva under the likeness of Mentor, lands, after having suffered shipwreck, upon the island of the goddess Calypso, who was still regretting the departure of Ulysses. The goddess receives him favourably, conceives a passion for him, offers him immortality, and inquires his adventures. He relates his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his shipwreck on the coast of Sicily; the danger he was in of being offered as a sacrifice to the manes of Aulises; the assistance which Mentor and he gave Acestes against an incursion of barbarians, and the gratitude of the king, who, to reward their service, gave them a Tyrian vessel, that they might return to their country.

THE grief of Calypso for the departure of Ulysses would admit of no comfort; and she regretted her immortality, as that which could only perpetuate affliction, and aggravate calamity by despair: her grotto no more echoed with the music of her voice; and her nymphs waited at a distance, with timidity and silence. She often wandered alone along the borders of her island, amidst the luxuriance of a perpetual spring; but the beauties that bloomed around her, instead of soothing her grief, only impressed more strongly upon her mind the idea of Ulysses, who had been so often the companion of her walk. Sometimes she stood motionless upon the beach; and while her eyes were fixed on that part of the horizon, where the lessening bark of the hero at length disappeared, they overflowed with tears. Here she was one day surprised with the sudden appearance of a shipwreck: broken benches and oars lay scattered about upon the sand; and a rudder, a mast, and some cordage, were floating near the shore. Soon after, she perceived at a distance two men, one of whom appeared to be ancient, and in the other, although a youth, she discovered a strong resemblance of Ulysses; the same benevolence and

dignity were united in his aspect, his stature was equally tall, and his port majestic. The goddess knew immediately that this was Telemachus; but, notwithstanding the penetration of divine sagacity, she could not discover who was his companion; for it is the prerogative of superior deities to conceal whatever they please from those of a lower class; and it was the pleasure of Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the likeness of Mentor, to be concealed from Calypso. Calypso, however, rejoiced in the happy shipwreck, which had restored Ulysses to her wishes in the person of his son. She advanced to meet him; and affecting not to know him, "How hast thou presumed," said she, "to land on this island? Knowest thou not, that from my dominions no daring intruder departs unpunished?" By this menace she hoped to conceal the joy which glowed in her bosom, and which she could not prevent from sparkling in her countenance. "Whoever thou art," replied Telemachus; "whether thou art indeed a goddess, or whether, with all the appearance of divinity, thou art yet mortal; canst thou regard with insensibility the misfortunes of a son, who, committing his life to the caprice of the winds and waves in search of a father, has suffered shipwreck against these rocks?" "Who then is that father, whom thou seekest?" replied the goddess. "He is one of the confederate kings," answered Telemachus, "who, after a siege of ten years, laid Troy in ashes, and his name is Ulysses; a name which he has rendered famous by his prowess, and yet more by his wisdom, not only through all Greece, but to the remotest boundaries of Asia. This Ulysses, the mighty and the wise, is now a wanderer on the deep, the sport of tempests which no force can resist, and the prey of dangers which no sagacity can elude: his country seems to fly before him; Penelope, his wife, despairs at Ithaca of his return; and I, though equally destitute of hope, pursue him through all

the perils that he has past, and seek him upon every coast : I seek him ; but, alas ! perhaps the sea has already closed over him for ever ! O goddess, compassionate our distress ; and if thou knowest what the fates have wrought, either to save or to destroy Ulysses, vouchsafe this knowledge to Telemachus his son !”

Such force of eloquence, such maturity of wisdom, and such blooming youth, filled the bosom of Calypso with astonishment and tenderness ; she gazed upon him with a fixed attention ; but her eyes were still unsatisfied, and she remained some time silent. At length she said, “ We will acquaint Telemachus with the adventures of his father, but the story will be long : it is now time that you should repair that strength by rest, which has been exhausted by labour. I will receive you to my dwelling as my son ; you shall be my comfort in this solitude ; and if you are not voluntarily wretched, I will be your felicity.”

Telemachus followed the goddess, who was encircled by a crowd of young nymphs, among whom she was distinguished by the superiority of her stature, as the towering summit of a lofty oak is seen, in the midst of a forest, above all the trees that surround it. He was struck with the splendour of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied with graceful negligence behind her, and the vivacity and softness that were mingled in her eyes. Mentor followed Telemachus, modestly silent, and looking downward. When they arrived at the entrance of the grotto, Telemachus was surprised to discover, under the appearance of rural simplicity, whatever could captivate the sight. There was, indeed, neither gold, nor silver, nor marble ; no decorated columns, no paintings, no statues were to be seen ; but the grotto consisted of several vaults cut in the rock ; the roof was embellished with shells and pebbles ; and the want of

tapestry was supplied by the luxuriance of a young vine, which extended its branches equally on every side. Here the heat of the sun was tempered by the freshness of the breeze; the rivulets that, with soothing murmurs, wandered through meadows of intermingled violets and amaranth, formed innumerable baths that were pure and transparent as crystal, the verdant carpet which Nature had spread round the grotto, was adorned with a thousand flowers; and, at a small distance, there was a wood of those trees that in every season unfold new blossoms, which diffuse ambrosial fragrance, and ripen into golden fruit. In this wood, which was impervious to the rays of the sun, and heightened the beauty of the adjacent meadows by an agreeable opposition of light and shade, nothing was to be heard but the melody of birds, or the fall of water, which, precipitating from the summit of a rock, was dashed into foam below, where, forming a small rivulet, it glided hastily over the meadow.

The grotto of Calypso was situated on the declivity of a hill, and commanded a prospect of the sea, sometimes smooth, peaceful, and limpid; sometimes swelling into mountains, and breaking with idle rage against the shore. At another view a river was discovered, in which were many islands surrounded with limes that were covered with flowers, and poplars that raised their heads to the clouds: the streams which formed those islands seemed to stray through the fields with a kind of sportful wantonness; some rolled along in translucent waves, with a tumultuous rapidity; some glided away in silence, with a motion that was scarcely perceptible; and others, after a long circuit, turned back, as if they wished to issue again from their source, and were unwilling to quit the paradise through which they flowed. The distant hills and mountains hid their summits in the blue vapours that hovered over them, and diversified the horizon with cloudy figures that

were equally pleasing and romantic. The mountains that were less remote were covered with vines, the branches of which were interwoven with each other, and hung down in festoons; the grapes, which surpassed in lustre the richest purple, were too exuberant to be concealed by the foliage, and the branches bowed under the weight of the fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and other trees without number, overspread the plain; so that the whole country had the appearance of a garden of infinite variety and boundless extent.

The goddess, having displayed this profusion of beauty to Telemachus, dismissed him; "Go now," said she, "and refresh yourself, and change your apparel, which is wet: I will afterwards see you again, and relate such things as shall not amuse your ear only, but affect your heart." She then caused him to enter, with his friend, into the most secret recess of a grotto adjoining to her own: here the nymphs had already kindled a fire with some billets of cedar, which perfumed the place, and had left change of apparel for the new guests. Telemachus, perceiving that a tunic of the finest wool, whiter than snow, and a purple robe, richly embroidered with gold, were intended for him, contemplated the magnificence of his dress with a pleasure to which young minds are easily betrayed.

Mentor perceived his weakness, and reproved it: "Are these then," said he, "O Telemachus, such thoughts as become the son of Ulysses? Be rather studious to appropriate the character of thy father, and to surmount the persecutions of fortune. The youth, who, like a woman, loves to adorn his person, has renounced all claim to wisdom and to glory: glory is due to those only who dare to associate with pain, and have trampled pleasure under their feet."

Telemachus answered with a sigh: "May the gods destroy me, rather than suffer me to be enslaved by voluptuous effeminacy! No; the son o

Ulysses shall never be seduced by the charms of enervating and inglorious ease! but how gracious is Heaven, to have directed us, destitute and shipwrecked, to this goddess, or this mortal, who has loaded us with benefits!" "Fear rather," replied Mentor, "lest her wiles should overwhelm thee with ruin; fear her deceitful blandishments more than the rocks on which thou hast suffered shipwreck; for shipwreck and death are less dreadful than those pleasures by which virtue is subverted. Believe not the tales which she shall relate: the presumption of youth hopes all things from itself, and, however impotent, believes it has power over every event; it dreams of security in the midst of danger, and listens to subtilty without suspicion. Beware of the seducing eloquence of Calypso; that mischief, which, like a serpent, is concealed by the flowers under which it approaches; dread the latent poison! Trust not thyself, but confide implicitly in my counsel."

They then returned to Calypso, who waited for them; and her nymphs, who were dressed in white, and had their hair braided, set before them a repast, which, though it was simple, and consisted only of such game as they had either taken with their nets, or killed in the chase, was yet of exquisite taste, and served up with the utmost elegance: wine, more richly flavoured than nectar, was poured from large silver vases, and sparkled in cups of gold that were wreathed with flowers; and baskets were heaped with all the variety of fruit that is promised by spring, and bestowed by autumn. In the mean time, four of the attendant nymphs began to sing: their first theme was the battle of the Gods and Titans; then they celebrated the loves of Jupiter and Semele, the birth of Bacchus, and his education under old Silenus; the race of Atalanta with Hippomenes, whom she conquered with golden apples that were gathered in the ardens of the Hesperides: the wars of Troy were

reserved to the last; the prowess and the wisdom of Ulysses were extolled with all the hyperbole of praise; and the principal nymph, whose name was Leucothoe, to the harmonious voices of the chorus, joined the music of her lyre. When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears which stole down his cheeks added new lustre to his beauty; but Calypso, perceiving that he was too sensibly touched, and neglected to eat, made a signal to her nymphs, and they immediately changed the subject to the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and the descent of Orpheus to bring back his Eurydice from hell.

When the repast was ended, Calypso took Telemachus aside, and addressed him thus: "Thou seest, O son of the great Ulysses! with what favour I have received thee: know, that I am immortal; no human foot profanes this island unpunished; nor would even shipwreck have averted my indignation from thee, if my heart were not touched with more than thy misfortunes. Thy father was equally distinguished by my favour; but, alas! he knew not how to improve the advantage. I detained him long in this asylum; and here he might have lived for ever in a state of immortality with me; but a fond desire of returning to his wretched island, blinded him to the prospect of superior felicity. Thou seest what he has lost for Ithaca, a country to which he can never return. He resolved to leave me, and departed; but a tempest revenged the insult, and the vessel in which he was embarked, having been long the sport of the storm, was at last swallowed up in the deep. Let this example influence thy conduct: all hopes of again seeing thy father, and of succeeding to his throne, are now at an end; but do not too deeply regret this loss, since thou hast found a goddess, who offers thee superior dominion, and more permanent felicity." Calypso, after this declaration, exerted all her eloquence to display the happiness

she had conferred upon Ulysses: she also related his adventure in the cave of Polypheme the Cyclop, and in the country of Antiphates king of the Lestrygons; she forgot neither what happened to him in the island of Circe, the daughter of the Sun, nor the dangers of his passage between Scylla and Charybdis; she described the last tempest that had been raised against him by Neptune, after his departure from her, in which she insinuated that he had perished, concealing his arrival in the island of the Pheacians. Telemachus, who had too hastily congratulated himself upon the bounty of Calypso, now perceived the mischief of her designs, and the wisdom of that counsel which had been just given him by Mentor; he therefore answered in few words, "Forgive, O goddess! involuntary sorrow; my heart is now susceptible only of regret; but I may hereafter be again capable of felicity. Suffer me now to pay at least a few tears to the memory of my father, since thou knowest, better than his son, how well he deserves the tribute."

Calypso, perceiving that it was not now her interest to press him further, feigned to participate his sorrow, and to regret the fate of Ulysses; but, that she might gain a more perfect knowledge of the means by which his affections were to be engaged, she inquired the particulars of his shipwreck, and by what accidents he had been thrown upon her coast. "The story of my misfortunes," said he, "will be too long." "However long," said Calypso, "I am impatient to hear it; indulge me, therefore, without delay." Telemachus often refused; but she continued her solicitation, and at length he complied.

"I set out from Ithaca to inquire after my father of those princes who had returned from the siege of Troy. The suitors of Penelope, my mother, were surprised at my departure; because from them, whom I knew to be perfidious, I had concealed my purpose; but neither Nestor, whom I saw at Pylos, nor Mene-

æus, who received me with affection at Lacedæmon, knew whether my father was among the living or the dead. I was at length impatient of perpetual suspense and uncertainty; and therefore formed a resolution to go into Sicily, whither my father was said to have been driven by contrary winds: but the prudence of Mentor, who is here the companion of my fortunes, opposed the execution of so rash a design, by representing my danger, on the one hand, from the Cyclops, the gigantic monsters who riot upon human flesh; and on the other, from the fleet of Æneas and the Trojans, who were hovering about those coasts. ‘The Trojans,’ said he, ‘are irritated against all the Greeks; but, above all, against Ulysses, whose son, therefore, they would rejoice to destroy: return, then, to Ithaca; perhaps your father, who is beloved of the gods, may be returned already; but if Heaven has decreed his death, if he shall see Ithaca no more, it is fit that you return to avenge him, and to deliver your mother; to display your wisdom to attending nations; and to let all Greece behold, in Telemachus, a sovereign not less worthy of the throne than Ulysses.’ This counsel, which was the voice of reason, I rejected, and listened only to the suggestions of my passions: but such was the affection of my friend, that he embarked with me for that voyage, which, in the folly of my presumption, I undertook contrary to his advice; and the gods, perhaps, permitted the fault, that the calamity which it drew upon me might teach me wisdom!”

While Telemachus had been speaking, Calypso had attentively considered Mentor, and was suddenly chilled with astonishment; she imagined that she perceived in him something more than human; and not being able to resolve the perplexity of her thoughts into any probable determination, the presence of this inscrutable being continued to agitate her mind with suspicion and dread: but fearing yet more that her confusion should be perceived, “Proceed,” said

she to Telemachus, "to gratify my curiosity;" and Telemachus accordingly continued his story.

"We steered some time with a favourable wind for Sicily, but at length a tempest overcast the sky, and involved us in sudden darkness. By the transient gleams of the lightning we perceived other vessels that were exposed to the same danger; and were soon convinced that they were part of the Trojan fleet, which were not less to be dreaded by us than shoals and rocks. Then, but it was too late, I perfectly comprehended what the ardour of youth had before prevented me from considering with sufficient attention. In this dreadful exigence, Mentor appeared not only fearless and calm, but more than usually cheerful; he encouraged me to hope, and, as he spoke, I perceived myself inspired with invincible fortitude. While he was directing the navigation of the vessel with the utmost tranquillity, the pilot being incapacitated by terror and confusion, 'My dear Mentor,' said I, 'why did I reject your advice? What greater evil can befall me than a confidence in my own opinion, at an age which can form no judgment of the future, has gained no experience from the past, and knows not how to employ the present? If we survive this tempest, I will distrust myself as my most dangerous enemy, and confide only in Mentor as my friend.' Mentor replied with a smile, 'I have no desire to reproach you with the fault you have committed; if you have such a sense of it as will enable you to repress the violence of desire hereafter, I am satisfied: but when danger shall be past, perhaps presumption may return; it is, however, by courage only that we can now escape. Before we incur danger, we should consider it as formidable; but when it is present, we should treat it with contempt; now, therefore, show thyself worthy of Ulysses, and discover a mind superior to all the evils which combine against thee.' The candour and magnanimity of Mentor gave me great pleasure

but I was transported with wonder and delight at the stratagem by which he delivered us. Just as the clouds broke, and the light must in a few minutes have discovered us to the Trojans, who were very near, he remarked that one of their vessels, which greatly resembled ours, except that the stern was decorated with garlands of flowers, had been separated from the rest of the fleet in the storm; he immediately placed ornaments of the same kind at the stern of our vessel, and made them fast himself with bandages of the same colour as those of the Trojans; he also ordered the rowers to stoop over their seats as low as possible, that our enemies might not discover them to be Greeks. In this manner he proceeded through the midst of their fleet; and the Trojans mistaking us for their vessel which had been missing, shouted as we passed: we were sometimes forced irresistibly along with them, but at length found means to linger behind; and while they were driven by the impetuosity of the wind towards Africa, we laboured at the oar, and made our utmost effort to land on the neighbouring coast of Sicily. Our labour indeed succeeded: but the port which we sought was scarce less to be dreaded than the fleet which we had endeavoured to avoid; for on the coast of Sicily we found other fugitives from Troy, who had settled there under the government of Acestes, who was himself of Trojan extraction. We had no sooner landed, than these people, imagining either that we were inhabitants of some other part of the island, who had taken arms to surprise them, or a foreign enemy, who had invaded the country, burnt our vessel in the first tumult of their rage, and put all our companions to the sword: Mentor and myself were spared only that we might be presented to Acestes, and that he might learn from us what were our designs, and whence we came. We entered the city with our hands bound behind us; and had nothing to expect from this respite, but that our

death would be made the spectacle of a cruel people as soon as they should discover us to be Greeks.

“We were brought before Acestes, who was sitting with a sceptre of gold in his hand, administering justice to his people, and preparing to assist at a solemn sacrifice. He asked us with a stern voice the name of our country, and the purpose of our voyage: Mentor instantly replied, ‘We come from the coast of the great Hesperia, and our country is not far from thence.’ He thus avoided a declaration that we were Greeks. But Acestes would hear no more: and concluding that we were strangers, who had formed some evil design, which we were therefore solicitous to conceal, he commanded that we should be sent into the neighbouring forests to serve as slaves under those who had the care of his cattle. To live upon this condition was to me less eligible than to die: and I cried out, ‘O king! punish us rather with death than infamy. Know, that I am Telemachus, son of the wise Ulysses, king of Ithaca; in search of my father I am bound to every shore; but in this search, if I am not permitted to succeed, if I must never more return to my country, and if I can no longer live but as a slave, put an end to my life, and relieve me from a burden that I cannot support.’ This exclamation inflamed the multitude; and they immediately demanded, that the son of Ulysses, by whose inhuman subtilty Troy had been subverted, should be put to death. Acestes then, turning to me, cried out, ‘I cannot refuse thy blood, O son of Ulysses! to the manes of those Trojans with whom thy father crowded the banks of Acheron: thou must die, and thy conductor shall perish with thee.’ At the same instant, an old man proposed to the king, that we should be offered up on the tomb of Anchises: ‘The shade of that hero,’ said he, ‘will be gratified with their blood; and even the great Æneas, when he shall be told of such a sacrifice, will be touched with joy at the zeal of your

affection for the supreme object of his own.' This proposition was received with a shout of applause, and the execution of it was immediately begun. We were conducted to the tomb of Anchises, where two altars had been prepared: the hallowed fire was kindled, and the sacrificial knife lay before us. They had adorned us, as victims, with garlands of flowers; and the pleadings of compassion were overborne by the impetuosity of zeal. But, just at this dreadful crisis, Mentor, with all the calmness of security, demanded audience of the king, and addressed him thus: 'O Acestes! if the misfortunes of Telemachus, who is yet a youth, and has never borne arms against the Trojans, can excite no pity in thy breast, at least let thy own danger awaken thy attention. The skill that I have acquired in omens, by which the will of the gods is discovered, enables me to foretell, that within three days, a nation of barbarians will rush upon thee from the mountains, like a flood, to spoil thy city, and overspread thy country with desolation: make haste, therefore, to avert the torrent; arm thy people, and secure, within the walls of the city, whatever is valuable in the field. If, when three days are elapsed, my predictions shall appear to have been false, let these altars be stained with our blood; but, on the contrary, if it shall be confirmed by the event, let Acestes remember, that he ought not to take away the life of those to whom he will be indebted for his own.' At these words, which were pronounced, not with the diffidence of conjecture, but the assurance of certain knowledge, Acestes was astonished: 'I perceive, O stranger!' said he, 'that the gods, who have allotted thee so small a portion of the gifts of fortune, have enriched thee with the more valuable treasures of wisdom.' He then commanded the solemnities of the sacrifice to be suspended, and immediately prepared against the invasion which had been predicted by Mentor. Multitudes of women, trembling with

fear, and men decrepit with age, followed by children, whom the alarm had terrified into tears, were seen on every side, crowding to the city: the sheep and cattle came in such droves from the pastures, that they were obliged to stand without cover in the street; and a confused noise was every where to be heard, of multitudes that jostled each other with tumultuous and undistinguished outcries; mistook a stranger for a friend; and pressed forward with the utmost eagerness, though they knew not whither they were going. The principal citizens, indeed, imagining themselves to be wiser than the rest, regarded Mentor as an impostor, who had invented a falsehood to prolong his life: but, before the end of the third day, while they were yet applauding their own sagacity, a cloud of dust was perceived upon the declivity of the neighbouring mountains, and an innumerable multitude of armed barbarians were soon after distinguished. These were the Hymerians, and other savages, that inhabit the Nebrobian mountains, and the summit of Agragas; regions in which the severity of winter is never softened by the breezes of spring. Those who had despised the prediction of Mentor were now punished by the loss of their slaves and their cattle; and the king addressed him to this effect: ‘From henceforth I forget that you are Greeks, since you are no more enemies, but friends; and, as you were, doubtless, sent by the gods for our deliverance, I hope not less from your valour than I have experienced from your wisdom; delay not, therefore, to afford us your assistance.’

“At this moment there appeared in the eyes of Mentor somewhat that intimidated the fierce, and overawed the proud: he snatched a shield and a helmet, girded on a sword, and poised a lance in his hand: he drew up the soldiers of Acestes, and advanced towards the enemy at their head. Acestes, whose courage was still high, but whose body was enfeebled by age, could only follow him at a distance;

I approached nearer to his person, but not to his valour. In the battle, his cuirass resembled the immortal ægis of Minerva ; and death, watching his sword as a signal, followed him from rank to rank. Thus a lion of Numidia, that hunger has made yet more furious, rushes among the flock ; he kills and tears to pieces without resistance ; and the shepherds, instead of attempting to defend their sheep, fly with terror and trepidation to preserve themselves.

“ The barbarians, who hoped to have surprised the city, were themselves surprised and disconcerted ; and the subjects of Acestes, animated by the example and the voice of Mentor, exerted a power which they knew not that they possessed. The son of the king, who commanded the invasion, fell by my hand ; our ages were equal, but he greatly exceeded me in stature : for those savages are descended from a race of giants, whose origin was the same with that of the Cyclops. I perceived that he despised me as a feeble enemy ; but regarding neither the fierceness of his demeanour, nor the superiority of his strength, I made a thrust at his breast with my lance ; the weapon entering deeply, he vomited a torrent of blood, and expired ; but I was in danger of being crushed by his weight as he fell, and the distant mountains echoed with the clash of his armour. After I had stripped the body of the spoils, I returned to seek Acestes ; and Mentor, having completed the disorder of the enemy, cut to pieces all that made a show of resistance, and pursued the fugitives to the woods.

“ This success, of which every one had so lately despaired, fixed all eyes upon Mentor, as a favourite of the gods, and distinguished by Divine inspiration ; and Acestes, in gratitude to his deliverers, acquainted us, that it would no longer be in his power to protect us, if the fleet of Æneas should put back to Sicily ; he therefore furnished us with a vessel, that we might return to our country ; and, having loaded

as with presents, he urged our immediate departure, as the only means by which the approaching danger could be avoided. He would not, however, supply us either with rowers, or a pilot from among his own subjects, because he was unwilling to trust them upon the Grecian coasts; but he sent on board some Phœnician merchants, who, as they are a commercial people, and trade to every port, had nothing to fear. These men were to have returned with the vessel to Acestes, after they had put us on shore at Ithaca; but the gods, who sport with the designs of men, devoted us to other evils.

BOOK II.

Telemachus relates his being taken in the Tyrian vessel by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of the country, and the wise government of its king. He relates also that Mentor was sent a slave into Æthiopia, and that he was himself reduced to keep sheep in the deserts of Oasis; and that in this state he was comforted by Termosiris, a priest of Apollo, who taught him to imitate that god, who had once been the shepherd of Admetus; that Sesostris, having at length heard with astonishment what his influence and example had effected among the shepherds, determined to see him, and being convinced of his innocence, promised to send him to Ithaca, but that the death of Sesostris overwhelmed him with new calamities; that he was imprisoned in a tower which overlooked the sea, from whence he saw Bocchoris, the new king, slain in a battle against part of his subjects, who had revolted, and called in the Tyrians to their assistance.

“THE pride of the Tyrians had offended Sesostris, the king of Egypt, who had extended his dominion by the conquest of many states. The wealth which they had acquired by commerce, and the impregnable strength of their city, which stood in the sea, had rendered them so insolent and presumptuous, that they refused to pay the tribute which had been imposed by Sesostris on his return to Egypt; and had sent troops to the assistance of his brother, who had attempted to assassinate him at a feast, in the midst of rejoicings that had been made for his return.

“Sesostris had determined to humble them, by interrupting their trade: he therefore sent out a great number of armed vessels, with orders to take or sink the Phœnician ships wherever they should be found;

and, just as we lost sight of Sicily, we fell in with an Egyptian fleet. The port and the land seemed to retreat behind us, and lose themselves in the clouds; and we saw the fleet advance like a floating city. The Phœnicians immediately perceived their danger, and would have avoided it, but it was too late; the Egyptian vessels sailed better than ours; the wind was in their favour, and they had a greater number of oars; they boarded, took us without resistance, and carried us prisoners into Egypt. I told them, indeed, that neither Mentor, nor myself, was a Phœnician; but they heard me with contempt, and, imagining that we were slaves, a merchandise in which they knew the Phœnicians traded, thought only how to dispose of us to the greatest advantage. We soon perceived the sea to be whitened by the waters of the Nile, and the coast of Egypt appeared in the horizon like a cloud: we then arrived at the island of Pharos, near the city of No, and then we proceeded up the Nile to Memphis.

“ If the sorrows of captivity had not rendered us insensible to pleasure, we must have been delighted with the prospect of this fertile country, which had the appearance of a vast garden, watered by an infinite number of canals. Each side of the river was diversified with opulent cities, delightful villas, fields that produced every year a golden harvest, and meadows that were covered with flocks: earth lavished her fruits upon the husbandman, till he stooped under the burden; and Echo seemed pleased to repeat the rustic music of the shepherds. ‘ Happy are the people,’ said Mentor, ‘ who are governed by so wise a king! They flourish in perpetual plenty, and love him by whom that plenty is bestowed. Thus, O Telemachus! ought thy government to secure the happiness of thy people, if the gods shall at length exalt thee to the throne of thy father. Love thy subjects as thy children, and learn from their love of thee, to derive the happiness of a parent: teach them to connect the idea of happiness with

that of their king ; that, whenever they rejoice in the blessings of peace, they may remember their benefactor, and honour thee with the tribute of gratitude. The tyrants who are only solicitous to be feared, and teach their subjects humility by oppression, are the scourges of mankind : they are, indeed, objects of terror : but, as they are also objects of hatred and detestation, they have more to fear from their subjects than their subjects can have to fear from them.'

"I replied—'Alas! what have we now to do with maxims of government? With respect to us, Ithaca is no more ; we shall never again behold Penelope, or our country : with whatever glory Ulysses may at length return, to meet his son is a joy that he will never taste ; and to obey him till I shall learn to govern is a pleasure that will be for ever withheld from me. Let us die, then, my dear Mentor ; all thoughts, but of death, are idle speculations : let us die, since the gods have ceased to regard us with compassion!' I was so depressed by grief, that this speech was rendered almost unintelligible by the sighs with which it was interrupted : but Mentor, though he was not presumptuous with respect to future evils, was yet fearless of the present. 'Unworthy son of the great Ulysses!' said he, 'dost thou yield to misfortunes without resistance? Know, that the day approaches, in which thou shalt again behold thy mother and thy country: thou shalt behold, in the meridian of his glory, him whom thou hast never known, the invincible Ulysses! whom fortune can never subdue ; and whose example, in more dreadful calamity than thine, may teach thee never to despair. Should he learn, in the remote countries on which the tempest has cast him, that his son emulates neither his patience nor his valour, the dreadful tidings would cover him with confusion, and afflict him more than all the horrors of his life.'

"Mentor then called my attention to the cheerfulness of plenty, which was diffused over all Egypt:

a country which contained twenty-two thousand cities. He admired the policy with which they were governed; the justice which prevented the oppression of the poor by the rich; the education of the youth, which rendered obedience, labour, temperance, and the love of arts, or of literature, habitual; the punctuality in all the solemnities of religion; the public spirit; the desire of honour; the integrity to man, and the reverence to the gods, which were implanted by every parent in every child. He long contemplated this beautiful order with increasing delight, and frequently repeated his exclamations of praise. 'Happy are the people,' said he, 'who are thus wisely governed! but yet more happy the king whose bounty is so extensively the felicity of others, and whose virtue is the source of yet nobler enjoyment to himself! His dominion is secured, not by terror, but by love; and his commands are received, not only with obedience, but with joy. He reigns in the hearts of his people; who are so far from wishing his government at an end, that they consider his mortality with regret, and every man would rejoice to redeem the life of his sovereign with his own.'

"I listened attentively to this discourse of Mentor; and, while he spoke, I perceived new courage kindle in my bosom. As soon as we arrived at Memphis, a city distinguished by its opulence and splendour, the governor sent us forward to Thebes, that we might be questioned by Sesostris; who, if he had been less attentive to administer his own government, would yet have examined us himself, as he was extremely incensed against the Tyrians: we, therefore, proceeded up the Nile to the celebrated city with an hundred gates, the residence of this mighty prince. Thebes appeared to be of vast extent, and more populous than the most flourishing city of Greece. The regulations that are established for keeping the avenues free from incumbrances, maintaining the aqueducts, and rendering the baths

convenient, for the cultivation of arts, and for the security of the public, are the most excellent that can be imagined. The squares are decorated with fountains and obelisks; the temples are of marble; and the architecture, though it is simple, is majestic: the palace itself is almost as extensive as a town, and abounds with columns of marble, pyramids, and obelisks, statues of a prodigious magnitude, and furniture of silver and gold.

“ The king was informed, by those who took us, that we were found on board a Phœnician vessel: it was his custom to give audience, at a certain hour every day, to all who had any complaints to make, or intelligence to communicate; nor was any man either despised or rejected by Sesostris: he considered himself as possessing the regal authority, only that he might be the instrument of good to his people, whom he regarded with the affection of a father; and strangers, whom he treated with great kindness, he was very solicitous to see, because he believed that some useful knowledge might always be acquired by an acquaintance with the manners and customs of remote countries. For this reason, we were brought before him. He was seated upon a throne of ivory, and held a golden sceptre in his hand: though he was advanced in years, his person was still graceful, and his countenance was full of sweetness and majesty. He sat every day to administer justice to his people; and his patience and sagacity as a judge would have vindicated the boldest panegyrist from the imputation of flattery. Such were the labours of the day; and to hear a declamation on some question of science, or to converse with those whom he knew to be worthy of his familiarity, was the entertainment of the evening. Nor was the lustre of his life sullied by any fault but that of having triumphed over the princes whom he had conquered with too much ostentation, and confided too much in one of his officers, whose character I shall presently describe.

When he saw me, my youth moved him to compassion ; and he inquired of my country and my name. We were struck with the dignity and propriety of his expression ; and I answered—‘ Most illustrious prince ! thou art not ignorant of the siege of Troy, which endured ten years ; nor of its destruction, which exhausted Greece of her noblest blood. Ulysses, the king of Ithaca, who is my father, was one of the principal instruments of that great event ; but is now, in search of his kingdom, a fugitive on the deep ; and, in search of him, I am, by a like misfortune, a captive in Egypt. Restore me once more to my father and my country ; so may the gods preserve thee to thy children ; and may they rejoice under the protection of so good a parent.’ Sesostris still regarded me with compassion ; but doubting whether what I had told him was true, he gave charge of us to one of his officers, with orders to inquire of the persons who had taken our vessel, whether we were indeed Greeks or Phœnicians. ‘ If they are Phœnicians,’ said he, ‘ they well deserve punishment, not only as our enemies, but as wretches who have basely attempted to deceive us by falsehood ; but, on the contrary, if they are Greeks, it is my pleasure that they be treated with kindness, and sent back to their country in one of my vessels : for I love Greece ; a country which has derived many of its laws from the wisdom of Egypt. I am not unacquainted with the virtue of Hercules : the glory of Achilles has reached us, however remote : I admire the wisdom that is related of the unfortunate Ulysses ; and I rejoice to alleviate the distress of virtue.’

“ Metophis, the officer to whom the king had referred the examination of our affair, was as corrupt and selfish as Sesostris was generous and sincere : he attempted to perplex us by ensnaring questions ; and, as he perceived that Mentor’s answers were more prudent than mine, he regarded him with malevolence and suspicion ; for, to the unworthy, there is no

insult so intolerable as merit. He, therefore, caused us to be separated; and from that time I knew not what was become of Mentor. This separation was, to me, sudden and dreadful as a stroke of thunder; but Metopis hoped that, by interrogating us apart, he should be able to discover some inconsistency in our account; and yet more, that he might allure me, by promises, to discover that which Mentor had concealed. To discover truth was not, indeed, his principal view; but to find some pretence to tell the king we were Phœnicians, that, as slaves, we might become his property; and, notwithstanding our innocence, and the king's sagacity, he succeeded. How dangerous a situation is royalty, in which the wisest are often the tools of deceit! A throne is surrounded by a train of subtilty and self-interest: Integrity retires, because she will not be introduced by Importunity or Flattery: Virtue, conscious of her own dignity, waits at a distance till she is sought; and princes seldom know where she is to be found: but Vice, and her dependants, are impudent and fraudulent, insinuating and officious, skilful in dissimulation, and ready to renounce all principles, and to violate every tie, when it becomes necessary to the gratification of the appetites of a prince. How wretched is the man who is thus perpetually exposed to the attempts of guilt! by which he must inevitably perish, if he does not renounce the music of adulation, and learn not to be offended by the plainness of truth! Such were the reflections which I made in my distress; and I revolved in my mind all that had been said to me by Mentor.

“ While my thoughts were thus employed, I was sent by Metopis towards the mountains of the desert Oasis, that I might assist his slaves in looking after his flocks, which were almost without number.” Calypso here interrupted Telemachus. “ And what did you then ?” said she. “ In Sicily you chose death rather than slavery.” — “ I was then,” said Telema-

thus, “ become yet more wretched, and had no longer the sad consolation of such a choice. Slavery was irresistibly forced upon me, and I was compelled by Fortune to exhaust the dregs of her cup: I was excluded even from hope, and every avenue to liberty was barred against me. In the mean time, Mentor, as he has since told me, was carried into Ethiopia by certain natives of that country, to whom he had been sold.

“ The scene of my captivity was a desert, where the plain is a burning sand, and the mountains are covered with snow; below was intolerable heat, and above was perpetual winter; the pasturage was thinly scattered among the rocks, the mountains were steep and craggy, and the valleys between them were almost inaccessible to the rays of the sun; nor had I any society in this dreadful situation, but that of the shepherds, who are as rude and uncultivated as the country. Here I spent the night in bemoaning my misfortunes, and the day in following my flocks, that I might avoid the brutal insolence of the principal slave, whose name was Butis; and who, having conceived hopes of obtaining his freedom, was perpetually accusing the rest, as a testimony of his zeal and attachment to the interest of his master. This complication of distress almost overwhelmed me: and, in the anguish of my mind, I one day forgot my flock, and threw myself on the ground near a cave, expecting that death would deliver me from a calamity which I was no longer able to sustain: but just in the moment of despair, I perceived the mountain tremble; the oaks and pines seemed to bow from the summit; the breeze itself was hushed; and a deep voice, which seemed to issue from the cave, pronounced these words: ‘ Son of the wise Ulysses! thou must, like him, become great by patience. Princes who have not known adversity are unworthy of happiness; they are enervated by luxury, and intoxicated with pride. Surmount, and remember these misfor-

tunes, and thou art happy. Thou shalt return to Ithaca, and thy glory shall fill the world. When thou shalt have dominion over others, forget not that thou hast been like them, weak, destitute, and afflicted: be it thy happiness, then, to afford them comfort: love thy people: detest flattery: and remember that no man is great, but in proportion as he restrains and subdues his passions.' These words inspired me as the voice of heaven: joy immediately throbbed in my veins, and courage glowed in my bosom: nor was I seized with that horror which so often causes the hair to stand upright, and the blood to stagnate, when the gods reveal themselves to men. I rose in tranquillity; and, kneeling on the ground, I lifted up my hands to Heaven, and paid my adorations to Minerva, to whom I believed myself indebted for this oracle. At the same time I perceived my mind illuminated with wisdom; and was conscious to a gentle, yet prevailing, influence, which overruled all my passions, and restrained the ardour of my youth: I acquired the friendship of all the shepherds of the desert; and my meekness, patience, and diligence, at length obtained the good-will even of Butis himself, who was at first disposed to treat me with inhumanity.

“To shorten the tedious hours of captivity and solitude, I endeavoured to procure some books; for I sunk under the sense of my condition, merely because I had nothing either to recreate or to fortify my mind. ‘Happy,’ said I, ‘are those that have lost their relish for tumultuous pleasure, and are content with the soothing quiet of innocence and retirement! Happy are they whose amusement is knowledge, and whose supreme delight is in the cultivation of the mind! Wherever they shall be driven by the persecution of Fortune, the means of employment are still with them; and that weary listlessness, which renders life insupportable to the voluptuous and the lazy, is unknown to those who can employ themselves by reading. Happy are those to whom this employment is

pleasing; and who are not, like me, compelled to be idle!' while my mind was agitated by these thoughts, I had wandered into a thick forest: and suddenly, looking up, I perceived before me an old man with a book in his hand; his forehead was somewhat wrinkled, and he was bald to the crown; a beard, white as snow, hung down to his girdle; his stature was tall; his cheeks were still florid, and his eyes piercing; there was great sweetness in his voice: his address, though it was plain, was engaging: and I had never seen any person whose manner and appearance so strongly excited veneration and esteem. His name was Termosiris: he was a priest of Apollo, and officiated in a temple of marble which the kings of Egypt had consecrated to that deity in the forest. The book which he held in his hand was a collection of hymns that had been composed to the honour of the gods. He accosted me with an air of friendship; and we entered into conversation. He related past events with such force of expression, that they seemed to be present; and with such comprehensive brevity, that attention was not wearied; and he foresaw the future, by a sagacity that discovered the true characters and dispositions of mankind, and the events which they would produce. But with all this intellectual superiority, he was cheerful and condescending: there is no grace in the utmost gaiety of youth that was not exceeded by Termosiris in his age; and he regarded young persons with a kind of parental affection, when he perceived that they had a disposition to be instructed and a love for virtue.

“ He soon discovered a tender regard for me; and gave me books to relieve the anxiety of my mind. He called me his son; and I frequently addressed him as a father. ‘The gods,’ said I, ‘who have deprived me of Mentor, have, in pity, sustained me with thy friendship.’ He was, without doubt, like Orpheus and Linus, irradiated by the immediate inspiration of the gods. He often repeated verses of

his own, and gave me those of many others who had been the favourites of the muses. When he was habited in his long white robes, and played upon his ivory lyre, the bears, lions, and tigers of the forest fawned upon him, and licked his feet; the satyrs came from their recesses and danced around him; and it might also have been believed, that even the trees and rocks were influenced by the magic of his song, in which he celebrated the majesty of the gods, the virtue of heroes, and the wisdom of those who prefer glory to pleasure.

“ Termosiris often excited me to courage. He told me, that the gods would never abandon either Ulysses or his son; and that I ought, after the example of Apollo, to introduce the shepherds to the acquaintance of the muses. ‘ Apollo,’ says he, ‘ displeased that Jupiter frequently interrupted the serenity of the brightest days with thunder, turned his resentment against the Cyclops, who forged the bolts, and destroyed them with his arrows. Immediately the fiery explosions of Mount Etna ceased: and the strokes of those enormous hammers, which had shaken the earth to the centre, were heard no more, iron and brass, which the Cyclops had been used to polish, began now to rust and canker: and Vulcan, quitting his forge, in the fury of his resentment, hastily climbed Olympus, notwithstanding his lameness; and, rushing into the assembly of the gods, covered with dust and sweat, complained of the injury with all the bitterness of invective. Jupiter, being thus incensed against Apollo, expelled him from heaven, and threw him down headlong to the earth; but his chariot, though it was empty, still performed its usual course; and by an invisible impulse, continued the succession of day and night, and the regular change of seasons to mankind. Apollo, divested of his rays, was compelled to become a shepherd, and kept the flocks of Admetus, king of Thessaly.

“ “ While he was thus disgraced, and in exile, he

used to soothe his mind with music, under the shade of some elms that flourished upon the borders of a limpid stream. This drew about him all the neighbouring shepherds, whose life till then had been rude and brutal; whose knowledge had been confined to the management of their sheep; and whose country had the appearance of a desert. To these savages Apollo, varying the subject of his song, taught all the arts by which existence is improved into felicity. Sometimes he celebrated the flowers which improve the graces of spring, the fragrance which she diffuses, and the verdure that rises under her feet; sometimes the delightful evenings of summer, her zephyrs that refresh mankind, and her dews that allay the thirst of the earth: nor were the golden fruits of autumn forgotten, with which she rewards the labour of the husbandman; nor the cheerful idleness of winter, who piles his fires till they emulate the sun, and invites the youth to dancing and festivity: he described also the gloomy forests with which the mountains are overshadowed, and the rivers that wind with a pleasing intricacy through the luxuriant meadows of the valley. Thus were the shepherds of Thessaly made acquainted with the happiness that is to be found in a rural life, by those to whom nature is not bountiful in vain: their pipes now rendered them more happy than kings; and those uncorrupted pleasures which fly from the palace, were invited to the cottage. The shepherdesses were followed by the sports, the smiles, and the graces; and adorned by simplicity and innocence; every day was devoted to joy; and nothing was to be heard but the chirping of birds, the whispers of the zephyrs that sported among the branches of the trees, the murmurs of water falling from a rock, or the songs with which the muses inspired the shepherds who followed Apollo: they were taught also to conquer in the race, and to shoot with the bow. The gods themselves became jealous of their happiness: they rose

thought the obscurity of a shepherd better than the splendour of a deity, and recalled Apollo to Olympus.

“By this story, my son, be thou instructed. Thou art now in the same state with that of Apollo in his exile: like him, therefore, fertilize an uncultivated soil, and call plenty to a desert; teach those rustics the power of music, soften the obdurate heart to sensibility, and captivate the savage with the charms of virtue. Let them taste the pleasures of innocence and retirement; and heighten this felicity with the transporting knowledge, that it is not dependent upon the caprice of fortune. The day approaches, my son, the day approaches, in which the pains and cares that surround a throne, will teach thee to remember these wilds with regret.’

“Termosiris then gave me a flute, the tone of which was so melodious, that the echoes of the mountains, which propagated the sound, immediately brought the neighbouring shepherds in crowds about me: a divine melody was communicated to my ears; I perceived myself to be under a supernatural influence, and I celebrated the beauties of nature with all the rapture of enthusiasm. We frequently sung all the day in concert, and sometimes encroached upon the night. The shepherds, forgetting their cottages and their flocks, were fixed motionless as statues about me, while I delivered my instructions: the desert became insensibly less wild and rude; every thing assumed a more pleasing appearance; and the country itself seemed to be improved by the manners of the people.

“We often assembled to sacrifice in the temple to Apollo, at which Termosiris officiated as priest; the shepherds wore wreaths of laurel in honour of the gods, and the shepherdesses were adorned with garlands of flowers, and came dancing with garlands of consecrated gifts upon their heads. After the sacrifice, we made a rural feast: the greatest delicacies were the milk of our goats and sheep, and some dates,

figs, grapes, and other fruits, which were fresh gathered by our own hands; the green turf was our seat, and the foliage of the trees afforded us a more pleasing shade than the gilded roofs of a palace. But my reputation among the shepherds was completed by an accident: a hungry lion happened to break in among my flock, and began a dreadful slaughter. I ran towards him, though I had nothing in my hand but my sheep-hook. When he saw me, he erected his mane; he began to grind his teeth, and to extend his claws; his mouth appeared dry and inflamed, and his eyes were red and fiery. I did not wait for his attack; but rushed in upon him, and threw him to the ground; nor did I receive any hurt, for a small coat of mail that I wore, as an Egyptian shepherd, defended me against his claws: three times I threw him, and he rose three times against me, roaring so loud, that the utmost recesses of the forest echoed: but, at last, I grasped him till he was strangled, and the shepherds, who were witnesses of my conquest, insisted that I should wear his skin as a trophy.

“ This action, and the change of manners among our shepherds, was rumoured through all Egypt, and came at length to the ears of Sesostris: he learnt that one of the two captives, who had been taken for Phœnicians, had restored the golden age in the midst of deserts which were scarce inhabitable, and desired to see me; for he was a friend to the muses, and regarded, with attention and complacency, whatever appeared to be the means of instruction. I was accordingly brought before him: he listened to my story with pleasure, and soon discovered that he had been abused by the avarice of Metophis. Metophis he therefore condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and took into his own possession the wealth which his rapacity and injustice had heaped together. ‘How unhappy,’ said he, ‘are those whom the gods have exalted above the rest of mankind! They see no object but through a medium which distorts it:

they are surrounded by wretches who intercept truth in its approaches; every one imagines it his interest to deceive them, and every one conceals his own ambition under the appearance of zeal for their service: that regard is professed for the prince, of which the wealth and honours that he dispenses are indeed the objects; and so flagitious is the neglect of his interest, that for these he is flattered and betrayed.'

"From this time Sesostris treated me with a tender friendship, and resolved to send me back to Ithaca, in a fleet that should carry troops sufficient to deliver Penelope from all her suitors. This fleet was at length ready to sail, and waited only for our embarkation. I reflected, with wonder, upon the caprice of Fortune, who frequently most exalts those whom, the moment before, she had most depressed: and the experience of this inconstancy encouraged me to hope that Ulysses, whatever he should suffer, might at last return to his kingdom. My thoughts also suggested, that I might again meet with Mentor, even though he should have been carried into the remotest parts of Ethiopia. I therefore delayed my departure a few days, that I might make some inquiry after him: but in this interval Sesostris, who was very old, died suddenly; and by his death I was involved in new calamities.

"This event filled all Egypt with grief and despair; every family lamented Sesostris as its most valuable friend, its protector, its father. The old, lifting up their hands to heaven, uttered the most passionate exclamations: 'O Egypt, thou hast known no king like Sesostris in the times that are past; nor shalt thou know any like him in those that are to come! Ye gods! ye should not have given Sesostris to mankind; or ye should not have taken him away! O wherefore do we survive Sesostris!' The young cried out—'The hope of Egypt is cut off! Our fathers were long happy under the government of a king whom we have known only to regret!' His do-

mestics wept incessantly, and, during forty days, the inhabitants of the remotest provinces came in crowds to his funeral. Every one was eagerly solicitous yet once more to gaze upon the body of his prince; all desired to preserve the idea in their memory; and some requested to be shut up with him in the tomb.

“The loss of Sesostris was more sensibly felt, as Bocchoris his son was destitute of humanity to strangers, and of curiosity for science; of esteem for merit, and love of glory. The greatness of the father contributed to degrade the son: his education had rendered him effeminately voluptuous, and brutally proud: he looked down upon mankind as creatures of an inferior species, that existed only for his pleasure; he thought only of gratifying his passions, and dissipating the immense treasures that had been amassed for public use by the economy of his father; of procuring new resources for extravagances by the most cruel rapacity, impoverishing the rich, famishing the poor, and perpetrating every other evil that was advised by the beardless sycophants whom he permitted to disgrace his presence; while he drove away with derision the hoary sages in whom his father had confided. Such was Bocchoris; not a king, but a monster. Egypt groaned under his tyranny; and though the reverence of the people for the memory of Sesostris rendered them patient under the government of his son, however odious and cruel, yet he precipitated his own destruction; and, indeed, it was impossible that he should long possess a throne which he so little deserved.

“My hopes of returning to Ithaca were now at an end. I was shut up in a tower that stood on the sea-shore near Pelusium, where we should have embarked, if the death of Sesostris had not prevented us; for Metophis having, by some intrigue, procured his enlargement, and an admission into the councils of the young king, almost the first act of his power was to imprison me in this place, to revenge the dis-

grace into which I had brought him. There I passed whole days and nights in the agonies of despair. All that Termosiris had predicted, and all that I had heard in the cave, was remembered but as a dream. Sometimes, while I was absorbed in reflections upon my own misery, I stood gazing at the waves that broke against the foot of the tower; and sometimes I contemplated the vessels that were agitated by the tempest, and in danger of splitting against the rocks upon which the tower was built: but I was so far from commiserating those who were threatened with shipwreck, that I regarded them with envy. 'Their misfortune,' said I to myself, 'and their lives, will quickly be at an end together, or they will return in safety to their country; but neither is permitted to me!'

"One day, while I was thus pining with ineffectual sorrow, I suddenly perceived the masts of ships at a distance like a forest: the sea was presently covered with sails swelling with the wind, and the waves foamed with the strokes of innumerable oars. I heard a confused sound on every side. On the sea-coast, I perceived one party of Egyptians run to arms with terror and precipitation; and another waiting quietly for the fleet which was bearing down upon them. I soon discovered that some of these vessels were of Phœnicia, and others of the isle of Cyprus; for my misfortunes had acquainted me with many things that relate to navigation. The Egyptians appeared to be divided among themselves; and I could easily believe that the folly and the violence of Bocchoris had provoked his subjects to a revolt, and kindled a civil war; nor was it long before I became a spectator of an obstinate engagement from the top of my tower. Those Egyptians who had called in the assistance of the foreign powers, after having favoured the descent, attacked the other party, which was commanded by the king, and animated by his example. He appeared like the god of war; rivers of

blood flowed around him; the wheels of his chariot were smeared with gore that was black, clotted, and frothy, and could scarce be dragged over the heaps of slain, which they crushed as they passed: his figure was graceful, and his constitution vigorous; his aspect was haughty and fierce, and his eyes sparkled with rage and despair. Like a high-spirited horse that had never been broke, he was precipitated upon danger by his courage, and his force was not directed by wisdom: he knew not how to retrieve an error, nor to give orders with sufficient exactness; he neither foresaw the evils that threatened him, nor employed the troops he had to the greatest advantage, though he was in the utmost need of more; not that he wanted abilities, for his understanding was equal to his courage; but he had never been instructed by adversity. Those who had been intrusted with his education had corrupted an excellent natural disposition by flattery: he was intoxicated with the consciousness of his power, and the advantages of his situation; he believed that every thing ought to yield to the impetuosity of his wishes, and the least appearances of opposition transported him with rage; he was then deaf to the expostulations of reason, and had no longer the power of recollection. The fury of his pride transformed him to a brute, and left him neither the affections nor the understanding of a man: the most faithful of his servants fled terrified from his presence; and he was gentle only to the most abject servility, and the most criminal compliance. Thus his conduct, always violent, was always directly opposite to his interest; and he was detested by all whose approbation is to be desired. His valour now sustained him long against a multitude of his enemies; but, at length, the dart of a Phœnician entered his breast; the reins dropped from his hands, and I saw him fall from his chariot under the feet of his horses. A soldier of the isle of Cyprus immediately struck off his head; and, holding it up by the hair,

showed it to the confederates, as a trophy of their victory. Of this head no time or circumstance can ever obliterate the idea: methinks I still see it dropping blood; the eyes closed and sunk; the visage pale and disfigured; the mouth half open, as if it would still finish the interrupted sentence; and the look which, even in death, was haughty and threatening. Nor shall I forget, if the gods hereafter place me upon a throne, so dreadful a demonstration that a king is not worthy to command, nor can he be happy in the exercise of his power, but in proportion as he is himself obedient to reason. Alas! how deplorable is his estate, who, by the perversion of that power with which the gods have invested him as the instrument of public happiness, diffuses misery among the multitude that he governs, and who is known to be a king only as he is a curse!"

BOOK III.

Telemachus relates, that the successor of Bucchoris releasing all the Tyrian prisoners, he was himself sent to Tyre, on board the vessel of Narbal, who had commanded the Tyrian fleet: that Narbal gave him a description of Pygmalion their king, and expressed apprehensions of danger from the cruelty of his avarice: that he afterwards instructed him in the commercial regulations of Tyre: and that being about to embark in a Cyprian vessel, in order to proceed by the isle of Cyprus to Ithaca, Pygmalion discovered that he was a stranger, and ordered him to be seized; that his life was thus brought into the most imminent danger, but that he had been preserved by the tyrant's mistress Astarbe, that she might, in his stead, destroy a young Eydian of whom she had been enamoured, but who rejected her for another.

CALYPSO was astonished at the wisdom which she discovered in Telemachus; but she was delighted with his ingenuous confession of the errors into which he had been betrayed by the precipitation of his own resolutions, and by his neglect of Mentor's counsel. She was surprised to perceive in the youth such strength and dignity of mind as enabled him to judge of his own actions with impartiality; and, by a review of the failings of his life, become prudent, cautious, and deliberate.—“Proceed,” said she, “my dear Telemachus; for I am impatient to know by what

means you escaped from Egypt, and where you again found Mentor, whose loss you had so much reason to regret." Telemachus then continued his relation.

"The party of Egyptians who had preserved their virtue and their loyalty, being greatly inferior to the rebels, were obliged to yield when the king fell. Another prince, whose name was Termutis, was established in his stead; and the Phœnician and Cyprian troops, after they had concluded a treaty with him, departed. By this treaty all the Phœnician prisoners were to be restored; and as I was deemed one of the number, I was set at liberty, and put on board with the rest; a change of fortune which once more dissipated the gloom of despair, and diffused the dawn of hope in my bosom.

"Our sails were now swelled by a prosperous wind, and the foaming waves were divided by our oars; the spacious deep was covered with vessels, the mariners shouted, the shores of Egypt fled from us, and the hills and mountains grew level by degrees; our view began to be bounded only by the sea and the sky; and the sparkling fires of the sun, which was rising, seemed to emerge from the abyss of the waters: his rays tinged with gold the tops of the mountains, which were still just to be perceived in the horizon; and the deep azure with which the whole firmament was painted, was an omen of a happy voyage.

"Though I had been dismissed as a Phœnician, yet I was not known to any of those with whom I embarked; and Narbal, who commanded the vessel, asked me my name and my country. 'Of what city of Phœnicia are you?' said he. 'Of none,' I replied; 'but I was taken at sea in a Phœnician vessel, and, as a Phœnician, remained a captive in Egypt; under this name have I been long a slave, and by this name I am at length set free.'—'Of what country are you then?' said Narbal. 'I am,' said I, 'Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, king of Ithaca, an island of

Greece: my father has acquired a mighty name among the confederate princes who had laid siege to Troy; but the gods have not permitted him to return to his kingdom. I have sought him in many countries; and am, like him, persecuted by Fortune. I am wretched, though my life is private, and my wishes are few; I am wretched, though I desire no happiness but the endearments of my family, and the protection of my father.'

"Narbal gazed upon me with astonishment, and thought he perceived in my aspect something that distinguishes the favourites of Heaven. He was, by nature, generous and sincere; my misfortunes excited his compassion; and he addressed me with a confidence which the gods, doubtless, inspired for my preservation in the most imminent danger.

"*'Telemachus,'* said he, *'I doubt not the truth of what you have told me: such, indeed, are the signatures of candour and integrity which I discover in your countenance, that it is not in my power to suspect you of falsehood. I am irresistibly determined, by a secret impulse, to believe that you are beloved by the gods, whom I have always served, and that it is their pleasure I also should love you as my son: I will therefore give you a salutary counsel, for which I ask no return but secrecy.'*—*'Fear not,'* said I, *'that I should find it difficult to be silent; for, however young, it is long since I learned not to reveal my own secret, much less not to betray, under any pretence, the secret of another.'*—*'By what means,'* said he, *'could the habit of secrecy be acquired by a child? I should rejoice to learn how that may be attained early, without which a prudent conduct is impossible, and every other qualification useless.'*

"*'I have been informed,'* said I, *'that when Ulysses went to the siege of Troy, he placed me upon his knees, threw his arms about me, and after he had kissed me with the utmost tenderness, pronounced these words, though I could not then understand*

their import:—"O my soul! may the gods ordain me to perish before I see thee again; or, may the Fatal Sisters cut the thread of thy life, while it is yet short, as the reaper cuts down a tender flower that is but beginning to blow; may my enemies dash thee in pieces before the eyes of thy mother and of me, if thou art one day to be corrupted and seduced from virtue! O my friends, I leave with you this son, whom I so tenderly love: watch over his infancy; if you have any love for me, keep flattery far from him; and, while he is yet flexible, like a young plant, keep him upright: but, above all, let nothing be forgotten that may render him just, beneficent, sincere, and secret. He that is capable of a lie, deserves not the name of a man; and he that knows not how to be silent, is unworthy the dignity of a prince."

"I have repeated the very words of Ulysses to you, because to me they have been repeated so often, that they perpetually occur to my mind; and I frequently repeat them to myself. The friends of my father began very early to teach me secrecy, by giving me frequent opportunities to practise it; and I made so rapid a progress in the art, that, while I was yet an infant, they communicated to me their apprehensions from the crowd of presumptuous rivals that addressed my mother. At that time they treated me not as a child, but as a man, whose reason might assist them, and in whose firmness they could confide: they frequently conferred with me, in private, upon the most important subjects; and communicated the schemes which had been formed, to deliver Penelope from her suitors. I exulted in this confidence, which I considered as a proof of my real dignity and importance; I was, therefore, ambitious to sustain my character, and never suffered the least intimation of what had been intrusted with me as a secret, to escape me. The suitors often engaged me to talk, hoping that a child, who had seen or heard any circumstance of importance, would relate it without caution

or design; but I had learnt to answer them, without forfeiting my veracity or disclosing my secret.'

"Narbal then addressed me in these terms:—'You see, Telemachus, of what power the Phœnicians are possessed, and how much their innumerable fleets are dreaded by the neighbouring nations. The commerce, which they have extended to the Pillars of Hercules, has given them riches which the most flourishing countries cannot supply to themselves: even the great Sesostris could never have prevailed against them at sea; and the veterans, by whom he had subjugated all the East, found it extremely difficult to conquer them in the field. He imposed a tribute, which they have long neglected to pay; for they are too sensible of their own wealth and power to stoop patiently under the yoke of subjection: they have, therefore, thrown it off; and the war which Sesostris commenced against them has been terminated by his death. The power of Sesostris was, indeed, rendered formidable by his policy; but when without his policy his power descended to his son, it was no longer to be dreaded; and the Egyptians, instead of entering Phœnicia with a military force, to reduce to obedience a revolted people, have been compelled to call in the assistance of the Phœnicians, to deliver them from the oppression of an impious tyrant. This deliverance the Phœnicians have effected, and added new glory to independence, and new power to wealth.

"'But while we deliver others we enslave ourselves. O Telemachus! do not rashly put your life into the hands of Pygmalion our king: his hands are already stained with the blood of Sichæus, the husband of Dido his sister; and Dido, impatient to revenge his death, is fled, with the greater part of the friends of virtue and of liberty, in a numerous fleet from Tyre, and has laid the foundations of a magnificent city on the coast of Africa, which she calls Carthage. An insatiable thirst of riches renders

Pygmalion every day more wretched and more detestable. In his dominions it is a crime to be wealthy: avarice makes him jealous, suspicious, and cruel: he persecutes the rich, and he dreads the poor.

“ ‘But, at Tyre, to be virtuous is yet a greater crime than to be wealthy; for Pygmalion supposes, that virtue cannot patiently endure a conduct that is unjust and infamous; and, as Virtue is an enemy to Pygmalion, Pygmalion is an enemy to Virtue. Every incident torments him with inquietude, perplexity, and apprehension; he is terrified at his own shadow; and sleep is a stranger to his eyes. The gods have punished him, by heaping treasures before him which he does not dare to enjoy; and that in which alone he seeks for happiness is the source of his misery. He regrets whatever he gives; he dreads the loss of the wealth which he possesses, and sacrifices every comfort to the acquisition of more. He is scarce ever to be seen; but sits in the inmost recess of his palace, alone, pensive, and dejected; his friends dare not approach him, for to approach him is to be suspected as an enemy. A guard, with swords drawn, and pikes levelled, surrounds his dwelling with a horrid security; and the apartments in which he hides himself consists of thirty chambers, which communicate with each other, and to each of which there is an iron door with six bolts. It is never known in which of these chambers he passes the night; and it is said, that the better to secure himself against assassination, he never sleeps in the same two nights together. He is equally insensible to the joys of society, and the more refined and tender delights of friendship. If he is excited to the pursuit of pleasure, he perceives that pleasure is far from him, and sits down in despair. His eyes are hollow, eager, and piercing; and he is continually looking round him with a restless and inquisitive suspicion. At every noise, however trivial, he starts, listens, is alarmed, and trembles: he is pale and

emaciated; the gloom of care is diffused over his countenance, and his brow is contracted into wrinkles. He seldom speaks, but he sighs perpetually; and the remorse and anguish of his mind are discovered by groans, which he endeavours in vain to suppress: the richest delicacies of his table are tasteless; and his children, whom he has made his most dangerous enemies, are not the objects of hope, but of terror. He believes himself to be in perpetual danger; and attempts his own preservation, by cutting off all those whom he fears! not knowing that cruelty, in which alone he confides for safety, will inevitably precipitate his destruction; and that some of his domestics, dreading the effects of his caprice and suspicion, will suddenly deliver the world from so horrid a monster.

“ ‘As for me, I fear the gods; and will, at whatever hazard, continue faithful to the king whom they have set over me: I had rather he should take away my life than lift my hand against his, or neglect to defend him against the attempts of another. But do not you, O Telemachus, acquaint him with the name of your father; for he will then certainly shut you up in prison, hoping that Ulysses, when he returns to Ithaca, will pay him a large sum for your ransom.’

“ ‘When we arrived at Tyre, I followed the counsel of Narbal, and was soon convinced that all he had related was true; though before I could scarcely conceive it possible for any man to render himself so extremely wretched as he had represented Pygmalion.

“ ‘I was the more sensibly touched at the appearances of his tyranny and wretchedness, as they had the force of novelty; and I said to myself—‘This is the man who has been seeking happiness, and imagined it was to be found in unlimited power and inexhaustible wealth: wealth and power he has acquired, but the acquisition has made him miser-

able. If he was a shepherd, as I lately have been, he would be equally happy in the enjoyment of rural pleasures, which, as they are innocent, are never regretted; he would fear neither daggers nor poison, but would be the love and the lover of mankind: he would not, indeed, possess that immense treasure, which, to him who hides it, is useless as a heap of sand, but he would rejoice in the bounty of Nature, by which every want would be supplied. He appears to act only by the dictates of his own will; but he is, indeed, the slave of appetite; he is condemned to do the drudgery of avarice, and to smart under the scourge of fear and suspicion. He appears to have dominion over others, but he is not the master even of himself; for, in every irregular passion, he has not only a master, but a tormentor.'

"Such were my reflections upon the condition of Pygmalion, without having seen him; for he was seen by none; and his people could only gaze, with a kind of secret dread, upon those lofty towers, which were surrounded night and day by his guards, and in which he had immured himself with his treasures as in a prison. I compared this invisible king with Sesostris, the mild, the affable, the good; who was so easy of access to his subjects, and so desirous to converse with strangers, so attentive to all who wished to be heard, and so inquisitive after truth, which those who surround a throne are solicitous to conceal. 'Sesostris,' said I, 'feared nothing, and had nothing to fear; he showed himself to all his subjects as to his children; but by Pygmalion every thing is to be feared, and he fears every thing. This execrable tyrant is in perpetual danger of a violent death, even in the centre of his inaccessible palace, and surrounded by his guards; but the good Sesostris, when his people were gathered in crowds about him, was in perfect safety, like a kind father, who in his own house is surrounded by his children.'

“Pygmalion gave orders to send back the troops of the Isle of Cyprus, who, to fulfil a treaty, had assisted his own in their expedition to Egypt; and Narbal took this opportunity to set me at liberty. He caused me to pass in review, among the Cyprian soldiers; for the king always inquired into the minutest incidents with the most scrupulous suspicion. The failing of negligent and indolent princes is the giving themselves up, with a boundless and implicit confidence, to the discretion of some crafty and iniquitous favourite; but the failing of Pygmalion was to suspect the most ingenuous and upright: he knew not how to distinguish the native features of integrity from the mask of dissimulation; for Integrity, who disdained to approach so corrupt a prince, he had never seen: and he had been so often defrauded and betrayed, and had so often detected every species of vice under the semblance of virtue, in the wretches who were about him, that he imagined every man walked in disguise, that virtue existed only in idea, and that all men were nearly the same. When he found one man fraudulent and corrupt, he took no care to displace him for another, because he took it for granted that another would be as bad: and he had a worse opinion of those in whom he discovered an appearance of merit, than of those who were most openly vicious; because he believed them to be equally knaves, and greater hypocrites.

“But to return to myself: The piercing suspicion of the king did not distinguish me from the Cyprian soldiers: but Narbal trembled for fear of a discovery, which would have been fatal both to him and to me; he therefore expressed the utmost impatience to see me embark; but I was detained at Tyre a considerable time by contrary winds.

“During this interval I acquainted myself with the manners of the Phœnicians, a people that were become famous through all the known world. I admired the situation of their city, which is built

upon an island in the midst of the sea. The neighbouring coast is rendered extremely delightful by its uncommon fertility, the exquisite flavour of its fruits, the number of towns and villages which are almost contiguous to each other, and the excellent temperature of the climate; it is sheltered by a ridge of mountains from the burning winds that pass over the southern continent, and refreshed by the northern breezes that blow from the sea. It is situated at the foot of Libanus, whose head is concealed within the clouds, and hoary with everlasting frost. Torrents of water, mingled with snow, rush from the craggy precipices that surround it; and at a small distance below is a vast forest of cedars, which appear to be as ancient as the earth, and almost as lofty as the sky. The declivity of the mountain, below the forest, is covered with pasture, where innumerable cattle and sheep are continually feeding among a thousand rivulets of the purest water: and at the foot of the mountain, below the pastures, the plain has the appearance of a garden, where spring and autumn seem to unite their influence, to produce at once both flowers and fruit, which are never parched by the pestilential heat of the southern blast, nor blighted by the piercing cold of the northern tempest.

“Near this delightful coast, the island on which Tyre is built emerges from the sea. The city seems to float upon the waters, and looks like the sovereign of the deep. It is crowded with merchants of every nation, and its inhabitants are themselves the most eminent merchants in the world. It appears, at first, not to be the city of any particular people, but to be common to all as the centre of their commerce. There are two large moles, which, like two arms stretched out in the sea, embrace a spacious harbour, which is a shelter from every wind. The vessels in this harbour are so numerous, as almost to hide the water in which they float; and the masts

look at a distance like a forest. All the citizens of Tyre apply themselves to trade; and their wealth does not render them impatient of that labour by which it is increased. Their city abounds with the finest linen of Egypt, and cloth that has been doubly dyed with the Tyrian purple; a colour which has a lustre that time itself can scarce diminish, and which they frequently heighten by embroidery of gold and silver. The commerce of the Phœnicians extends to the Straits of Gades; they have even entered the vast ocean by which the world is encircled, and made long voyages upon the Red Sea to islands which are unknown to the rest of mankind, from whence they bring gold, perfumes, and many animals that are to be found in no other country.

“I gazed with insatiable curiosity, upon this great city, in which every thing was in motion; and where none of those idle and inquisitive persons are to be found, who, in Greece, saunter about the public places in quest of news, or observe the foreigners who come on shore in the port. The men are busied in loading the vessels, in sending away or in selling their merchandise, in putting their warehouses in order, or in keeping an account of the sums due to them from foreign merchants; and the women are constantly employed in spinning wool, in drawing patterns for embroidery, or in folding up rich stuffs.

“‘By what means,’ said I to Narbal, ‘have the Phœnicians monopolized the commerce of the world, and enriched themselves at the expense of every other nation?’—‘You see the means,’ answered Narbal: ‘the situation of Tyre renders it more fit for commerce than any other place; and the invention of navigation is the peculiar glory of our country. If the accounts are to be believed that are transmitted to us from the most remote antiquity, the Tyrians rendered the waves subservient to their purpose long before Typhis and the Argonauts became the boast of Greece: they were the first who

defied the rage of the billows and the tempest on a few floating planks, and fathomed the abysses of the ocean. They reduced the theories of Egyptian and Babylonian science to practice, regulating their course where there was no land-mark, by the stars: and they brought innumerable nations together which the sea had separated. The Tyrians are ingenious, persevering and laborious; they have, beside, great manual dexterity; and are remarkable for temperance and frugality. The laws are executed with the most scrupulous punctuality; and the people are, among themselves, perfectly unanimous; and to strangers, they are, above all others, friendly, courteous, and faithful.

“ ‘Such are the means; nor is it necessary to seek for any other, by which they have subjected the sea to their dominion, and included every nation in their commerce. But if jealousy and faction should break in among them; if they should be seduced by pleasure, or by indolence; if the great should regard labour and economy with contempt, and the manual arts should no longer be deemed honourable; if public faith should not be kept with the stranger, and the laws of a free commerce should be violated; if manufactures should be neglected, and those sums spared which are necessary to render every commodity perfect in its kind; that power, which is now the object of your admiration, would soon be at an end.’

“ ‘But how,’ said I, ‘can such a commerce be established at Ithaca?—‘By the same means,’ said he, ‘that we have established it here. Receive all strangers with readiness and hospitality: let them find safety, convenience, and liberty in your ports; and be careful never to disgust them by avarice or pride. He that would succeed in a project of gain, must never attempt to gain too much, and upon proper occasions, must know how to lose; endeavour to gain the good-will of foreigners: rather suffer

some injury than offend them by doing justice to yourself; and especially, do not keep them at a distance by a haughty behaviour. Let the laws or trade be neither complicated nor burdensome; but do not violate them yourself, nor suffer them to be violated with impunity. Always punish fraud with severity; nor let even the negligence or prodigality of a trader escape; for follies, as well as vice, effectually ruin trade, by ruining those who carry it on. But above all, never restrain the freedom of commerce, by rendering it subservient to your own immediate gain: the pecuniary advantages of commerce should be left wholly to those by whose labour it subsists, lest this labour, for want of a sufficient motive, should cease; there are more than equivalent advantages of another kind, which must necessarily result to the prince, from the wealth which a free commerce will bring into his state; and commerce is a kind of spring, which to divert from its natural channel, is to lose. There are but two things which invite foreigners, profit and conveniency: if you render commerce less convenient, or less gainful, they will insensibly forsake you: and those that once depart will never return; because other nations, taking advantage of your imprudence, will invite them to their ports, and a habit will soon be contracted of trading without you. It must, indeed, be confessed, that the glory even of Tyre has for some time been obscured. O my dear Telemachus, hadst thou beheld it before the reign of Pygmalion, how much greater would have been thy astonishment! The remains of Tyre only are now to be seen; ruins which have yet the appearance of magnificence, but will shortly be mingled with the dust. O unhappy Tyre! to what a wretch art thou subjected; thou to whom, as to the sovereign of the world, the sea so lately rolled the tribute of every nation!

“Both strangers and subjects are equally dreaded by Pygmalion; and, instead of throwing open our

ports to traders of the most remote countries, like his predecessors, without any stipulation or inquiry, he demands an exact account of the number of vessels that arrive, the countries to which they belong, the name of every person on board, the manner of their trading, the species and the value of their commodities, and the time they are to continue upon his coast: but this is not the worst; for he puts in practice all the little artifices of cunning to draw the foreign merchants into some breach of his innumerable regulations, that under the appearance of justice he may confiscate their goods. He is perpetually harassing those persons whom he imagines to be most wealthy; and increasing, under various pretences, the incumbrances of trade, by multiplying taxes; he affects to merchandise himself, but every one is afraid to deal with him. And thus commerce languishes; foreigners forget, by degrees, the way to Tyre, with which they were once so well acquainted; and, if Pygmalion persists in a conduct so impolitic and so injurious, our glory and our power will be transferred to some other nation, which is governed upon better principles.'

"I then inquired of Narbal by what means the Tyrians had become so powerful at sea; for I was not willing to be ignorant of any of the arts of government. 'We have,' said he, 'the forests of Lebanon, which furnish sufficient timber for building ships; and we are careful to reserve it all for that purpose, never suffering a single tree to be felled but for the use of the public: and we have a great number of artificers, who are very skilful in this species of architecture.'—'Where could these artificers be procured?' said I. 'They are the gradual produce,' said he, 'of our own country. When those who excel in any art are constantly and liberally rewarded, it will soon be practised in the greatest possible perfection: for persons of the highest abilities will always apply themselves to

those arts by which great rewards are to be obtained. But, besides pecuniary rewards, whoever excels in any art or science upon which navigation depends, receives great honour: a good geometrician is much respected; an able astronomer yet more; and no rewards are thought too great for a pilot who excels in his profession. A skilful carpenter is not only well paid, but treated with some deference; and even a dexterous rower is sure of a reward proportioned to his services; his provision is the best of its kind, proper care is taken of him when he is sick, and of his wife and children when he is absent; if any perish by shipwreck, their families are provided for; and those who have been in the service a certain number of years are dismissed with honour, and enabled to spend the remainder of their days without labour or solicitude. We are, therefore, never in want of skilful mariners; for it is the ambition of every father to qualify his son for so advantageous a station: and boys, almost as soon as they can walk, are taught to manage an oar, to climb the shrouds, and to despise a storm. Men are thus rendered willingly subservient to the purposes of government, by an administration so regular, that it operates with the force of custom; and by rewards so certain, that the impulse of hope is irresistible: and, indeed, by authority alone little can be effected: mere obedience, like that of a vassal to his lord, is not sufficient; obedience must be animated by affection; and men must find their own advantage in that labour which is necessary to effect the purposes of others.'

“After this discourse, Narbal carried me to the public storehouses, the arsenals, and all the manufactories that relate to shipping. I inquired minutely into every article, and wrote down all that I learnt, lest some useful circumstances should afterwards be forgotten: but Narbal, who was well acquainted with the temper of Pygmalion, and had

conceived a zealous affection for me, was still impatient for my departure, dreading a discovery by the king's spies, who were night and day going about the city; but the wind would not yet permit me to embark; and one day, while we were busied in examining the harbour with more than common attention, and questioning several merchants of commercial affairs, one of Pygmalion's officers came up to Narbal, and said, 'The king has just learnt, from the captain of one of the vessels which returned with you from Egypt, that you have brought hither a person, who passes for a native of Cyprus, but who is, indeed, a stranger of some other country. It is the king's pleasure, that this person be immediately secured, and the country to which he belongs certainly known, and for this you are to answer with your head.'—Just at this moment, I had left Narbal at a distance, to examine more nearly the proportions of a Tyrian vessel which was almost new, and which was said to be the best sailer that had ever entered the port; and I was then stating some questions to the shipwright under whose directions it had been built.

“Narbal answered with the utmost consternation and terror, ‘That the foreigner was really a native of the island of Cyprus, and that he would immediately go in search of him;’ but the moment the officer was out of sight, he ran to me, and acquainted me with my danger. ‘My apprehensions,’ said he, ‘were but too just: my dear Telemachus, our ruin is inevitable: the king, who is night and day tormented with mistrust, suspects that you are not a Cyprian, and has commanded me to secure your person under pain of death! What shall we do? May the gods deliver us by more than human wisdom, or we perish! I must produce you to the king: but do you confidently affirm that you are a Cyprian of the city of Amathus, and son of a statuary of Venus: I will confirm your account, by

declaring that I was formerly acquainted with your father ; and perhaps the king, without entering into a more severe scrutiny, will suffer you to depart : this, however, is the only expedient, by which a chance of life can be procured for us both.'

" To this counsel of Narbal, I answered, ' Let an unhappy wretch perish, whose destruction is the decree of fate. I can die without terror, and I would not involve you in my calamity, because I would live without ingratitude ; but I cannot consent to lie. I am a Greek ; and to say that I am a Cyprian, is to cease to be a man : the gods, who know my sincerity, may, if it is consistent with their wisdom, preserve me by their power : but fear shall never seduce me to attempt my own preservation by falsehood.'

" ' This falsehood,' answered Narbal, ' is wholly without guilt ; nor can it be condemned even by the gods : it will produce ill to none : it will preserve the innocent ; and it will no otherwise deceive the king, than as it will prevent his incurring the guilt of cruelty and injustice. Your love of virtue is romantic, and your zeal for religion superstitious.'

" ' That it is a falsehood,' said I, ' is to me a sufficient proof, that it can never become a man who speaks in the presence of the gods, and is under perpetual and unlimited obligations to truth. He who offers violence to truth, as he counteracts the dictates of conscience, must offend the gods, and injure himself : do not, therefore, urge me to a conduct that is unworthy both of you and me. If the gods regard us with pity, they can easily effect our deliverance ; and if they suffer us to perish, we shall die martyrs of truth, and leave one example to mankind, that virtue has been preferred to life. My life has been already too long, since it has only been a series of misfortunes ; and it is the danger of yours only, my dear Narbal, that I regret. Why, alas, should your friendship for a wretched fugitive be fatal to yourself !'

“ This dispute, which had continued a considerable time, was at length interrupted by the arrival of a person, who had run till he was not able immediately to speak ; but we soon learnt, that he was another of the king’s officers, and had been dispatched by Astarbe. Astarbe had beauty that appeared to be more than human, and a mind that had almost the power of fascination ; her general manner was sprightly, her particular address soft and insinuating ; but with all this power to please, she was, like the Syrens, cruel and malignant, and knew how to conceal the worst purposes by inscrutable dissimulation. She had gained an absolute ascendancy over Pygmalion by her beauty and her wit, the sweetness of her song, and the harmony of her lyre ; and Pygmalion, in the ardour of his passion for this mistress, had put away Topha his queen. He thought only how he should gratify Astarbe, who was enterprising and ambitious : and his avarice, however infamous, was scarcely more a curse, than his extravagant fondness for this woman. But, though he was passionately enamoured of her, she regarded him with contempt and aversion : she disguised, indeed, her real sentiments ; and appeared to desire life itself only as the means of enjoying his society, at the very moment in which her heart sickened at his approach.

“ At this time, there was, at Tyre, a young Lydian named Melachon, who was extremely beautiful, but dissolute, voluptuous, and effeminate ; his principal care was to preserve the delicacy of his complexion, and to spread his flaxen hair in ringlets over his shoulders, to perfume his person, adjust his dress, and chant amorous ditties to the music of his lyre. Of this youth Astarbe became enamoured to distraction ; but he declined her favours, because he was himself equally enamoured of another, and dreaded the jealousy of the king. Astarbe perceived herself slighted, and, in the rage of disappointment, resolved, that he who rejected her love should at least gratify her

revenge: she thought of representing Melachon to the king, as the stranger whom he had been informed Narbal had brought into Tyre, and after whom he had caused inquiry to be made: in this fraud she succeeded by her own arts of persuasion, and by bribing to secrecy all who might have discovered it to Pygmalion; for as he neither loved virtue himself, nor could discover it in others, he was surrounded by abandoned mercenaries, who would, without scruple, execute his commands, however iniquitous and cruel; to these wretches, the authority of Astarbe was formidable; and they assisted her to deceive the king, lest they should give offence to an imperious woman, who monopolized his confidence. Thus Melachon, though known to be a Lydian by the whole city, was cast into prison, as the foreigner whom Narbal had brought out of Egypt.

“But Astarbe, fearing that if Narbal should come before the king he might discover the imposture, despatched this officer with the utmost expedition, who delivered her commands in these words: ‘It is the pleasure of Astarbe, that you do not discover the stranger whom you brought hither to the king: she requires nothing of you but to be silent, and will herself be answerable for whatever is necessary to your justification; but let your friend immediately embark with the Cyprians, that he may no more be seen in the city.’ Narbal, who received this proposal of deliverance with ecstasy, readily promised to fulfil the conditions; and the officer, well satisfied to have succeeded in his commission, returned to Astarbe to make his report.

“Upon this occasion, we could not but admire the divine goodness, which had so suddenly rewarded our integrity, and interposed, almost by a miracle, in favour of them that were ready to have sacrificed every thing to truth; and we reflected, with horror, upon a king who had given himself up to avarice and sensuality. ‘He who is thus suspicious of deceit,

said we, ‘deserves to be deceived; and, indeed, that which he deserves, he suffers: for, as he suspects the upright of hypocrisy, he puts himself into the hands of wretches who profess the villany that they practise; and almost every other person in the kingdom perceives the fraud by which he is overreached. Thus, while Pygmalion is made the tool of a shameful strumpet, the gods render the falsehood of the wicked an instrument of preservation to the righteous, to whom it is less dreadful to perish than to lie!’

“At the very time in which we were making these reflections, we perceived the wind change. It now blew fair for the Cyprian fleet; and Narbal cried out, ‘The gods declare for thee, my dear Telemachus, and will complete thy deliverance! Fly from this cruel, this execrable coast! To follow thee, to whatever climate—to follow thee, in life and death—would be happiness and honour: but, alas! Fate has connected me with this wretched country: with my country I am born to suffer; and, perhaps, in her ruins I shall perish! But of what moment is this, if my tongue shall be still faithful to truth, and my heart shall hold fast its integrity! As for thee, my dear Telemachus, may the gods, who guide thee by their wisdom, reward thee to the utmost of their bounty, by giving and continuing to thee that virtue which is pure, generous, and exalted! Mayest thou survive every danger, return in safety to Ithaca, and deliver Penelope from the presumption of her suitors! May thy eyes behold, and thy arms embrace, the wise Ulysses, thy father; and may he rejoice in a son that will add new honours to his name! But, in the midst of thy felicity, suffer at least the sorrows of friendship, the pleasing anguish of virtue, to steal upon thee for a moment; and remember unhappy Narbal with a sigh, that shall at once express his misfortunes and thy affection.’

“My heart melted within me as he spoke; and, when he expected my reply, I threw myself upon his

neck, and bedewed it with my tears, but was unable to utter a word: we therefore embraced in silence; and he then conducted me to the vessel. While we weighed anchor, he stood upon the beach; and when the vessel was under sail, we mutually looked towards each other, till the objects became confused, and at length totally disappeared."

BOOK IV.

CALYPSO interrupts Telemachus in his relation, that he may retire to rest. Mentor privately reproves him, for having undertaken the recital of his adventures; but, as he has begun, advises him to proceed. Telemachus relates, that during his voyage from Tyre to Cyprus, he dreamt that he was protected from Venus and Cupid by Minerva; and that he afterwards imagined he saw Mentor, who exhorted him to fly from the isle of Cyprus; that when he awaked, the vessel would have perished in a storm if he had not himself taken the helm, the Cyprians being all intoxicated with wine: that when he arrived at the island, he saw, with horror, the most contagious examples of debauchery; but that Hazael, the Syrian, to whom Mentor had been sold, happening to be at Cyprus at the same time, brought the two friends together, and took them on board his vessel that was bound to Crete; that during the voyage he had seen Amphitrite drawn in her chariot by sea horses; a sight infinitely entertaining and magnificent.

CALYPSO, who had, till this instant, sat motionless, and listening, with inexpressible delight, to the adventures of Telemachus, now interrupted him, that he might enjoy some respite. "It is time," said she, "that, after so many toils, you should taste the sweets of repose. In this island you have nothing to fear; every thing is here subservient to your wishes; open your heart, therefore, to joy, and make room for all the blessings of peace which the gods are preparing for you: and to-morrow, when the rosy fingers of Aurora shall unlock the golden doors of the east, and the steeds of Phœbus shall spring up from the deep, diffusing the beams of day, and driving before them the stars of heaven, the history of your misfortunes, my dear Telemachus, shall be resumed. You have exceeded even your father in wisdom and in courage; nor has Achilles, the conqueror of Hector; nor Theseus, who returned from hell; nor even the great Alcides, who delivered the earth from so many

monsters, displayed either fortitude or virtue equal to yours. May one deep and unbroken slumber render the night short to you; though to me, alas! it will be wearisome and long. With what impatience shall I desire again to see you, to hear your voice; to urge you to repeat what I have been told already; and inquire after what I have still to learn! Go, then, my dear Telemachus, with that friend whom the bounty of the gods has again restored; retire into the grotto which has been prepared for your repose. May Morpheus shed his benignest influence upon your eyelids, that are now heavy with watching, and diffuse a pleasant languor through your limbs, that are fatigued by labour! May he cause the most delightful dreams to sport around you; fill your imagination with gay ideas: and keep far from you whatever might chase them away too soon!"

The goddess then conducted Telemachus into the separate grotto, which was not less rural or pleasant than her own. In one part of it, the lulling murmurs of a fountain invited sleep to the weary; and in another, the nymphs had prepared two beds of the softest moss, and covered them with two large skins; one with that of a lion for Telemachus, and the other with that of a bear for Mentor.

They were now alone; but Mentor, before he resigned his eyes to sleep, spoke thus to Telemachus. "The pleasure of relating your adventures has ensnared you; for, by displaying the dangers which you have surmounted by your courage and your ingenuity, you have captivated Calypso; and, in proportion as you have inflamed her passions, you have insured your own captivity. Can it be hoped that she will suffer him to depart who has displayed such power to please? You have been betrayed to indiscretion by your vanity. She promised to relate some stories to you, and to acquaint you with the adventures and the fate of Ulysses; but she has found means to say much without giving you any information, and to

draw from you whatever she desired to know. Such are the arts of the flatterer and the wanton! When, O Telemachus! will you be wise enough to resist the impulse of vanity, and know how to suppress incidents that do you honour, when it is not fit that they should be related? Others, indeed, admire the wisdom which you possess at an age in which they think folly might be forgiven; but I can forgive you nothing; your heart is known only to me, and there is no other who loves you well enough to tell you your faults. How much does your father still surpass you in wisdom!"

"Could I then," answered Telemachus, "have refused an account of my misfortunes to Calypso?" "No," replied Mentor; "but you should have gratified her curiosity only by reciting such circumstances as might have raised her compassion: you might have told her that, after having long wandered from place to place, you were first a captive in Sicily, and then a slave in Egypt. This would have been enough; and all that was more, served only to render that poison more active which now rages at her heart; a poison from which, pray the gods that thy heart may be defended."

"But what can now be done?" said Telemachus. —"Now," replied Mentor, "the sequel of your story cannot be suppressed: Calypso knows too much to be deceived in that which she has yet to learn; and to attempt it would be only to displease her. Proceed, therefore, to-morrow, in your account of all that the gods have done for you; and speak another time with more modesty of such actions of your own as may be thought to merit praise." This salutary advice was received by Telemachus with the same friendship with which it was given by Mentor; and they immediately lay down to rest.

As soon as the first rays of Phœbus glanced upon the mountains, Mentor heard the voice of Calypso calling to her nymphs in the neighbouring wood,

and awakened Telemachus. "It is time," said he, "to repress the encroachment of sleep: let us now return to Calypso, but put no confidence in her words: shut your heart against her, and dread the delicious poison of her praise. Yesterday, she exalted you above the wise Ulysses your father, and the invincible Achilles; above Theseus, who filled the earth with his fame; and Hercules, who obtained a place in the skies: did you perceive the excess of such adulation, or did you believe her praises to be just? Calypso herself laughs in secret at so romantic a falsehood, which she uttered only because she believed you to be so vain, as to be gratified by the grossest flattery; and so weak, as to be imposed upon by the most extravagant improbability."

They now approached the place where they were expected by the goddess. The moment she perceived them, she forced a smile; and attempted to conceal, under the appearance of joy, the dread and anxiety which agitated her bosom: for she foresaw, that, under the direction of Mentor, Telemachus, like Ulysses, would elude her snares. "Come," said she, "my dear Telemachus, and relieve me from the impatience of curiosity: I have dreamt all the night of your departure from Phœnicia to seek new adventures in the isle of Cyprus: let us not, therefore, lose another moment; make haste to satisfy me with knowledge, and put an end to the illusions of conjecture." They then sat down upon the grass, that was intermingled with violets; and a lofty grove spread its shadow over them.

Calypso could not refrain from looking frequently, with the most passionate tenderness, at Telemachus; nor perceive, without indignation, that every glance of her eye was remarked by Mentor. All her nymphs silently ranged themselves in a semicircle, and leaned forward with the utmost eagerness of attention: the eyes of the whole assembly were immoveably fixed upon Telemachus: who looking downward, and,

blushing with the most graceful modesty, thus continued his narrative.

“ Our sails had not been long filled with the gentle breath of a favouring wind, before the level coast of Phœnicia disappeared. As I was now associated with Cyprians, of whose manners I was totally ignorant, I determined to remain silent, that I might the better remark all that passed, and recommend myself to my companions by the most scrupulous decorum. But, during my silence, a deep sleep stole insensibly upon me, the involuntary exercise of all my faculties was suspended, I sunk into the most luxurious tranquillity, and my heart overflowed with delight. On a sudden I thought the clouds parted, and that I saw Venus in her chariot drawn by two doves; she appeared in all that radiance of beauty, that gaiety of youth, that smiling softness, and irresistible grace, which the thunderer himself could scarce steadfastly behold, when first she issued from the foam of the sea: I thought she descended with astonishing rapidity, and in a moment reached the spot on which I stood: that she then, with a smile, laid her hand upon my shoulder, and pronounced these words: ‘ Young Greek, thou art now about to enter into my dominions; thou shalt shortly arrive at that fortunate island, where every pleasure springs up under my steps; there thou shalt burn incense upon my altars, and I will lavish upon thee inexhaustible delight; let thy heart therefore indulge the utmost luxuriancy of hope; and reject not the happiness which the most powerful of all the deities is now willing to bestow.’

“ At the same time, I perceived the boy Cupid, fluttering, on his little wings, round his mother: the lovely softness and laughing simplicity of childhood appeared in his countenance; but in his eyes, which sparkled with a piercing brightness, there was something that I could not behold without fear. He looked at me, indeed, with a smile; but it was the malignant smile of derision and cruelty: he selected

from his golden quiver the keenest of all his arrows, and having bent his bow, the shaft was just parting from the string, when Minerva suddenly appeared, and lifted her immortal ægis before me. In her aspect there was not that exquisite softness, that amorous languor, which I had remarked in the countenance and attitude of Venus: the beauty of Minerva was simple, chaste, and unaffected; all was easy and natural, yet spirited, striking, and majestic. The shaft of Cupid, not having sufficient force to penetrate the shield that intercepted it, fell to the ground; and the god, touched at once with shame and indignation, withdrew his bow, and betrayed his disappointment with a sigh. ‘Away! presumptuous boy,’ said Minerva; ‘thou hast power only over the base, who prefer the sordid pleasures of sensuality to the sublime enjoyments of wisdom, virtue, and honour.’ Love, blushing with restrained anger, flew away without reply; and Venus again ascending to Olympus, I long traced her chariot and her doves in a cloud of intermingled azure and gold; but at length they were not to be distinguished, and when I turned my eyes downwards, I perceived that Minerva also had disappeared.

“I then fancied myself transported to a delightful garden, which revived in my mind the descriptions that I had heard of Elysium. Here I met with Mentor, who accosted me in these words: ‘Fly from this fatal country, this island of contagion, where every breeze is tainted with sensuality, where the most heroic virtue has cause for fear, and safety can be obtained only by flight!’ The moment I saw Mentor, I attempted to throw my arms about him in an ecstasy of joy; but I strove in vain to lift my feet from the ground, my knees failed under me, and my arms closed over an empty shade, which eluded their grasp. The effort awaked me; and I perceived, that this mysterious dream was a divine admonition. A more animated resolution against pleasure, and greater diffidence of my own virtue, concurred to

make me detest the effeminate and voluptuous manners of the Cyprians: but I was most affected by the apprehension that Mentor was dead; and that having passed the irremeable waters of the Styx, he was fixed for ever in the blissful dwellings of the just.

“ I mused upon this imaginary loss, till I burst into tears, and being observed by the mariners, they asked me why I wept: I replied, that it might easily be guessed why an unhappy fugitive, who despaired of returning to his country, should weep. In the mean time, however, all the Cyprians that were on board, gave themselves up to the most extravagant merriment: the rowers, indeed, to whom a mere suspension of labour was luxury, fell asleep upon their oars; but the pilot, who had quitted the helm, and crowned himself with flowers, held in his hand an enormous bowl, which he had almost emptied of wine; and with the rest of the crew, who were equally intoxicated, roared out such songs to the praise of Venus and Cupid, as no man who has a reverence for virtue can hear without horror.

“ While they were thus thoughtless of danger, a sudden tempest began to trouble the ocean, and obscure the sky. The winds, as in the wild ardour of unexpected freedom, were heard bellowing among the sails; and the waves dashed against the sides of the vessel, which groaned under the strokes: we now floated on the ridge of a stupendous mountain, which the next moment seemed to glide from under us, and leave us buried in the abyss; we perceived also some rocks near us, and heard the billows break against them with a dreadful noise. I had often heard Mentor say, that the effeminate and voluptuous are never brave; and I now found, by experience, that it was true; for the Cyprians, whose jollity had been so extravagant and tumultuous, now sunk under a sense of their danger, and wept like women. I heard nothing but the screams of terror, and the wailings of hopeless distress: some lamented the

loss of pleasures that were never to return, and some made idle vows of sacrifice to the gods, if they reached their port in safety; but none had presence of mind, either to undertake or direct the navigation of the vessel. In this situation I thought it my duty to save the lives of my associates, by saving my own: I, therefore, took the helm into my own hand, the pilot being so intoxicated as to be wholly insensible of the danger of the vessel; I encouraged the affrighted mariners, and I ordered the sails to be taken in: the men rowed vigorously, and we soon found ourselves clear of the rocks, among which we had beheld all the horrors of death at so near a view.

“ This event had the appearance of a dream to the mariners, who were indebted to me for their lives; and they looked upon me with astonishment. We arrived at the isle of Cyprus in that month of the spring which is consecrated to Venus; a season which the Cyprians believe to be under the influence of this goddess, because all nature then appears to be animated with new vigour, and pleasure seems to spring up spontaneously with the flowers of the field.

“ As soon as I went on shore, I perceived a certain softness in the air, which, though it rendered the body indolent and inactive, yet brought on a disposition to gaiety and wantonness; and, indeed, the inhabitants were so averse to labour, that the country, though extremely fertile and pleasant, was almost wholly uncultivated. I met, in every street, crowds of women, loosely dressed, singing the praises of Venus, and going to dedicate themselves to the service of her temple. Beauty and pleasure sparkled in their countenances; but their beauty was tainted by affectation, and the modest simplicity, from which female charms principally derive their power, was wanting: the dissolute air, the studied look, the flaunting dress, and the lascivious gait, the expressive glances that seemed to wander in search after those of the men, the visible emulation who should kindle the

most ardent passion, and whatever else I discovered in these women, moved only my contempt and aversion; and I was disgusted by all that they did with a desire to please.

“ I was conducted to a temple of the goddess, of which there are several in the island; for she is worshipped at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos. That which I visited was at Cythera: the structure, which is of marble, is a complete peristyle; and the columns are so large and lofty, that its appearance is extremely majestic: on each front, over the architrave and frieze, are large pediments, on which the most entertaining adventures of the goddess are represented in bas-relief. There is a perpetual crowd of people with offerings at the gate, but within the limits of the consecrated ground, no victim is ever slain; the fat of bulls and heifers is never burnt, as at other temples; nor are the rites of pleasure profaned with their blood: the beasts that are here offered, are only presented before the altar, nor are any accepted, but those that are young, white, and without blemish: they are dressed with purple fillets, embroidered with gold, and their horns are decorated with gilding and flowers; after they have been presented, they are led to a proper place at a considerable distance, and killed for the banquet of the priests.

“ Perfumed liquors are also offered, and wines of the richest flavour. The habit of the priests is a long white robe, fringed with gold at the bottom, and bound round them with a golden girdle; the richest aromatics of the East burn night and day upon the altars, and the smoke rises in a cloud of fragrance to the skies. All the columns of the temple are adorned with festoons; all the sacrificial vessels are of gold; and the whole building is surrounded by a consecrated grove of odoriferous myrtle. None are permitted to present the victims to the priest, or to kindle the hallowed fire, but boys and girls of consummate beauty. But this

temple, however magnificent, was rendered infamous by the dissolute manners of the votaries.

“What I saw in this place struck me at first with horror; but, at length, by insensible degrees, it became familiar. I was no longer alarmed at the appearance of vice; the manners of the company had a kind of contagious influence upon me: my innocence was universally derided; and my modesty and reserve became the sport of impudence and buffoonery; every art was practised to excite my passions, to ensnare me by temptation, and to kindle the love of pleasure in my breast. I perceived that I was, every day, less capable of resistance; the influence of education was surmounted; my virtuous resolutions melted away; I could no longer struggle against the evils that pressed upon me on every side; and from dreading vice, I came at length to be ashamed of virtue. I was like a man who attempts to swim a deep and rapid river: his first efforts are vigorous, and he makes way against the stream; but, if the shores are steep, and he cannot rest himself upon the bank, he grows weary by degrees; his strength is exhausted; his limbs become stiff with fatigue; and he is carried away by the torrent. Thus my eyes began to grow dim to the deformity of vice, and my heart shrunk from the toil of virtue; I could no longer call in the power of reason to my assistance, nor remember the example of my father with emulation; the dream, in which I had seen Mentor in the fields of Elysium, repressed the last feeble effort of my virtue, by cutting off all hopes of support; a pleasing languor stole insensibly upon me; and I felt, what I knew to be, poison glide from vein to vein, and diffuse itself through every limb with a secret satisfaction; yet, by sudden starts, I deplored my captivity with sighs and tears; sometimes I pined with regret, and sometimes I raved with indignation. ‘How wretched a period of life,’ said I, ‘is youth! Wherefore

did the gods, who cruelly sport with the calamities of men, ordain them to pass through that state which is divided between the sports of folly and the agonies of desire? Why is not my head already hoary, and why do not my steps falter on the brink of the grave? Why am I not already like Laertes, whose son is my father? Death itself would be more eligible than the shameful weakness of which I am now conscious! But these exclamations had no sooner burst from me, than my anguish would abate; and my conscience, lulled again by the opiates of sensuality, would again cease to be susceptible of shame; till some sudden thought would rouse me once more to sensibility, and sting me with yet keener remorse.

“In this state of perplexity and anguish I frequently wandered about in the consecrated grove, like a hart that had been wounded by the hunters; the speed of the hart reaches the distant forest in a moment, but he carries the tormenting shaft in his side: thus I vainly attempted to escape from myself; for the anguish of my breast could not be alleviated by changing place.

“I was one day in this situation, when, at some distance before me, in the most gloomy part of the grove, I thought I discovered Mentor; but upon a nearer approach, his countenance appeared so pale, and expressed such a mixture of grief and austerity, that I felt no joy in his presence. ‘Can it be thou,’ said I, ‘my dearest friend, my only hope? Can it be thou thyself in very deed; or do I thus gaze upon a fleeting illusion? Is it Mentor; or is it the spirit of Mentor that is still touched with my misfortunes? Art thou not numbered among the happy spirits, who rejoice in the fruition of their own virtue; to which the gods have superadded the pure and everlasting pleasures of Elysium? Speak, Mentor, dost thou yet live? Am I again happy in thy counsel, or art thou only the manes of my friend?’ As I

pronounced these words, I ran towards him breathless and transported: he calmly waited for me, without advancing a single step; but the gods only know with what joy I perceived that he filled my grasp. 'No, it is not an empty shade; I hold him fast; I embrace my dear Mentor!'

"Thus I expressed the tumult of my mind in broken exclamations; till, bursting into tears, I hung upon his neck without power to speak. He continued to look steadfastly at me with a mixture of grief, tenderness, and compassion; and at last I found words. 'Alas!' said I, 'whence art thou come? What dangers have surrounded me in thy absence! and what should I now have done without thee!' Mentor not regarding my questions, cried out, in a voice that shook me with terror, 'Fly! delay not a moment to fly. The very fruits of this soil are poison; the air is pestilential; the inhabitants themselves are contagious, and speak only to infuse the most deadly venom. Sordid and infamous sensuality, the most dreadful evil that issued from the box of Pandora, corrupts every heart, and eradicates every virtue. Fly! wherefore dost thou linger? Fly! cast not one look behind thee; nor let even thy thought return to this accursed island for a moment.'

"While he thus spoke, I perceived, as it were, a thick cloud vanish from before me, and my eyes were once more illuminated with the rays of unbroken light. My heart was elated with a peaceful yet vigorous joy, very different from the dissolute and tumultuous pleasures of desire: one is the joy of phrensy and confusion, a perpetual transition from outrageous passion to the keenest remorse; the other is the calm and equal felicity of reason, which participates of divine beatitude, and can neither satiate nor be exhausted; it filled all my breast, and overflowed in tears; nor is there on earth any higher enjoyment than thus to weep. 'Happy,' said I,

‘are those by whom virtue vouchsafes to be seen in all her beauty! Thus to behold her is to love her; and to love her is to be happy.’

“But my attention was recalled to Mentor: ‘I must leave you,’ said he; ‘nor can my stay be protracted a moment.’ ‘Whither dost thou go, then?’ said I: ‘To what deserts will I not follow thee! Think not to depart without me, for I will rather die at thy feet!’ Immediately I caught hold of him, and held him with all my force. ‘It is in vain,’ said he, ‘that thy zeal attempts to detain me: I was sold by Metophis to the Arabs or Ethiopians, who, being on a trading journey to Damascus in Syria, determined to part with me, imagining that they could sell me for a large sum to one Hazael, a man who was seeking after a Grecian slave, to acquaint him with the manners of the country, and instruct him in the sciences: nor were they mistaken; for I was purchased by Hazael at a very high price. The knowledge which he soon acquired of the Grecian policy, inclined him to go into Crete, to study the laws of Minos. The voyage was immediately undertaken: but we were driven, by contrary winds, to Cyprus; and he has taken this opportunity to make his offering at the temple. I see him now coming out; a favourable wind already fills our sails, and calls us on board. Farewell, my dear Telemachus! A slave who fears the gods, cannot dispense with his obligation to attend his master. The gods have made me the property of another; and they know that if I had any right in myself, I would transfer it to you. Farewell! remember the achievements of Ulysses, and the tears of Penelope: remember also that the gods are just. Ye powers, who are the protectors of the innocent, in what a country am I compelled to leave Telemachus!’ ‘No,’ said I, ‘my dear Mentor, here thou canst not leave me; for I will rather perish than suffer thee to depart without me. But has thy

Syrian master no compassion? Will he tear thee, by violence, from my arms? He must either take away my life, or suffer me to follow thee. Thou hast thyself exhorted me to fly! Why, then, am I forbidden to fly with thee? I will speak myself to Hazael: perhaps he may regard my youth and my distress with pity. He, who is so enamoured of wisdom as to seek her in distant countries, cannot surely have a savage or an insensible heart. I will throw myself at his feet; I will embrace his knees; and will not suffer him to depart, till he has consented that I should follow thee. My dear Mentor, I will wear the chains of slavery with thee! I will offer myself to Hazael; and if he reject me, my lot is thrown; and I will seek reception, where I know I shall find it, in the grave.'

“Just as I had pronounced these words, Mentor was called by Hazael, before whom I immediately fell prostrate on the ground. Hazael, who was astonished to see a stranger in that posture, asked what I would request. ‘I request my life,’ said I; ‘for if I am not permitted to follow Mentor, who is your servant, I must die. The son of the great Ulysses is before thee, who surpassed in wisdom all the Grecian princes, by whom Troy, a city famous throughout all Asia, was overturned: but think not that I boast the dignity of my birth to exact a tribute to my vanity; I mean only to strengthen the claim of misfortune to thy pity. I have wandered from coast to coast, in search of my father, with this person, whom friendship has made a father to me; but fortune has at length completed my calamity, by taking him from me: he is now thy slave; let me, therefore, be thy slave also. If thou art, indeed, a lover of justice, and art going to Crete to acquaint thyself with the laws of Minos, thou wilt not resist the importunity of my distress. Thou seest the son of a mighty prince reduced to sue for slavery, as the only possible condition of comfort; there was a time when I

preferred death to servitude in Sicily ; but the evils which I there suffered were but the first essays of the rage of fortune. I now tremble, lest I should not be admitted into that state, which then I would have died to shun. May the gods look down on my misfortunes ! and may Hazael remember Minos, whose wisdom he admires, and whose judgment shall, in the realms of Pluto, pass upon us both.'

" Hazael looked upon me with great complacence and humanity ; and, giving me his hand, raised me from the ground. ' I am not ignorant,' said he, ' of the wisdom and virtue of Ulysses ; I have been often told what glory he acquired among the Greeks by Mentor ; and fame has made his name familiar to all the nations of the east. Follow me, son of Ulysses ! I will be your father, till you find him from whom you have derived your being. If I had no sense of the glory of Ulysses, or of his misfortunes, or of yours, the friendship which I bear to Mentor would alone induce me to take care of you ; I bought him indeed as a slave, but he is now mine by a nobler connexion ; for the money that he cost me procured me the dearest and most valuable of all my friends. In him I have found that wisdom which I sought ; and to him I owe all the love of virtue that I have acquired : this moment, therefore, I restore his freedom and continue thine ; I renounce your service, and require only your esteem.'

" The most piercing anguish was now changed in a moment to unutterable joy. I perceived myself delivered from total ruin ; I was approaching my country ; I was favoured with assistance that might enable me to reach it ; I had the consolation of being near a person whose love for me had no foundation but the love of virtue ; and whatever else could contribute to my felicity was comprehended in my meeting with Mentor to part no more.

" Hazael proceeded directly to the port, followed by Mentor and myself, and we all embarked together ;

the peaceful waves were divided by our oars ; and a gentle breeze, which sported in our sails, seemed, as it were, to animate our bark, and impel it forward with an easy motion. Cyprus quickly disappeared ; and Hazael, who was impatient to know my sentiments, asked me what I thought of the manners of that island. I told him ingenuously the dangers to which my youth had been exposed, and the conflict which had agitated my bosom. He was touched at my horror of vice ; and cried out—‘ Venus, I acknowledge thy power, and that of thy son ; and I have burnt incense upon thy altars ; but forgive me if I detest that infamous effeminacy which prevails in thy dominions, and the brutal sensuality which is practised at thy feasts.’

“ He then discoursed with Mentor of that First Power which produced the heavens and the earth ; that infinite and immutable Intelligence which communicates itself to all, but is not divided ; that sovereign and universal Truth which illuminates intellectual nature, as the sun enlightens the material world. ‘ He who has never received this pure emanation of divinity,’ said Hazael, ‘ is as blind as those who are born without sight ; he passes through life in darkness, like that which involves the polar regions, where the night is protracted to half the year ; he believes himself to be wise, but is indeed a fool ; he imagines that his eye comprehends every object, yet he lives and dies without seeing any thing ; or, at most, he perceives only some fleeting illusions by a glimmering and deceitful light ; some unsubstantial vapours, that are every moment changing their colour and shape, and at length fade into total obscurity ; such is the state of every man who is captivated by the pleasures of sense, and allured by the gaudy phantoms of imagination ! Indeed, none are worthy the name of men but those who walk by the dictates of eternal reason, who love and follow the guiding ray that is vouchsafed from above : it

is by this reason that we are inspired, when our thoughts are good; and by this we are reprov'd, when they are evil; from this we derive intelligence and life; this is an ocean, of which we are but small streams, that are quickly re-absorbed in the abyss from which they flow'd!

“ This discourse, indeed, I did not perfectly comprehend; yet I perceived something in it that was elevated and refined; and my heart caught fire at the beams of truth which glanced within the verge of my understanding. They proceeded to talk of the origin of the gods, of heroes, poets, the golden age, and the universal deluge; of the river of oblivion, in which the souls of the dead are plunged; the perpetual punishment that is inflicted upon the wicked in the gloomy gulf of Tartarus; and of that happy tranquillity which is enjoyed in the fields of Elysium by the spirits of the just, who exult in the assurance that it shall last for ever.

“ While Hazael and Mentor were discoursing on these topics, we perceived several dolphins approaching, whose scales were varied with azure and gold, and whose sport swelled the sea into waves, and covered it with foam; these were followed by Tritons, who, with their spiral shells, emulated the music of the trumpet; and in the midst of them appeared the chariot of Amphitrite, drawn by sea-horses whiter than snow; which, dividing the waves as they passed, left behind them long furrows in the deep; fire sparkled in their eyes, and from their nostrils issued clouds of smoke: the chariot of the goddess was a shell, whiter and more bright than ivory, of a wonderful figure; it was mounted upon wheels of gold, and seemed almost to fly over the level surface of the water; a great number of young nymphs swam in a crowd after the chariot; and their hair, which was decorated with flowers, flow'd loosely behind them, and wantoned in the breeze. The goddess held in one hand a sceptre of gold, with which she

awed the waves to obedience ; and, with the other, she held the little god Palemon, her son, whom she suckled, upon her lap : such sweetness and majesty were expressed in her countenance, that the rebellious winds dispersed at her appearance, and gloomy tempests howled only at a distance. The Tritons guided the horses with golden reins, and a large purple sail waved above, which was but half distended by a multitude of little zephyrs, who laboured to swell it with their breath. In the mid air appeared Æolus, busy, restless, and vehement ; his wrinkled and morose countenance, his hoarse and threatening voice, his shaggy brows, which hung down to his beard, and the sullen austerity that gleamed in his eyes, awed the hurricanes of the north to silence, and drove back the clouds to the horizon. Whales of an enormous size, and all the monsters of the deep, that caused the sea to ebb and flow with their nostrils, rushed from their secret recesses, and came in haste to gaze upon the goddess.

BOOK V.

Telemachus relates, that when he arrived in Crete, he learnt, that Idomeneus, the king of that island, had, in consequence of a rash vow, sacrificed his only son ; that the Cretans, to revenge the murder, had driven him out of the country ; and that after long uncertainty they were then assembled to elect a new sovereign ; that he was admitted into the assembly ; that he obtained the prize in various exercises ; and having also resolved the questions that had been recorded by Minos in the book of his laws, the sages, who were judges of the contest, and all the people, seeing his wisdom, would have made him king.

“ Soon after the goddess and her train disappeared, we began to discover the mountains of Crete, though we could yet scarcely distinguish them from the clouds of heaven, and the waves of the sea ; but it was not long before the summit of Mount Ida was seen, towering above the neighbouring mountains, as the spreading antlers of a stag are distinguished among the young fawns that surround him. By degrees we discovered more distinctly the coast of the island, which had the appearance of an amphi-

theatre. As, in Cyprus, the soil was wild and uncultivated; in Crete, it was fertilized and enriched with every kind of fruit by the labour of its inhabitants.

“ We perceived innumerable villages that were well built, towns that were little inferior to cities, and cities that were in the highest degree magnificent: there was no field on which the husbandman had not impressed the characters of diligence and labour; the plough was every where to be traced: and there was scarcely a bramble or a weed to be found in the island. We remarked, with pleasure, the deep valleys in which numerous herds of cattle were grazing, among many rivulets that enriched the soil; the sheep, that were feeding on the declivity of the hills; the spacious plains that were covered with the golden bounty of Ceres; and the mountains that were adorned with the lively verdure of the vine, and clusters of grapes that were already tinged with blue, and promised the blessing of Bacchus—wine, which soothes anxiety to peace, and animates weariness with new vigour.

“ Mentor told us that he had before been in Crete, and acquainted us with whatever he knew of the country. ‘ This island,’ said he, ‘ which is admired by all foreigners, and famous for its hundred cities, produces all the necessaries of life in great plenty for its inhabitants, although they are almost innumerable; for the earth is always profusely bountiful to those who cultivate it, and its treasures are inexhaustible. The greater the number of inhabitants in any country, the greater plenty they enjoy, if they are not idle; nor have they any cause to be jealous of each other. The earth, like a good parent, multiplies her gifts in proportion to the number of her children, who merit her bounty by their labour. The ambition and the avarice of mankind are the only sources of their calamities; every individual wishes to possess the portion of all; and becomes wretched by the desire of superfluities. If men

would be content with the simplicity of nature, and wish only to satisfy their real necessities, plenty, cheerfulness, domestic concord, and public tranquillity would be uninterrupted and universal.

“ ‘A deep knowledge of these important truths was the glory of Minos, the wisest legislator, and the best of kings. All the wonders of this island are the effects of his laws; the education which he prescribed for children renders the body healthy and robust, and forms an early habit of frugality and labour. That every species and degree of voluptuousness, will proportionably debilitate both the body and the mind, is an established maxim; and no pleasure is proposed as the object of desire, but that of becoming invincible by heroic virtue, and distinguished from others by superior glory: courage is not considered as the contempt of death only in the field of battle, but of superfluous wealth and shameful pleasure. And three vices are punished in Crete, which in every other country are suffered with impunity; ingratitude, dissimulation, and avarice.

“ ‘It might, perhaps, be expected that there should be some law against luxury and pomp; but in Crete luxury and pomp are not known. Every man labours, and no man thinks of becoming rich; labour is thought to be sufficiently recompensed by a life of quiet and regularity, in which all that the wants of nature have made necessary is enjoyed in plenty and in peace. No splendid palace nor costly furniture, no magnificent apparel nor voluptuous festivity, is permitted: the habits are, indeed, made of the finest wool, and dyed of the most beautiful colour; but they are perfectly plain, and without embroidery. Their meals, at which they drink little wine, are extremely temperate, consisting chiefly of bread, such fruits as the season produces, and milk: if they ever taste animal food, it is in a small quantity, plainly dressed, and of the coarsest kind; for they always reserve the finest cattle for labour,

that agriculture may flourish. 'The houses are neat, convenient, and pleasant, but without ornament: architecture is, indeed, well known among them, in its utmost elegance and magnificence; but the practice of this art is reserved for the temple of the gods, and it is thought presumptuous in a mortal to have a dwelling like theirs. The wealth of the Cretans consists in health, vigour, and courage, domestic quiet and concord, public liberty, plenty of all that is necessary, and contempt of all that is superfluous; a habit of industry, an abhorrence of idleness, an emulation in virtue, submission to the laws, and a reverence of the gods.'

"I inquired what were the bounds of the sovereign authority; and Mentor answered,—The authority of the king over the subject is absolute, but the authority of the law is absolute over him; his power to do good is unlimited, but he is restrained from doing evil. The laws have put the people into his hands as the most valuable deposit, upon condition that he shall treat them as his children; for it is the intent of the law that the wisdom and equity of one man shall be the happiness of many, and not that the wretchedness and slavery of many should gratify the pride and luxury of one. The king ought to possess nothing more than the subject, but in proportion as more is necessary to alleviate the fatigue of his station, and impress upon the minds of the people a reverence of that authority by which the laws are executed. In every other respect the king should indulge himself less, as well in ease as in pleasure, and should be less disposed to the pomp and the pride of life than any other man: he ought not to be distinguished from the rest of mankind by the greatness of his wealth, or the variety of his enjoyments, but by superior wisdom, more heroic virtue, and more splendid glory. Abroad he ought to be the defender of his country, by commanding her armies; and at home, the judge of his people,

distributing justice among them, improving their morals, and increasing their felicity. It is not for himself that the gods have intrusted him with royalty; he is exalted above individuals, only that he may be the servant of the people; to the public he owes all his time, the public should engage all his attention, and his love should have no object but the public: for he deserves dignity only in proportion as he gives up private enjoyments for the public good. Minos directed, that his children should not succeed to his throne, but upon condition that they should govern by these maxims; for he loved his people yet more than his family; and by this wise institution he ensured power and happiness to his kingdom. Thus did Minos, the peaceful legislator, eclipse the glory of mighty conquerors, who sacrificed nations to their own vanity, and imagined they were great. The power of these tyrants, after a few years, left them in the grave; but the justice of Minos has placed him on a more awful tribunal in the world of spirits, where he distributes everlasting rewards and punishments as the supreme judge of the dead.

“As we were listening to Mentor, we arrived at the island: and, as soon as we came on shore, we viewed the celebrated labyrinth which had been built by Dædalus, in imitation of that of much larger extent which we had seen in Egypt. While we were contemplating this curious edifice, we perceived all the coast covered with a multitude of people, who gathered in a crowd at a place not far distant from the sea; we inquired the cause of this commotion, and our curiosity was immediately gratified by a Cretan, whose name was Nausicrates.

“‘Idomeneus,’ said he, ‘the son of Deucalion, and grandson of Minos, accompanied the other princes of Greece in the expedition against Troy; and after the destruction of that city he set sail for Crete; but they were overtaken by so violent a

tempest, that the pilot, and all the persons on board the vessel, who were skilled in navigation, believed their shipwreck to be inevitable. Death was present to every imagination ; every one thought he saw the abyss open to swallow him ; and every one deplored the misfortune, which did not leave him the mournful hope of that imperfect rest, to which the spirits of the dead are admitted beyond the waters of the Styx, after funeral rites have been paid to the body. In this situation, Idomeneus lifting up his hands and his eyes to heaven, and invoking Neptune, cried out—‘ O mighty deity, to whom belong the dominions of the deep, vouchsafe to hear me in this uttermost distress ! If thou wilt protect me from the fury of the waves, and restore me in safety to my country, I will offer up to thee the first living object that I see on my return !’

“ ‘ In the mean time, his son hastened to meet him with all the ardour of filial affection, and pleased himself with the thought of receiving the first embrace. Unhappy youth ! he knew not that to hasten to his father was to rush upon destruction. Idomeneus, escaping the tempest, arrived at his port, and returned thanks to Neptune for having heard his vow ; but he was soon sensible of the fatal effects it would produce. A certain presage of misfortune made him repent his indiscretion with the utmost anguish of mind ; he dreaded his arrival among his people, and thought of meeting those who were most dear to him with horror ! but Nemesis, a cruel and inexorable goddess, who is ever vigilant to punish mankind, and rejoices to humble the mighty and the proud, impelled him forward with a fatal and invisible hand. He proceeded from the vessel to the shore ; but he had scarce ventured to lift up his eyes, when he beheld his son : he started back, pale and trembling ; he turned his eyes on every side to find another victim to whom he was less tenderly allied : but it was too late ! His son sprung to him, and

threw his arms around his neck ; but perceived, with astonishment, that instead of returning his caresses, he stood motionless, and at length burst into tears.

“ ‘ O my father ! ’ said he, ‘ what is the cause of this sorrow ? After so long an absence, art thou grieved to return to thy people, and restore happiness to thy son ? In what, alas ! have I offended ? Thy eyes are still turned from me, as if they loathed or dreaded to behold me ! ’—The father, overwhelmed with grief, was not yet able to reply ; but, after some sighs that struggled in his bosom had burst away, he cried out—‘ O Neptune ! what have I promised thee ! On what condition hast thou preserved me from shipwreck ! O leave me again to the billows and the rocks ! Let me be dashed to pieces, and swallowed in the deep ; but preserve my son ! Cruel and unrelenting god ! let my blood be accepted as a recompense for his ! ’ He then snatched out his sword, and attempted to plunge it in his bosom ; but those who stood near him held back his hand ; and Sophronimus, a hoary prophet, who had long interpreted the will of the gods, assured him that Neptune might be satisfied without the death of his son. ‘ Your vow,’ said he, ‘ was rash and iniquitous : the gods are not honoured, but offended by cruelty : do not, therefore, add one enormity to another, and violate the laws of nature to accomplish that vow which it was a crime to make. Select a hundred bulls, whiter than snow ; decorate the altar of Neptune with flowers, let these victims be thy blameless offering, and let a cloud of grateful incense ascend in honour of the god.’

“ ‘ Idomeneus heard this address in an attitude of desperation, and without reply ; his eyes sparkled with fury, his visage became ghastly, his colour changed every moment, and his whole body shook with the agony of his mind. His son was touched with his distress ; and having no wish but to relieve it—‘ My father,’ said he, ‘ am I not here ? Delay not

to appease the god to whom thou hast vowed ; nor bring down his vengeance upon thy head. If thy life can be redeemed with mine, I will die content : strike, then, O my father ! and fear not that, at the approach of death, I should discover a weakness that is unworthy of thy son !

“ ‘ At this moment Idomeneus, starting from his posture with the sudden violence of outrageous phrensy, as if roused by the scourge of the infernal furies, surprised the vigilance of those who had their eyes upon him, and plunged his sword in the bosom of his son : he drew it hastily back ; and, while it was yet warm, made an effort to sheathe it a second time in his own breast ; but in this he was again prevented. The youth, who immediately fell, lay weltering in his blood ; his eyes were suffused with the shades of death : he attempted to open them ; but not being able to bear the light, they were immediately closed in everlasting darkness.

“ ‘ A lily of the field, when its root is cut away by the ploughshare, being no longer supported by the stalk, languishes upon the ground ; and, though it does not immediately lose all the lustre of its beauty, yet it is no more nourished by the earth, nor quickened by a vital principle : thus fell the son of Idomeneus, cut down, like a flower, by an untimely stroke, in the first bloom of his youth.

“ ‘ The father, stupified by excess of grief, knew neither where he was, nor what he had done, nor what he ought to do : but walked, with faltering steps, towards the city, and inquired eagerly for his child.

“ ‘ In the mean time, the people, who were moved with compassion for the youth, and with horror at the cruelty of the father, cried out, that the justice of the gods had given him up to the furies : their rage immediately supplied them with weapons ; one snatched a stick, others caught up a stone, and discord infused rancour and malignity into every bosom.

The Cretans, however wise, were at this time exasperated with folly, and renounced their allegiance to their king. His friends, therefore, as they could no otherwise preserve him from popular fury, conducted him back to the fleet: where they went on board with him, and once more committed themselves to the mercy of the waves. Idomeneus, as soon as he recovered from his phrensy, thanked them for having forced him from a country which he had stained with the blood of his son; and which, therefore, he could not bear to inhabit. The winds wafted them to the coast of Hesperia: and they are now forming a new state in the country of the Salentines.

“ ‘The Cretans, having thus lost their king, resolved to elect such a person in his stead as should administer the established laws of the nation in their utmost purity: for this purpose the principal inhabitants of every city have been summoned to this place; the sacrifices, which are the first solemnities of the election, are already begun: the most celebrated sages of all the neighbouring countries are assembled to propose questions to the candidates as a trial of their sagacity; and preparations are made for public games, to determine their courage, strength, and activity: for the Cretans are resolved, that, as their kingdom is the prize, they will bestow it upon him only who shall be adjudged superior to all others both in body and in mind: and, to render the victory more difficult, by increasing the number of competitors, all foreigners are invited to the contest.’

“ Nausicrates, after having related these astonishing events, pressed us to enter the list. ‘Make haste,’ said he, ‘O strangers, to our assembly, and engage, among others, in the contest; for if the gods decree the victory to either of you, he will be the sovereign of Crete!’ He then turned hastily from us: and we followed him, not with any desire of victory, but only that we might gratify our curiosity, by being present at so uncommon and important a transaction.

“ We came to a kind of circus of vast extent, in the middle of a thick forest : within the circus was an area prepared for the combatants, surrounded by a circular bank of fresh turf, on which were seated an innumerable multitude of spectators. We were received with the utmost civility ; for the Cretans excel all other people in a liberal and religious performance of the duties of hospitality : they not only caused us to be seated, but invited us to engage in the exercises. Mentor declined it on account of his age ; and Hazael, as being in an ill state of health : my youth and vigour left me no excuse ; however I glanced my eye upon Mentor, to discover his sentiments ; and I perceived that he wished I should engage. I therefore accepted the offer that had been made me ; and throwing off my apparel, my limbs were anointed with oil, and I placed myself among the other combatants. A rumour immediately passed through the whole multitude, that the new candidate for the kingdom was the son of Ulysses ; for several of the Cretans, who had been at Ithaca when I was a child, remembered my face.

“ The first exercise was wrestling. A Rhodian, who appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, threw all that ventured to encounter him : he was still in his full vigour ; his arms were nervous and brawny ; his muscles were discovered at every motion ; and his limbs were not less supple than strong. There was now no competitor remaining but myself ; and, as he thought no honour was to be gained by overcoming so feeble an opponent, he indulged the compassion which he felt for my youth, and would have retired ; but I pressed forward, and presented myself before him. We immediately seized each other, and grappled till both were out of breath ; we stood shoulder to shoulder, and foot to foot ; every nerve was strained, our arms were entwined, like serpents, in each other, and each of us endeavoured to lift his antagonist from the ground. He attempt-

ed to throw me, sometimes by surprise, and sometimes by mere strength, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other: but, while he was thus practising all his skill and force upon me, I threw myself forward with a sudden effort, with such violence, that the muscles of his back giving way, he fell to the ground, and drew me upon him. All his efforts to get me under him were ineffectual; I held him immoveable under me, till the multitude shouted—‘Victory to the son of Ulysses!’ and then I assisted him to rise, and he retired in confusion.

“The combat of the cestus was more difficult. The son of a wealthy citizen of Samos had acquired such reputation in this exercise, that the rest or the candidates yielded to him without contest; and the hope of victory animated no bosom but mine. In the first onset I received such blows on the head and stomach, that blood gushed from my mouth and nostrils, and a thick mist seemed to fall upon my eyes; I reeled; my antagonist pressed upon me; and I was just sinking, faint and breathless, when I heard Mentor cry out—‘O son of Ulysses, wilt thou be vanquished!’ The voice of my friend encouraged me to farther resistance, and disdain supplied me with new strength. I avoided several blows which I must otherwise have sunk under; and my antagonist having missed a stroke, I seized the opportunity of his arm being carried away by its own vigour, and his body bent forward, to aim a blow at him that he could not ward off, and I raised my cestus that it might descend with greater force: he saw my advantage; and, stepping back, he writhed his body to avoid the stroke. By this motion, the equilibrium was destroyed, and I easily threw him to the ground. I immediately offered him my hand, which he refused; and he got up without assistance, covered with dust and blood; but though he showed the utmost shame at his defeat, yet he did not dare to renew the combat.

“ The chariot races immediately followed. The chariots were distributed by lot ; and mine happened to be the worst of the whole number ; the wheels were more heavy, and the horses less vigorous. We started ; and the cloud of dust that rose behind us obscured the sky. At the beginning of the race, I suffered the others to get before me : but a young Lacedæmonian, whose name was Crantor, left them all behind him ; and Polycletus, a Cretan, followed him at a small distance. Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, who was ambitious to succeed him, giving reins to his horses, which were covered with sweat, leaned forward over their necks ; and the wheels whirled round with such rapidity, that, like the wings of an eagle floating upon the air, they seemed not to move at all. My horses, which had been breathed by degrees, beginning now to exert themselves, soon left almost all those that had set out with so much ardour, at a great distance behind them ; and Hippomachus, pressing forward to keep his advantage with too much eagerness, the most vigorous of his horses fell down, and put an end to the hopes of his master. Polycletus, leaning too much over his horses, was thrown out of his chariot by a sudden shock ; the reins were forced out of his hand ; and though he had now no hope of victory, he thought himself happy to have escaped with his life. Crantor, perceiving, with jealousy and indignation, that I was now close behind him, urged forward with more eagerness : sometimes vowing rich offerings to the gods, and sometimes encouraging his horses ; he was afraid I should pass him, by driving between his chariot and the barrier of the course, because my horses, having been less exhausted, were able to get before him, if they had room, though they should wheel round on the outside of the track. This could be no otherwise prevented than by obstructing the passage ; he therefore, though he saw the danger of the attempt, drove up

so close to the barrier, that his wheel, being forced against it, was torn off, and his chariot dismounted. I had now nothing to do but to turn short, that I might keep clear of him; and the next moment he w me at the goal. The multitude once more shouted—‘ Victory to the son of Ulysses! It is he whom the gods have appointed to reign over us!’

“ We were then conducted, by the most illustrious and venerable of the Cretans, into a wood, which had been long kept sacred from the vulgar and the profane; where we were convened by those ancient oracles of wisdom who had been appointed by Minos to preserve the laws from violation, and administer justice to the people. But into this assembly those only who had contended in the games were admitted. The sages opened the book into which all the laws of Minos had been collected. I was touched with reverence and humility, when I approached these fathers of their country, whom age had rendered venerable without impairing their vigour of mind. They sat, with great order and solemnity, in a fixed posture; their hair was white as snow, but some of them had scarcely any left; and their countenances, though grave, were brightened with a calm and placid sagacity. They were not forward to speak; and they said nothing that was not the result of mature deliberation: when their opinions were different, they supported them with so much candour and moderation, that it could scarcely be believed they were not of one mind. By long experience and close application, they had acquired the most acute discernment and extensive knowledge; but that which principally conduced to the strength and rectitude of their judgment, was the sedate, dispassionate tranquillity of mind, that had been long freed from the tumultuous passions and capricious levity of youth. Wisdom alone was their principle of action; and, by the long and habitual practice of virtue, they had so corrected every irregular dispo-

sition, that they tasted the calm, yet elevated, delight of reason without alloy. To these awful beings I lifted up my eyes with admiration; and wished that, by a sudden contraction of my life, I might immediately arrive at so desirable an old age; for I perceived youth to be a state of infelicity, subject to the blind impetuosity of passion, and far from the perspicacious tranquillity of their virtue.

“The person who presided in this assembly opened the book into which all the laws of Minos had been collected. It was a large volume, and was kept locked up, with the richest perfumes, in a golden box. When it was taken out, all the sages kissed it with a profound respect, and said that, the gods only excepted, from whom all good is originally derived, nothing should be held so sacred as those laws which promote wisdom, virtue, and happiness; those who put these laws in execution for the government of others, should also, by these laws, govern themselves; for it is the law that ought to reign, and not the man. Such were the sentiments of this hoary council: and the president then proposed three questions, which were to be resolved by the maxims of Minos.

“The first question was—‘What man is most free?’ One answered, that it was a king who governed his people with absolute authority, and had triumphed over all his enemies. Another said, that it was he whose riches enabled him to purchase whatever he desired. In the opinion of some, it was a man who had never married, and who was perpetually travelling from one country to another, without subjecting himself to the laws of any. Others supposed it might be a savage, who, living wild in the woods, and subsisting himself by hunting, was independent of all society, and suffered no want as an individual: others thought of a slave immediately after emancipation; because, being just relieved from the severities of servitude, he

would have a more lively sense of the sweets of freedom. And there were some who said, that a man at the point of death was more free than all others: because death breaks every bond, and over the dead the united world has no power.

“When my opinion was demanded, I was in no doubt what to answer, because I remembered what had been often told me by Mentor. ‘The most free of all men,’ said I, ‘is he whose freedom slavery itself cannot take away: he, and he only, is free in every country, and in every condition, who fears the gods, and whose fear has no other object. In other words, he only is truly free, over whom fear and desire have no power, and who is subject only to reason and the gods.’ The fathers looked upon each other with a smile, and were surprised to find my answer exactly the same with that of Minos.

“The second question was,—‘Who is most unhappy?’ To this every one gave such an answer as was suggested by his fancy. One said, that the most unhappy man was he who was without money, health, and reputation. Another said, it was he that had no friend. Some imagined none could be so wretched as those who had degenerate and ungrateful children. But a native of Lesbos, a man celebrated for wisdom, said, that the most unhappy of all men was he that thought himself so; because unhappiness depends much less upon adversity than impatience, and unfortunate events derive all their power to afflict, from the mind of those to whom they happen. The assembly heard this with a shout of applause; and every one believed that, in this question, the Lesbian would be declared victor. But, my opinion being asked, I formed my answer upon the maxims of Mentor. ‘The most unhappy of all men,’ said I, ‘is a king, who believes he shall become happy by rendering others miserable: his wretchedness is doubled by his ignorance; for, as he does not know whence it proceeds, he can apply no remedy he is,

indeed, afraid to know, and he suffers a crowd of sycophants to surround him, that keep truth at a distance; he is a slave to his own passions, and an utter stranger to his duty; he has never tasted the pleasure of doing good, nor been warmed to sensibility by the charms of virtue; he is wretched, but the wretchedness that he suffers he deserves; and his misery, however great, is perpetually increasing: he rushes down the precipice of perdition, and the gulf of everlasting punishment receives him.' The assembly attested my victory over the Lesbian, and the judges declared that I had expressed the sense of Minos.

“The third question was: ‘Which of the two ought to be preferred;—a king who was invincible in war; or a king who, without any experience in war, could administer civil government with great wisdom, in a time of peace? The majority determined this question in favour of the warrior; ‘for skill to govern in a time of peace,’ said they, ‘will be of but little use, if the king cannot defend his country in a time of war, since he will himself be divested of his authority, and his people will become slaves to the enemy.’ Others preferred the pacific prince; because, as he would have more to fear from a war, he would be more careful to avoid it: but they were answered, that the achievements of a conqueror would not only increase his own glory, but the glory of his people, to whom he would subjugate many nations; but that, under a pacific government, quiet and security would degenerate into cowardice and sloth. My sentiments were then asked, and I answered thus:—‘Although he who can only govern either in peace or in war is but half a king; yet the prince who, by his sagacity, can discover the merit of others, and can defend his country when it is attacked, if not in person, yet by his generals, is, in my opinion, to be preferred before him who knows no art but that of war: a prince whose genius is entirely military, will levy endless wars to extend

his dominions, and ruin his people to add a new title to his name. If the nation which he now governs is unhappy, what is it to them how many more he conquers? A foreign war, long continued, cannot fail of producing disorder at home: the manners of the victors themselves become corrupt during the general confusion. How much has Greece suffered by the conquest of Troy? She was more than ten years deprived of her kings; and wherever the flame of war is kindled, the laws are violated with impunity, agriculture is neglected, and the sciences are forgotten. The best prince, when he has a war to sustain, is compelled to the same conduct which disgraces the worst, to tolerate licentiousness and employ villany in his service. How many daring profligates are punished in a time of peace, whom it is necessary to reward during the disorders of war! No nation was ever governed by a conqueror that did not suffer by his ambition. The victorious and the vanquished are involved almost in the same ruin, while the king grows giddy amidst the tumult of a triumph. As he is utterly ignorant of the arts of peace, he knows not how to derive any popular advantages from a successful war; he is like a man that not only defends his own field, but forcibly takes possession of his neighbour's, yet can neither plough nor sow, and consequently reaps no harvest from either: he seems born not to diffuse happiness among his subjects, by a wise and equitable government, but to fill the world with violence, tumult, and desolation.

“ ‘As to the pacific prince, it must, indeed, be confessed, that he is not qualified for conquest; or, in other words, he is not born to harass his people by perpetual hostilities, in a restless attempt to subjugate others, over whom he can have no equitable right; but if he is perfectly qualified for peaceful government, these very qualifications will secure his subjects against the encroachments of an enemy:

his justice, moderation, and quietness, render him a good neighbour; he engages in no enterprise that can interrupt the peace subsisting between him and other states; and he fulfils all his engagements with a religious exactness: he is, therefore, regarded by his allies rather with love than fear, and they trust him with unlimited confidence. If any restless, haughty, and ambitious power should molest him, all the neighbouring princes will interpose in his behalf: because from him they apprehend no attempt against their own quiet, but have every thing to fear from his enemy. His steady justice, impartiality, and public faith, render him the arbiter of all the kingdoms that surround his own: and while the enterprises of ambition make the warrior odious, and the common danger unites the world against him, a glory, superior to that of conquest, comes unlooked for to the friend of peace, on whom the eyes of every other potentate are turned with reverence and affection, as the father and the guardian of them all. These are his advantages abroad; and those at home are yet more considerable. If he is qualified to govern in peace, it follows that he must govern by the wisest laws: he must restrain parade and luxury; he must suppress every art which can only gratify vice; and he must encourage those which supply the necessaries of life, especially agriculture, to which the principal attention of his people must be turned. Whatever is necessary will then become abundant; and the people, being inured to labour, simple in their manners, habituated to live upon a little, and therefore easily gaining a subsistence from the field, will multiply without end. This kingdom, then, will soon become extremely populous; and the people will be healthy, vigorous, and hardy; not effeminated by luxury, but veterans in virtue; not slavishly attached to a life of voluptuous indolence, but free in a magnanimous contempt of death, and choosing rather to die

than to lose the many privileges which they enjoy under a prince who reigns only as the substitute of reason. If a neighbouring conqueror should attack such a people as this, he might probably find them unskilful in marking out a camp, forming the order of battle, and managing the unwieldy engines of destruction that are used in a siege; but he would find them invincible by their numbers, their courage, their patience of fatigue, and their habit of enduring hardship, the impetuosity of their attack, and the perseverance of that virtue which disappointment cannot subdue. Besides, if their prince is not himself qualified to command his forces, he may substitute such persons as he knows to be equal to the trust, and use them as instruments, without giving up his authority; succours may be obtained from his allies: his subjects will rather perish than become the slaves of injustice and oppression: and the gods themselves will fight in his behalf. Thus will the pacific prince be sustained, when his danger is most imminent; and therefore I conclude, that, though his ignorance in the art of war is an imperfection in his character, since it disables him to execute one of the principal duties of his station, the chastisement of those who invade his dominion, or injure his people; yet he is infinitely superior to a king who is wholly unacquainted with civil government, and knows no art but that of war.'

“I perceived, but without wonder, that many persons in the assembly did not approve the opinion that I had been labouring to maintain; for the greater part of mankind, dazzled by the false lustre of victories and triumphs, prefer the tumult and show of successful hostilities to the quiet simplicity of peace, and the intrinsic advantages of good government: the judges, however, declared, that I had spoken the sentiments of Minos; and the president cried out—‘The oracle of Apollo, known to all Crete, is fulfilled. Minos inquired of the god how long

his posterity should govern by the laws which he had established; and he was answered—"Thy posterity shall cease to reign when a stranger shall establish the reign of thy laws." We feared that some foreigner would make a conquest of our island; but the misfortunes of Idomeneus, and the wisdom of the son of Ulysses, who, of all mortals, best understands the laws of Minos, have disclosed the true sense of the oracle. Why, then, do we delay to crown him whom the gods have appointed to be our king!

BOOK VI.

Telemachus relates, that he refused the royalty of Crete, to return to Ithaca; that he proposed Mentor, but that Mentor also refused to be king; that the Cretans then pressing Mentor to appoint a king for them, he related to them what he heard of the virtues of Aristodemus, whom they immediately proclaimed: that Mentor and Telemachus having then embarked for Italy, Neptune, to gratify the resentment of Venus, shipwrecked them upon the island of Calypso, where the goddess received them with hospitality and kindness.

'THE sages immediately went out of the consecrated grove; and the chief of them, taking me by the hand, declared to the people, who were waiting impatiently for the decision, that the prize had been decreed to me. The words were no sooner uttered, than the dead silence of expectation was followed by an universal shout; every one cried out—'Let the son of Ulysses, a second Minos, be our king!' and the echoes of the neighbouring mountain repeated the acclamation.

"I waited a few moments, and then made a sign with my hand that I desired to be heard. In this interval Mentor whispered me—'Wilt thou renounce thy country? Can ambition obliterate the remembrance of Penelope, who longs for thy return as the last object of her hope; and alienate thy heart from the great Ulysses, whom the gods have resolved to restore to Ithaca?'—These words roused every tender passion in my bosom; and the fond desire of royalty was instantly absorbed in the love of my parents and

my country. In the mean time, the multitude was again become motionless and silent ; and I addressed them in these terms : ‘ Illustrious Cretans ! I am not worthy the dignity which you offer. The oracle, of which you have been reminded, does indeed express, that the sovereignty of Crete shall depart from the race of Minos, when a stranger shall establish the dominion of his laws ; but it does not say, that this stranger shall be king. I am willing to believe that I am the stranger foretold by the oracle, and that I have accomplished the prediction : fortune has cast me upon this island ; I have discovered the true sense of the laws of Minos ; and I wish that my explanation may contribute to join them in the sovereignty with the man whom your choice shall appoint to so important a trust. As for me, I prefer my country, the obscure and inconsiderable island of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, with all their opulence and glory : permit me, therefore, to wander wherever the fates shall have marked my course. If I have contended in your sports, I was not prompted by a desire to govern you ; but only to obtain your esteem and your pity, that you might the more readily afford me the means of returning to the place of my birth ; for I would rather obey my father Ulysses, and comfort Penelope my mother, than govern all the nations upon the earth. You see, O Cretans, the secret recesses of my heart. I am compelled to leave you ; but death only can put an end to my gratitude : your interest shall never be less dear to me than my own honour, and I will remember you with affection, till death shall efface the last idea from my mind.’

“ I had scarcely finished the last sentence, before there arose, from the innumerable multitude that surrounded me, a deep hoarse murmur, like the sound of waves that are broken against each other in a storm. Some questioned whether I was not a god under the appearance of a man ; others affirmed that

they had seen me in foreign countries, and knew me to be Telemachus; and many cried out that I should be compelled to ascend the throne of Idomeneus. I therefore again signified my intention to speak; and they were again silent in a moment, not knowing but that I was now about to accept what before I had refused. ‘Permit me,’ said I, ‘O Cretans! to tell you my thoughts without disguise. I believe you to be the wisest of all people; and yet there is one important distinction which I think you have not made; your choice ought not to select the man who is best acquainted with the theory of your laws; but he who, with the most steady virtue, has reduced them to practice. I am, as yet, but a youth, and consequently without experience, and subject to the tyranny of impetuous passions; I am in that state which renders it more fit for me to learn, by obedience, how to command hereafter, than to practise a science which is at once so difficult and important. Do not, therefore, seek a man who, in any exercises, either of the mind or of the body, has conquered others, but one who has achieved the conquest of himself: seek a man who has the laws of Minos written upon his heart; and whose life has illustrated every precept by an example: let your choice be determined, not by what he says, but what he has done.’

“The venerable fathers, being much pleased with these sentiments, and hearing the applause of the assembly grow still louder, addressed me in these terms: ‘Since the gods no longer permit us to hope that you will reign over us, assist us, at least, in the choice of a king who will establish the reign of our laws. Is any man known to you, who, upon a throne, will be content with this equitable though limited authority?’

“‘There is a man,’ said I, ‘to whom I owe whatever merit I possess, whose wisdom has spoken by my lips, and whose conversation suggested every sentiment which you have approved.’ While I was

yet speaking, the eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon Mentor, whom I took by the hand, and presented to them; at the same time, I related the protection which he had afforded to my infancy, the dangers from which he had delivered me, and the calamities that fell upon me when I rejected his counsel. Mentor had, till now, stood unnoticed among the crowd; for his habit was plain and negligent, his countenance was modest, he spake little, and had an air of coldness and reserve: but as soon as he became the object of attention, a dignity and firmness, not to be described, were discovered in his countenance: it was remarked that his eyes were peculiarly piercing; and every motion expressed uncommon vigour and activity. Some questions were immediately proposed; his answers excited universal admiration; and the kingdom was immediately offered him: the kingdom, however, he refused without the least emotion; and said, that he preferred the sweets of a private life to the splendour of royalty; that the best princes were almost necessarily unhappy, because they were seldom able to effect the good which they designed; and were often betrayed, by the circumvention of sycophants, to the perpetration of evils which they intended to prevent. ‘If servitude,’ continued he, ‘is a state of wretchedness, there can be no happiness in royalty; for royalty is nothing more than servitude in disguise: a king is always dependant upon those by whom he must enforce his commands. Happy are those to whom the toil of government is not a duty; a duty which implies the sacrifice of private liberty to public advantage; which our country only can claim, and which those alone who are invested with supreme authority can owe!’

“The Cretans were at first struck silent with astonishment; but at length they asked Mentor what person he would advise them to choose. ‘I would advise you,’ said Mentor, ‘to choose a man who

well knows the people he is to govern; and who is also sufficiently acquainted with government to fear it as a state of difficulty and danger: he that desires royalty, does not know the duties which royalty requires; and by him who does not know them they can never be fulfilled: such a man desires regal authority only to gratify himself; but regal authority should be entrusted with him only who would not accept it but for the love of others.'

"The whole assembly, still wondering to see two strangers refuse a kingdom which so many others had sought, began to inquire with whom they had come to Crete; and Nausicrates, who had conducted us from the port to the circus, immediately pointed to Hazael, with whom Mentor and myself had sailed from the island of Cyprus: but their wonder, however great, became still greater, when they understood that he, who had just refused to be the sovereign of Crete, had been lately the slave of Hazael; that Hazael, struck with the wisdom and virtue of his slave, now considered him as his monitor and his friend; and had been urged, merely by his desire of knowledge, to travel from Damascus in Syria to Crete, that he might acquaint himself with the laws of Minos.

"The sages then addressed themselves to Hazael—'We do not dare,' said they, 'to offer to Hazael the crown which has been refused by Mentor, because we believe the sentiments of both to be the same: you despise mankind too much to rule them; nor is there any thing in wealth or in power that, to you, would compensate the toils of government.' Hazael replied—'Think not, O Cretans! that I despise mankind, or that I am insensible to the glory that rewards the labour by which they are rendered virtuous and happy; but this labour, however glorious, is attended with pain and danger; and the external glitter of regal pomp captivates only the foolish and the vain. Life is short, and greatness rather irritates than gratifies desire: it is one of

those deceitful acquisitions which I am come so far, not to obtain, but to despise. Farewell! I have no wish but to return once more to retirement and tranquillity, where my soul may feast on knowledge with divine reflection, and where that hope of immortality which is derived from virtue may afford me comfort under the infirmities of old age; or, if I have a wish besides this, it is never to be separated from the two persons who now stand before you.'

"The Cretans then cried out to Mentor—'Tell us, O wisest and greatest of mortals! tell us who shall be our king! We will not suffer thee to depart till thou hast directed this important choice.' Mentor immediately answered—'As I stood among the crowd of spectators, whom the sports had drawn together, I perceived a man who, in the midst of all that tumult and impatience, appeared recollected and sedate: he was still vigorous, though advanced in years: and, upon inquiring who he was, I soon learned that his name was Aristodemus. I afterwards heard some that stood near tell him, that his two sons were among the candidates; but he expressed no satisfaction at the news: he said, that he loved one of them too well to wish him involved in the dangers of royalty; and that he had too great a regard for his country to wish it should be governed by the other. I immediately conceived, that the old man loved one of his sons, who had virtue, with a rational affection; and that he was too wise to indulge the other in vicious irregularities. My curiosity being now greatly increased, I inquired more particularly into the circumstances of his life; and one of the citizens gave me this account: "Aristodemus," said he, "bore arms in the service of his country for many years, and is almost covered with scars; but his abhorrence of insincerity and flattery rendered him disagreeable to Idomeneus, who therefore left him at Crete when he went to the siege of Troy: and, indeed he was kept in per-

petual anxiety by a man who gave him such counsel as he could not but approve, yet wanted resolution to follow: he was, besides, jealous of the glory which he knew Aristodemus would soon acquire. The king, therefore, forgetting the services of his soldier, left him here, exposed to the distresses of poverty, and to the scorn of the brutal and the sordid, who consider nothing as merit but riches. With poverty, however, Aristodemus was contented, and lived cheerfully in a remote corner of the island, where he cultivated a few acres of ground with his own hands. In this employment he was assisted by one of his sons, whom he loved with great tenderness; and labour and frugality soon made them happy in the possession of whatever is necessary to a life of rural simplicity, and something more. The old man, who was not less a philosopher than a hero, distributed this surplus among the decrepit and the sick: the youth he stimulated to industry; he exhorted the refractory, and instructed the ignorant; he was the arbitrator of every dispute, and the father of every family: in his own, he considers no circumstance as unfortunate but the bad disposition of his second son, upon whom all admonition has been lost. The father, after having long endured his irregularities, in hopes that some means would be found to correct them, has at length expelled him from his family, and the son has since given himself up to the grossest sensuality; and, in the folly of his ambition, is become a candidate for the kingdom.'

“ ‘Such, O Cretans! is the account that was given me of Aristodemus: whether it is true or false, is best known to you. But if this man is indeed such as he has been represented, why have public exercises been appointed, and why have so many strangers been brought together? You have, in the midst of you, a man whom you well know, and by whom you are well known; a man to whom all the

arts of war are familiar, and whose courage has sustained him, not only against the spear and the dart, but the formidable assaults of poverty; who has despised the riches that are acquired by flattery, who has preferred labour to idleness, and knows the advantages which are derived to the public from agriculture; who is an enemy to parade and pomp: and whose passions are under the control of reason; for even the parental affection, which in others is so often a blind instinct, acts in him as a rational and a moral principle: since, of two sons, he cherishes one for his virtue, and renounces the other for his vices; a man who, to express all his virtue at once, is already the father of the people. In this man, therefore, O Cretans! if, indeed, you want to be governed by the laws of Minos, behold your king!

“The multitude immediately cried out with one voice—Aristodemus is indeed such as he has been represented; Aristodemus is worthy to be our king! The fathers of the council then ordered that he should be brought before them; and he was immediately sought among the crowd, where he was mixed with the lowest of the people. When he was brought before the assembly, he appeared to be perfectly calm and unconcerned; and when he was told that the people had determined to make him king, he answered, that he would not accept of the office but upon three conditions: ‘First,’ says he, ‘The throne shall be declared vacant, at the end of two years, if within that time I do not render you better than you are; or if you shall resist the execution of the laws. Secondly, I will be still at liberty to live in a simple and frugal manner. Thirdly, my sons shall not rank above their fellow-citizens; and, after my death, shall be treated without distinction, according to their merit.’

“At these words the air was filled with acclamations of joy; the diadem was placed upon the head of Aristodemus by the chief of the hoary guardians

of the law; and sacrifices were offered to Jupiter, and the other superior deities. Aristodemus made us presents, not with an ostentatious magnificence, but a noble simplicity. He gave to Hazael a copy of the laws of Minos, written by the legislator himself, and a collection of tracts, which contained the complete history of Crete, from the time of Saturn and the golden age: he sent on board his vessel every kind of fruit that flourishes in Crete, and is unknown in Syria, and offered him whatever he should need.

“As we were now impatient to depart, he caused a vessel to be immediately fitted out for us: he manned it with a great number of able rowers, and a detachment of his best troops; and he put on board several changes of apparel, and a great plenty of provision. As soon as the vessel was ready to sail, the wind became fair for Ithaca; but, as Hazael was bound on a contrary course, it compelled him to continue at Crete. He took leave of us with great tenderness; and embraced us as friends with whom he was about to part for life. ‘The gods said he, ‘are just; and they know that the sacred bond of our friendship is virtue; and therefore they will one day restore us to each other: and those happy fields in which the just are said to enjoy everlasting rest, shall see our spirits reunited to part no more. O! that my ashes also might be mixed with yours!’ Here his words became inarticulate, and he burst into tears: our eyes overflowed with equal tenderness and grief.

“Our parting with Aristodemus was scarce less affectionate. ‘As you have made me a king,’ said he, ‘remember the dangers to which you have exposed me; and request the gods to irradiate my mind with wisdom from above, and give me power over myself, in proportion to my authority over others. May they conduct you in safety to your country, abase the insolence of your enemies, and

give you the joy to behold Ulysses again upon the throne of Ithaca, supremely happy in the possession of Penelope and peace.—To thee, Telemachus, I have given a good vessel, well manned with mariners and soldiers, who may assist thee against the persecutors of thy mother. For thee, Mentor, thy wisdom is sufficient: possessing this, thou hast need of nothing; all that I could give would be superfluous; and all that I can wish is precluded.—Go, both of you, in peace; and may you long be the felicity of each other; remember Aristodemus; and if Ithaca should need the assistance of Crete, depend upon my friendship to the last hour of my life.’ He then embraced us; and we could not thank him without tears.

“The wind, which now swelled our sails, promised us a happy voyage. Mount Ida already appeared but like a hillock, the shores of Crete in a short time totally disappeared, and the coast of Peloponnesus seemed to advance into the sea to meet us. But a tempest suddenly obscured the sky, and irritated the billows of the deep; night rushed upon us unawares, and death presented himself in all his terrors. It was thy awful trident, O Neptune! that agitated the ocean to its remotest shores. Venus, to revenge the contempt with which we had treated her, even in her temple at Cythera, hastened to the father of the floods, whom she addressed with a voice broken by grief, and her eyes swimming in tears: thus, at least, I have been informed by Mentor, who is acquainted with celestial things: ‘Wilt thou suffer,’ said she, ‘these impious men to deride my power, and escape unpunished? My power has been confessed by the gods themselves; and yet all who acknowledge it in my favourite island, these presumptuous mortals have dared to condemn: they pride themselves in a frigid wisdom, which was never warmed by the rays of beauty; and they despise, as folly, the delights of love. Hast thou forgot that I

was born in thy dominions? Wherefore dost thou delay to overwhelm the wretches whom I abhor?’

“Neptune immediately swelled the waves into mountains, that reached the skies; and Venus, smiling upon the storm, believed our shipwreck to be inevitable. Our pilot cried out in confusion and despair, that he could no longer withstand the fury of the winds, which drove us upon the rocks with irresistible violence; our mast was broken by a sudden gust; and the moment after we heard the points of the rocks, that were under water, tear open the bottom of our vessel; the water flowing in on every side, the vessel sunk, and the mariners sent up a cry of distress to Heaven. I ran to Mentor, and throwing my arms round him—‘Death,’ said I, ‘is now indeed upon us; let us meet him with intrepidity. The gods have delivered us from so many dangers, only that we may perish in this: let us die, then, my dear Mentor! it is some consolation to me that I die with you; and it would be hopeless labour to dispute life with the storm.’ Mentor answered—‘True courage never sits down inactive in despair: it is not enough to expect death with tranquillity; we ought, without dreading the event, to continue our utmost efforts against it. Let us lay hold on some fragment of the vessel; and, while this affrighted and confused multitude deplore the loss of life, without attempting to preserve it, let us try at least to preserve our own.’ While he was yet speaking, he snatched up an axe, and divided the splinter that still held the broken mast together, which, falling across the vessel, had laid it on one side. The top of the mast already lay in the water, and Mentor, now pushing off the other end leaped upon it himself in the midst of the waves; and, calling me by my name, encouraged me to follow him. As a mighty oak, when the winds combine against it, stands firm on its root, and its leaves only are shaken by the tempest, so Mentor, who was not only fearless,

but serene, appeared superior to the power of the winds and waves. I followed his example; and the force of his example who could have resisted? We steered ourselves upon the floating mast, which was more than sufficient to sustain us both; and therefore rendered us a most important service; for if we had been obliged to swim merely by our own effort, our strength must have been exhausted. The mast, however, on which we sat, was often overwhelmed by the tempest, notwithstanding its bulk; so that we were as often plunged under the water, which rushed in at our mouths, ears, and nostrils; and it was not without the utmost labour and difficulty that we recovered our seat. Sometimes a wave that was swelled into a mountain, rolled over us; and we then kept our hold with all our might, lest the mast, which was our only hope, should be driven from under us in the shock.

“ While we were in this dreadful situation, Mentor, who possessed the same tranquillity on the fragment of a wreck that he does now on that bank of turf, addressed me in these words: ‘ Canst thou believe, Telemachus, that the winds and waves are the arbiters of life and death? Can they cause thee to perish otherwise than as they fulfil the command of Heaven? Every event is determined by the gods: let the gods, therefore, and not the sea, be the object of thy fear. Wert thou already at the bottom of this abyss, the hand of Jove would draw thee forth; or shouldst thou be exalted to the summit of Olympus, and behold the stars rolling under thy feet, the hand of Jove could again plunge thee to the centre, or cast thee headlong into hell.’ I heard and admired this discourse; but though it gave me some comfort, my mind was too much depressed and confused to reply. He saw me not, nor could I see him. We passed the whole night, shivering with cold, in a state between life and death; driving before the storm, and not knowing on what shore we should be

cast. At length, however, the impetuosity of the wind began to abate; and the sea resembled a person whose anger, after having been long indulged in tumult and outrage, is exhausted by its own vehemence, and subsides in murmurs and discontent. The noise of the surge gradually died away; and the waves were not higher than the ridges that are left by the plough.

“ And now Aurora threw open the gates of heaven to the sun, and cheered us with the promise of a better day; the east glowed; as if on fire; and the stars, which had been so long hidden, just appeared, and fled at the approach of Phœbus. We now descried land at a distance; the breeze wafted us towards it; and hope revived in my bosom: but we looked round in vain for our companions, who probably resigned themselves to the tempest in despair, and sunk with the vessel. As we approached nearer to the shore, the sea drove us upon the rocks; against which we should have been dashed to pieces, but that we received the shock against the end of the mast, which Mentor rendered as serviceable upon this occasion as the best rudder could have been in the hands of the most skilful pilot. Thus, having passed the rocks in safety, we found the rest of the coast rise from the sea with a smooth and easy ascent; and, floating at ease upon a gentle tide, we soon reached the sands with our feet. There we were discovered by the coddess who inhabits this happy island: and there she vouchsafed to take us into her protection.”

BOOK VII.

Calypso admires Telemachus for his adventures, and exerts all her power to detain him in her island, by inciting him to return her passion; but he is sustained by the wisdom and friendship of Mentor, as well against her artifices as the power of Cupid, whom Venus sends to her assistance. Telemachus, however, and Eucharis, become mutually enamoured of each other; which provokes Calypso first to jealousy, and then to rage; and she swears, by the Styx, that Telemachus shall leave her island; she is consoled by Cupid, who excites the nymphs to burn the vessel which had been built by Mentor, while Mentor was labouring to get Telemachus on board. Telemachus is touched with a secret joy at this event: Mentor, who perceives it, throws him from a rock into the sea, and leaps after him, that they may swim to another vessel, which appeared not far distant from the shore.

WHEN Telemachus had concluded the relation of his adventures, the nymphs, whose eyes had till then been immoveably fixed upon him, looked at each other with a mixture of astonishment and delight. "What men," said they, "are these! In the fortunes of whom else would the gods have taken part? and of whom else could such wonders have been related? Ulysses is already surpassed in eloquence, in wisdom, and in courage, by his son. What an aspect! what manly beauty! what a mixture of dignity and complacency, of firmness and modesty! If he was not known to be born of a mortal, he might easily be mistaken for a god; for Bacchus, for Mercury, or, perhaps, even for Apollo himself! But who is this Mentor? His first appearance is that of a man obscurely born, and of mean condition: but when he is examined with attention, something inexpressible is discovered, something that is more than mortal!"

Calypso heard these exclamations with a confusion which she could not hide; and her eyes were incessantly glancing from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. She was often about to request a repetition of the story to which she had listened with so much delight, and as often suppressed her desire. At length she rose hastily from her seat; and taking Telemachus with her, retired to a neighbouring grove of myrtle, where she laboured, with all her art, to learn from him, whether Mentor

was not a deity concealed under a human form. It was not, however, in the power of Telemachus to satisfy her curiosity; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the likeness of Mentor, thought him too young to be trusted with the secret, and made the confidant of her designs: she was, besides, desirous to prove him in the greatest dangers; and no fortitude would have been necessary to sustain him against any evil, however dreadful, and however near, if he had known himself to be under the immediate protection of Minerva. As Telemachus, therefore, mistook his divine companion for Mentor, all the artifices of Calypso to discover what she wished to know were ineffectual.

In the mean time, the nymphs, who had been left with Mentor, gathered round him, and amused themselves by asking him questions. One inquired the particulars of his journey from Ethiopia; another desired to know what he had seen at Damascus; and a third asked him whether he had known Ulysses before the siege of Troy. Mentor answered them all with complacency and affability; and though he used no studied ornaments of speech, yet his expression was not only significant but graceful. The return of Calypso soon put an end to this conversation; her nymphs then began to gather flowers, and to sing for the amusement of Telemachus; and she took Mentor aside, that she might, if possible, discover who he was from his own discourse.

The words of Calypso were wont to steal upon the heart, as sleep steals upon the eyes of the weary, with a sweet and gentle, though irresistible, influence; but, in Mentor, there was something which defeated her eloquence, and eluded her beauty; something as much superior to the power of Calypso, as the rock that hides its foundation in the centre, and its summit in the clouds, is superior to the wind that beats against it. He stood immoveable in the purposes of his own wisdom, and suffered the goddess to exert all her arts against him with the utmost

indifference and security. Sometimes he would let her deceive herself with the hope of having embarrassed him by her questions, and betrayed him into the involuntary discovery of himself; but, just as she thought her curiosity was on the point of being gratified, her expectations were suddenly disappointed, all her conjectures were overthrown, and, by some short and unexpected answer, she was again overwhelmed in perplexity and doubt.

In this manner Calypso passed one day after another; sometimes endeavouring to gain the heart of Telemachus by flattery, and sometimes labouring to alienate him from Mentor, of whom she no longer hoped to obtain the intelligence she desired. She employed the most beautiful of her nymphs to inflame the breast of the young hero with desire; and she was assisted in her designs against him by a deity whose power was superior to her own.

Venus burned with resentment against Mentor and Telemachus, for having treated the worship which she received at Cyprus with disdain: and their escape from the tempest, which had been raised against them by Neptune, filled her breast with indignation and grief: she therefore complained of her disappointment and her wrongs to Jupiter, and from his superior power she hoped more effectual redress. But the father of the gods only smiled at her complaint; and, without acquainting her that Telemachus had been preserved by Minerva in the likeness of Mentor, he left her at liberty to gratify her resentment as she could. The goddess immediately quitted Olympus; and, thoughtless of all the rich perfumes that were rising from her altars at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos, mounted her chariot, and called her son: the grief which was diffused over her countenance rather increased than diminished her beauty, and she addressed the god of love in these terms: “Who, my son, shall henceforth burn incense upon our altars, if those who despise

our power escape unpunished? The wretches who have thus offended with impunity are before thee; make haste, therefore, to secure our honour, and let thy arrows pierce them to the heart: go down with me to that island, and I will speak to Calypso." The goddess shook the reins as she spoke; and, gliding through the air, surrounded by a cloud which the sun had tinged with a golden hue, she presented herself before Calypso, who was sitting pensive and alone by the side of a fountain at some distance from her grotto.

"Unhappy goddess!" said she, "thou hast already been despised and deserted by Ulysses, whom the ties, not only of love, but of gratitude, should have bound to thee; and the son, yet more obdurate than the father, is now preparing to repeat the insult. But love is come in person to avenge thee: I will leave him with thee; and he shall remain among the nymphs of this island, as Bacchus did once among those of the island of Naxos, who cherished him in his infancy. Telemachus will regard him, not as a deity, but as a child; and, not being upon his guard against him, will be too sensible of his power. The queen of beauty then, turning from Calypso, re-ascended to Olympus, in the golden cloud from which she had alighted upon the earth, and left behind her a train of celestial fragrance, which, expanding by degrees, filled all the groves of Calypso with perfumes.

Cupid remained in the arms of Calypso; and, though she was herself a deity, yet she felt his fires diffused in her breast. It happened that a nymph, whose name was Eucharis, was now near her, and Calypso put the boy into her arms. This was a present relief; but, alas! it was purchased too dear. The boy seemed at first to be harmless, gentle, lovely, and engaging; his playful caresses, and perpetual smiles, might well have persuaded all about him that he was born only to delight; but the moment the heart is open to his endearments, it

feels that they have a malignant power. He is, beyond conception, deceitful and malicious; his caresses have no view but to betray; and his smiles have no cause, but the mischiefs that he has perpetrated, or that he meditates. But, with all his power and all his subtilty, he did not dare to approach Mentor. In Mentor, there was a severity of virtue that intimidated and kept him at a distance: he knew also, by a secret sensation, that this inscrutable stranger could not be wounded by his arrows. The nymphs, indeed, were soon sensible of his power; but the wound which they could not cure, they were very careful to conceal.

In the mean time, Telemachus, who saw the boy playing sometimes with one of these nymphs, and sometimes with another, was surprised at his sweetness and beauty: he sometimes pressed him to his bosom, sometimes set him on his knee, and frequently took him in his arms. It was not long before he became sensible of a certain disquietude, of which he could not discover the cause; and the more he endeavoured to remove it by innocent amusements, the more restless and enervated he grew. He observed to Mentor, that the nymphs of Calypso were very different from the women they had seen in the island of Cyprus, whose indecent behaviour rendered them disgusting in spite of their charms: "In these immortal beauties," says he, "there is an innocence, a modesty, a simplicity, which it is impossible not to admire and love." The youth blushed as he spoke, though he knew not why: he could neither forbear speaking, nor go on with his discourse, which was interrupted and incoherent, always obscure, and sometimes quite unintelligible. "O Telemachus," said Mentor, "the dangers to which you was exposed in the isle of Cyprus were nothing in comparison of those which you do not now suspect. As vice, when it is undisguised, never fails to excite horror, we are alarmed at the wanton who has thrown off all re-

strait; but our danger is much greater when the appearance of modesty remains: we then persuade ourselves that virtue only has excited our love, and give ourselves up to a deceitful passion, of which beauty is, indeed, the object; and which we seldom learn to distrust till it is too strong to be subdued. Fly, therefore, my dear Telemachus, from these fatal beauties, who appear to be virtuous, only that they may deceive the confidence they raise; fly from the dangers to which you are here exposed by your youth: but, above all, fly from this boy, whom you do not dread, only because you do not know him. This boy is Cupid, whom his mother has brought into this island, to punish us for treating her worship at Cyprus with contempt: he has already pierced the heart of Calypso, who is enamoured of you: he has inflamed all the beauties of her train; and his fires have reached even thy breast, O unhappy youth! although thou knowest it not!" Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, during this admonition: "Why," said he, "should we not continue in this island? Ulysses is no longer a sojourner upon the earth: he has, without doubt, been long buried in the deep: and Penelope, after waiting in vain, not only for his return, but for mine, must have yielded to the importunities of some fortunate suitor, among the number that surrounds her; especially as it can scarcely be supposed but that her father Icarus must have exerted his paternal authority to oblige her to accept another husband. For what, then, can I return to Ithaca, but to see her disgraced by a new alliance, and to witness the violation of that truth which she plighted to my father? And if Penelope has thus forgotten Ulysses, it cannot be thought that he is remembered by the people; and neither indeed, can we hope to get alive into the island; for her suitors will certainly have placed, at every port, a band of ruffians, sufficient to cut us off at our return."—"All that you have said," replied Mentor, "is only an-

other proof that you are under the influence of a foolish and fatal passion. You labour with great subtilty to find every argument that can favour it, and to avoid all those by which it would be condemned: you are ingenious only to deceive yourself, and to secure forbidden pleasures from the intrusion of remorse. Have you forgot that the gods themselves have interposed to favour your return? Was not your escape from Sicily supernatural? Were not the misfortunes that you suffered in Egypt converted into sudden and unexpected prosperity? And were not the dangers which threatened you at Tyre averted by an invisible hand? Is it possible that, after so many miracles, you should still doubt to what end you have been preserved? But why do I remonstrate? Of the good fortune which was designed for thee, thou art unworthy! As for myself, I make no doubt but I shall find means to quit this island: and if here thou art determined to stay, here am I determined to leave thee. In this place let the degenerate son of the great Ulysses hide himself among women, in the shameful obscurity of voluptuousness and sloth; and stoop, even in spite of Heaven, to that which his father disdained."

This reproach, so forcible and so keen, pierced Telemachus to the heart: he was melted with tenderness and grief; but his grief was mingled with shame, and his shame with fear. He dreaded the resentment of Mentor, and the loss of that companion to whose sagacity and kindness he was so much indebted. But, at the same time, the passion which had just taken possession of his breast, and to which he was himself a stranger, made him still tenacious of his purpose. "What!" said he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, "do you reckon as nothing that immortality which I may now share with Calypso?"—"I hold as nothing," replied Mentor, "all that is contrary to the dictates of virtue, and to the commands of Heaven. Virtue now calls you back to your country, to Ulysses, and

to Penelope: virtue forbids you to give up your heart to an unworthy passion: and the gods, who have delivered you from so many dangers, that your name might not be less illustrious than that of Ulysses, command you to quit this island, where only the tyranny of love could detain you; a tyranny which to resist is to subdue, and which therefore it is infamous to suffer. Immortality! alas, what is immortality without liberty, without virtue, and without honour? Is it not a state of misery without hope; still more deplorable, as it can never end?"

To this expostulation, Telemachus replied only by sighs. Sometimes he almost wished that Mentor would force him from the island in spite of himself; sometimes he was impatient to be left behind, that he might be at liberty to gratify his wishes without fearing to be reproached for his weakness: a thousand different wishes and desires maintained a perpetual conflict in his breast, and were predominant by turns; his mind, therefore, was in a state of tumult and fluctuation, like the sea when it is at once urged by different winds of equal force. Sometimes he threw himself on the ground near the sea, and remained a long time extended motionless on the beach; sometimes he hid himself in the gloomy recesses of a wood, where he wept in secret, and uttered loud and passionate complaints. His body was emaciated, and his eyes were grown hollow and eager; he was pale and dejected, and in every respect so much altered as scarcely to be known: his beauty, sprightliness, and vigour had forsaken him; all the grace and dignity of his deportment were lost; and life itself suffered by a swift but silent decay. As a flower that blows in the morning fills the air with fragrance, and then gradually fades at the approach of night, loses the vivid brightness of its colours, droops, withers, and at length falls with its own weight; so the son of Ulysses was sinking insensibly into the grave.

Mentor, perceiving that all his virtue and resolu-

tion were irresistibly borne down by the violence of his passion, had recourse to an artifice, which he hoped might preserve him from its most pernicious effects. He had remarked that Calypso was enamoured of Telemachus, and Telemachus of Eucharis; for as Cupid is always busy to give pain under the appearance of pleasure, it seldom happens, that by those whom we love we are beloved again: he therefore resolved to make Calypso jealous: and it having been agreed between Eucharis and Telemachus that they would go out together a-hunting, Mentor took that opportunity to alarm her. "I have observed," said he, "that Telemachus has of late been more fond of the chase than I ever knew him before: he seems now to take pleasure in nothing else, and is in love only with mountains and forests. Is the chase also thy favourite pleasure, O goddess? and has he caught this ardour from thee?" Calypso was so stung by this question, that she could neither dissemble her emotion, nor hide the cause. "This Telemachus," said she, "whose heroic virtue despised the pleasures that were offered him in the isle of Cyprus, has not been able to withstand the charms of one of my nymphs, who is not remarkable for beauty. How dill he dare to boast of having achieved so many wonders? a wretch, whom luxury has rendered sordid and effeminate, and who seems to have been intended by nature for a life of indolence and obscurity, among women!" Mentor observed, with pleasure, that Calypso suffered great anguish from her jealousy; and therefore said nothing more to inflame it at that time, lest she should suspect his design; but he assumed a look that expressed dejection and concern. The goddess discovered, without reserve, her uneasiness at all that she saw, and incessantly entertained him with new complaints. The hunting match, to which Mentor had called her attention, exasperated her beyond all bounds; for she knew that Telemachus had nothing in view but to draw Eucharis from

the rest of the nymphs, that he might speak to her in private. A second hunting match was proposed soon afterwards, and Calypso knew that it was intended for the same purpose as the first; which being determined to disappoint, she declared that she would be of the party; but her emotion being too violent to be concealed, she suddenly broke out into this reproachful expostulation: "Is it thus, then, presumptuous boy! that thou hast made my dominions an asylum from the resentment of Neptune, and the righteous vengeance of the gods? Hast thou entered this island, which mortals are forbidden to approach, only to defy my power, and despise my love?—Hear me, ye gods of the celestial and infernal world! let the sufferings of an injured deity awaken your vengeance! Overtake this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious mortal, with swift destruction!—Since thy obduracy and injustice are greater than thy father's, may thy sufferings also be longer and more severe; may thy country be forever hidden from thy eyes, that wretched, that despicable country, which, in the folly of thy presumption, thou hast, without a blush, preferred to immortality with me! Or rather, mayest thou perish, when in the distant horizon it first rises before thee! Mayest thou, then, plunged in the deep, be driven back, the sport of the waves, and cast lifeless upon these sands, which shall deny thee burial! May my eyes see the vultures devour thee! They shall see them: and she whom thou lovest shall see them also; she shall see them with despair and anguish, and her misery shall be my delight!"

While Calypso was thus speaking, her whole countenance was suffused with rage: there was a gloomy fierceness in her looks, which continually hurried from one object to another: her lips trembled, a livid circle surrounded them; and her colour, which was sometimes pale as death, changed every moment: her tears, which she had been used to

shed in great plenty, now ceased to flow, as if despair and rage had dried up their source; and her voice was hoarse, tremulous, and interrupted. Mentor remarked all the changes of her emotion, but said nothing more to Telemachus; he treated him as a man infected with an incurable disease, to whom it was in vain to administer remedies; but he frequently regarded him with a look that strongly expressed his compassion. Telemachus was sensible of his weakness, and conscious that he was unworthy of the friendship of Mentor; he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, not daring to look up, lest he should meet those of his monitor, by whose very silence he was condemned: he was often ready to throw himself upon his neck, and at once to confess and renounce his folly; but he was sometimes restrained by a false shame, and sometimes by a consciousness that his profession would not be sincere; and a secret fondness for a situation, which though he knew to be dangerous, was yet so pleasing that he could not resolve to quit it.

In the mean time, the deities assembled upon Olympus kept their eyes fixed, in silent suspense, upon the island of Calypso, to see the issue of this contest between Venus and Minerva. Cupid, who, like a playful child, had been carressed by all the nymphs in their turns, had set every breast on fire: Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had availed herself of that jealousy which is inseparable from love, to preclude its effects; and Jupiter resolved to sit neuter between them.

Eucharis, who feared that Telemachus might escape from her chains, practised a thousand arts to detain him. She was now ready to go out with him to the second chase, as had been agreed upon between them, and had dressed herself like Diana; and the deities of love and beauty had, by a mutual effort, improved her charms, which were now superior even to those of Calypso. Calypso beheld her at a distance; and seeing her own reflection also

in a fountain near which she stood, the comparison filled her with grief and shame: she hid herself in the innermost recess of her grotto, and gave herself up to these reflections: "I have then vainly endeavoured to interrupt the pleasure of these lovers, by declaring that I would go with them to the chase: shall I still go? Alas! shall I be a foil to her beauties? Shall I increase her triumph and his passion? Wretch that I am, what have I done? I will not go; nor shall they: I know well how to prevent them. If I entreat Mentor to quit the island with his friend, he will immediately conduct him to Ithaca. But what do I say? When Telemachus is departed, what will become of Calypso? Where am I? What shall I do?—O cruel Venus! O Venus, thou hast deceived me; thou hast betrayed me with a fatal gift!—Pernicious boy! I opened my heart to thee, seduced by the pleasing hope that thou wouldst introduce felicity; but thou hast perfidiously filled it with anguish and despair. My nymphs have combined against me; and my divinity serves only to perpetuate my sufferings. O that I could put an end to my being and my sufferings together! But I cannot die: and therefore, Telemachus, thou shalt not live! I will revenge myself of thy ingratitude: the nymph, who is the partner of thy crime, shall be the witness of thy punishment: and in her presence will I strike thee to the heart. But I rave: O unhappy Calypso! what wouldst thou do? Wouldst thou destroy the guiltless youth whom thou hast already made wretched? It is I that have kindled, in the chaste bosom of Telemachus, a guilty flame. How pure was his innocence, and how uniform his virtue! how noble his detestation of vice, how heroic his disdain of inglorious pleasure! Why did I taint so immaculate a breast? He would have left me, alas! And must he not leave me now? Or, since he lives but for my rival, if he stays, must he not stay only to

despise me? But I have merited the misery that I suffer!—Go, then, Telemachus! again let the seas divide us; go, and leave Calypso without consolation, unable to sustain the burden of life; unable to lay it down in the grave! Leave me, without consolation, overwhelmed with shame, and despoiled of hope, the victim of remorse, and the scorn of Eucharis!”

Thus she sighed alone in the obscurity of her grotto: but, the next moment, starting suddenly from her seat, she ran out with a furious impetuosity: “Where art thou, Mentor?” says she: “is it thus that thy wisdom sustains Telemachus against the mischief that is even now ready to overwhelm him? Thou sleepest while Love is vigilant against thee. I can bear this slothful indifference no longer! Wilt thou always see the son of the great Ulysses dishonour his birth, and forego the advantages of his fortune, with this negligent tranquillity? It is to thy care, and not mine, that his friends have committed him: wilt thou then sit idle while I am busy for his preservation? The remotest part of this forest abounds in tall poplars, of which a commodious vessel may easily be built: in that place Ulysses himself built the vessel in which he set sail from this island; and, in that place, you will find a deep cave, which contains all the implements that are necessary for the work.” She had no sooner given Mentor this intelligence, than she repented of it; but he lost not a moment to improve it. He hasted immediately to the cave, found the implements, felled the trees, and in one day constructed a vessel fit for the seas; for, to Minerva, a short time was sufficient for a great work.

Calypso, in the mean time, suffered the most tormenting anxiety and suspense: she was, at the same time, impatient to know what Mentor would do in consequence of her information, and unable to bear the thought of leaving Telemachus and Eucharis at full liberty, by quitting the chase.

Her jealousy would not permit her to lose sight of the lovers; and therefore she contrived to lead the hunters towards that part of the forest where she supposed Mentor would be at work. She soon thought she heard the strokes of the axe and the mallet: she listened, and every blow that she heard made her tremble; yet she was distracted in the very moment of attention by her fears, that some amorous intimation, some sigh, or some glance, between Telemachus and Eucharis, might escape her notice.

Eucharis, at the same time, thought fit to rally her lover: "Are you not afraid," says she, "that Mentor will chide you for going to the chase without him? What a pity it is that you have so severe a master! He has an austerity that nothing can soften: he affects to despise pleasure himself, and therefore interdicts it to you, not excepting even the most innocent amusement. It might, indeed, be proper for you to submit to his direction before you was able to govern yourself; but after you have given such proofs of wisdom, you ought no longer to suffer yourself to be treated like a child."

This subtle reproach stung Telemachus to the heart: he felt a secret indignation against Mentor, and an impatient desire to throw off his yoke; yet he was still afraid to see him; and his mind was in such agitation, that he made the nymph no reply. The hunt, during which all parties had felt equal constraint and uneasiness, being now over, they returned home by that part of the forest where Mentor had been all day at work. Calypso saw the vessel finished at a distance: and a thick cloud, like the shades of death, fell instantly upon her eyes: her knees trembled, she was covered with a cold sweat, and obliged to support herself by leaning on the nymphs that surrounded her; among whom Eucharis pressing to assist her, she pushed her back with a frown of indignation and disdain.

Telemachus, who saw the vessel, but not Mentor, who had finished his work, and was retired, asked Calypso to whom it belonged, and for what purpose it was intended? She could not answer him immediately; but at length she told him it was to send away Mentor, whom she had directed to build it for that purpose. "You," said she, "shall be no longer distressed by the austerity of that severe censor, who opposes your happiness, and would become jealous of your immortality."—"To send away Mentor!" said Telemachus: "if he forsakes me, I am undone: if he forsakes me, whom shall I have left, Eucharis, but thee!" Thus, in the unguarded moment of surprise and love, the secret escaped him in words, which his heart prompted, and of which he did not consider the import. He discovered his indiscretion the moment it was too late: the whole company was struck dumb with confusion: Eucharis blushed; and, fixing her eyes upon the ground, stood behind the crowd, not daring to appear: but though shame glowed upon her cheek, yet joy revelled at her heart. Telemachus so far lost his recollection, that he scarce knew what he had done: the whole appeared to him like a dream: **but it was like a dream of confusion and trouble.**

Calypso instantly quitted the place; and, transported with rage, made her way through the forest with a hasty and disordered pace, following no track, and not knowing whither she was going: at length, however, she found herself at the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting her return. "Begone," said she, "from this island, O stranger! who art come hither only to interrupt my peace! Begone, thou hoary dotard! with that infatuated boy, and be assured, that if he is found another hour within my dominions, thou shalt know the power of a deity to punish. I will see him no more; nor will I suffer my nymphs to have any further inter-

course with him: this I swear by the waters of Styx, an oath at which the inhabitants of eternity tremble! But thou, Telemachus, shalt know that thy sufferings are yet but begun. I dismiss thee from this island; but it is only to new misfortunes: I will be revenged; and thou shalt regret the abuse of my bounty in vain. Neptune still resents the injury which he received from thy father in Sicily; and, solicited by Venus, whose worship thou hast since despised in the isle of Cyprus, he is now preparing to excite new tempests against thee. Thou shalt see thy father, who is not dead; but, when thou seest him, thou shalt not know him; and, though thou shalt meet him in Ithaca, thou shalt first suffer the severest persecutions of fortune. Begone! I conjure the celestial deities to revenge me! Mayest thou be suspended in the middle of the deep, by the crag of some solitary and naked rock! There may the thunder strike thee from above; and there mayest thou invoke Calypso, who shall scorn thy repentance, and enjoy thy punishment!" But the rage of Calypso evaporated with the very breath that expressed it, and the desire of retaining Telemachus revived in her bosom. "Let him live," said she to herself, "and let him live here! Perhaps, in time, he will learn to set a just value upon my friendship, and reflect that Eucharis has no immortality to bestow. But, alas! I have ensnared myself by an inviolable oath: it has bound me with everlasting bonds; and the irremeable waters of Styx, by which I have sworn, preclude for ever the return of hope!" While these thoughts passed silently in her bosom, the characteristics of all the furies were impressed upon her countenance, and all the pestilential vapours of Cocytus seemed to exhale from her heart.

Her whole appearance struck Telemachus with horror: she instantly perceived it; for what is hidden from the perspicacity of love? and the dis-

covery added new violence to her frenzy. She suddenly started away from the place where she stood, with all the fury that inspires the votaries of Bacchus when their shouts echo from the mountains of Thrace; she rushed into the woods with a javelin in her hand, calling all her nymphs to follow her, and threatening to pierce those who should stay behind: terrified at this menace, they thronged round her, and Eucharis among the rest, her eyes swimming in tears, and her last look directed to Telemachus, to whom she did not dare to speak. The goddess trembled when she approached her; and was so far from being softened by her submission, that she burned with new rage, when she perceived that affliction itself only heightened her beauty.

Telemachus was now left alone with Mentor: and, after a short interval of silence and confusion, he threw himself on the ground, and embraced his knees: he did not dare to throw himself on his neck, or even to lift up his eyes upon him. He burst into tears: he attempted to speak, but his voice failed him; and he was yet more at a loss for words: he knew not what he ought to do, what he did, or what he would do: but at length he cried out—"O more than father! O Mentor! deliver me from the evils that surround me! I can neither forsake nor follow you: deliver me from evils that are worse than death: deliver me from myself; put an end to my being!"

Mentor embraced him, comforted and encouraged him; and, without soothing his passion, reconciled him to life. "O son of the wise Ulysses!" said he, "whom the gods have so highly favoured, and whom they favour still; the very sufferings of which thou art now complaining, are new testimonies of their love. He who has never felt the strength of his passions, and his own weakness, is not yet acquainted with wisdom; he is not yet acquainted with himself; nor is he aware how little his own heart

is to be trusted. The gods have led thee, as it were by the hand, to the brink of destruction: they have showed thee the depth of the abyss, but they have not suffered thee to fall in: secure now the knowledge which otherwise thou couldst never have acquired; and improve that experience, without which it would have been in vain to tell thee of the treachery of love, who flatters only to destroy, and who conceals the keenest anguish under the appearance of delight. Thou hast now seen, and known, this lovely, this perfidious boy: he came hither blooming in immortal beauty, and all was mirth and sport, elegance and dissipation: he stole away thy heart, and thou hadst pleasure in permitting the theft; yet didst thou wish to persuade thyself that it was still thy own. Thou wast solicitous to deceive me, and to flatter thyself; and thou art now gathering the fruits of thy indiscretion. Thou art importuning me to take away thy life; and that I will comply, is the only hope that lingers in thy breast. The goddess is transformed, by the violence of her passions, to an infernal fury: Eucharis is tormented by a flame less tolerable than the pains of death; and among the other nymphs of Calypso, Jealousy has scattered her plagues with an unsparing hand. Such are the exploits of that boy, whose appearance was so gentle and lovely! How greatly, then, art thou beloved by the gods, who have opened a way for thee to fly from him, and return to thy country, the object not of a blameless only, but a noble passion! Calypso is herself compelled to drive thee hence: the vessel is ready; call up, then, all thy courage, and let us make haste to quit this island, where it is certain that virtue can never dwell."

Mentor, while he was yet speaking, took Telemachus by the hand, and led him towards the shore. Telemachus consented with silent reluctance, and looked behind him at every step. Eucharis was still in sight, though at a considerable distance: and not

being able to see her face, he gazed at her fine hair, which, tied in a lock, played gracefully behind her, and at her loose light robe that flowed negligently in the wind: he remarked the easy majesty of her gait, and could have kissed the mark of her footsteps on the ground. When his eye could no longer reach her, he listened; and he persuaded himself that he heard her voice: he still saw her, though she was absent: his fancy realised her image; and he thought that he was talking with her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing anything that was said by Mentor.

But, at length awaking as from a dream—"Mentor," said he, "I am resolved to follow you; but I have not yet taken leave of Eucharis: and I would rather perish than abandon her with ingratitude! Stay only till I see her once more: stay only till I bid her farewell for ever. Let me tell her, that the gods, jealous of my felicity, compel me to depart; but that they shall sooner put a period to my life, than blot her from my remembrance. O my father; grant me this last, this most reasonable request; or destroy me this moment, and let me die at your feet. I have no desire to continue in this island; nor will I give up my heart to love; it is, indeed, a stranger to the passion; for all that I feel for Eucharis amounts but to friendship and gratitude. I desire only to bid her farewell, and I will then follow you without a moment's delay."

"My son," replied Mentor, "my pity for you is more than I can express: your passion is so violent, that you are not sensible it possesses you: you imagine yourself to be in a state of tranquillity, even while you are adjuring me to take away your life. You declare that you are not under the influence of love, while you feel yourself unable to quit the object of your passion; while you see and hear her only, and are blind and deaf to all besides: so the wretch, whom a fever has rendered delirious, tel you he is not sick. Your understanding is blind

by desire: you are ready to renounce Penelope, who expects you in Ithaca; and Ulysses, whom you shall certainly see again at your return, and to whose throne you are to succeed. You would give up all the glory which the gods have promised, and confirmed by the miracles which they have wrought in your behalf, to live with Eucharis in obscurity and disgrace; and yet you pretend that your attachment to her is not the effect of love! What is it but love that troubles you? what but love has made you weary of life? and what else produced the transport that betrayed your secret to Calypso? I do not accuse you of insincerity; but I pity your delusion. Fly, fly, O Telemachus! for love is conquered only by flight: against such an enemy, true courage consists in fear and retreat; in retreat without deliberation, and without looking back. You cannot have forgotten the tender anxieties you have cost me from your earliest infancy, nor the dangers which my counsel has enabled you to avoid; why, then, will you distrust me now? Believe me, or let me leave you to your fate. You know not the anguish that my heart has felt to see you rush forward in the path of destruction; you know not what I secretly suffered when I did not dare to speak to you: your mother felt not a severer pang at your birth. I was silent; and suppressed even my sighs, in the fond hope that you would at length return to me without admonition or reproof. O my son! restore to me that which is dearer than life; give me thyself; and be once more mine and thy own. If reason shall at length prevail over passion, I shall live, and my life shall be happy; but if, in the contest with passion, reason shall give way, my happiness is at an end, and I can live no longer."

During this discourse, Mentor continued to advance towards the sea: and Telemachus, who had not yet sufficient resolution to have followed him, was yet so far influenced as to ~~suffer~~ ^{suffer} himself to be

led forward without resistance. Minerva, in this crisis of his fate, still-concealed under the form of Mentor, covered him invisibly with her shield, and infused round him the divine radiance of uncreated light : its influence was immediate and irresistible ; and Telemachus was conscious to a strength of mind, which, since he came into the island of Calypso, he had never felt. They came at length to the sea-shore, which in that place was steep and rocky ; it projected in a cliff, which was broken by the foaming surge below, and which, from the top, commanded an extensive prospect of the country : from this promontory they looked to see whether the ship, which had been built by Mentor, was still in the place where they had left it ; and they beheld a scene which, to Mentor at least, was extremely mortifying and distressful.

Love, who was conscious that his shafts could make no impression upon Mentor, now saw him carry off Telemachus, with new pangs of disappointed malignity : he wept with rage and vexation ; and went in search of Calypso, who was wandering about in the most gloomy recesses of the forest. The moment she saw him, a deep sigh escaped her, and she felt every wound in her bosom begin to bleed afresh. “ Art thou a goddess ! ” said the disdainful boy ; “ and dost thou suffer thyself to be denied by a feeble mortal, who is captive in thy dominions ! Why is he suffered to depart with impunity ? ” — “ O fatal power ! ” replied Calypso, “ let me no more listen to thy dangerous counsel, which has already seduced me from a state of perfect and delicious tranquillity, and plunged me into an abyss of misery, where thought itself can find no bottom. All counsel is, indeed, too late : I have sworn, by the waters of the Styx, that I will not detain him ; and this awful oath, Jupiter himself, the father of the gods, omnipotent and eternal, does not dare to violate. — Depart then, Telemachus, from this island. Depart thou also, pernicious

boy ! for my misfortunes are derived rather from thee than from him !”

Love drying up his tears, replied with a smile of derision and disdain—“ And this oath has left you without an expedient ! Leave the matter, then, to my management. As you have sworn to let Telemachus depart, take no measures to detain him ; but neither I nor your nymphs are bound by your oath. I will incite them to burn the vessel that Mentor has so hastily built, and his diligence to circumvent us shall be ineffectual : he also shall be circumvented in his turn, and find himself unexpectedly deprived of all means to rescue Telemachus from your power.”

The voice of Love thus soothed the despair of Calypso, as the breath of the Zephyrs, upon the margin of a stream, refreshes the languid flock which are fainting in the burning heat of the summer’s sun : the sweet influence of hope and joy was again felt in her breast ; her countenance became serene, and her eyes soft and placid ; the glooms of care were dissipated for a moment : she stopped, she smiled ; and she repaid the flattery of the wanton boy with caresses, which prepared new anguish for her heart.

Cupid, pleased with the success upon Calypso, went to try his influence upon her nymphs : they were scattered about upon the mountains like a flock of sheep, which pursued by some hungry wolf, had fled far from the shepherd. Having soon got them together—“ Telemachus,” says he “ is still in your hands ; but if a moment is lost, he will escape you : make haste, then, and set fire to the vessel which the temerity of Mentor has constructed to carry him off !” Torches were now lighted in a moment : they rushed towards the sea-shore, with the cries and gestures of frantic Bacchanals, their hair dishevelled, and their limbs trembling ; the flames spread ; the whole vessel was soon in a blaze ; and the smoke, intermixed with sheets of fire, rose in a cloudy volume to the sky.

Telemachus and Mentor saw the flames, and heard the cries of the nymphs from the top of the rocks. Telemachus was secretly inclined to rejoice at what had happened: the health of his mind was not yet perfectly restored; and Mentor remarked, that his passion was like a fire not totally extinguished, which, from time to time, gleams from the embers, and frequently throws out sparks with a sudden and unexpected vigour. "Now," says Telemachus, "our retreat is cut off, and our escape from this island is impossible! Mentor who perceived that he was relapsing into all his follies, knew that not a moment was to be lost: he saw a vessel lying at anchor at a distance, which did not approach the shore, because it was well known to all pilots that the island of Calypso was inaccessible. This wise guardian of unexperienced youth, therefore, suddenly pushed Telemachus from the top of the rock into the sea, and instantly leaped after him. Telemachus, who was at first stunned by the fall, drank of the briny wave, and became the sport of the surge: but, at length, recovering from the astonishment, and seeing Mentor, who stretched out his hand to assist him in swimming, he thought only how to leave the island at a distance.

The nymphs, who before imagined that they had secured their captives, uttered a dreadful cry when they saw them escape. Calypso again overwhelmed with despair, retired to her grotto, which she filled with unavailing complaints; and Love, who saw his triumph suddenly changed into a defeat, sprung up into the air; and spreading his wings, took his flight to the groves of Idalia, where he was expected by Venus. The boy, still more cruel than his mother, consoled himself for his disappointment, by laughing with her, at the mischief they had done.

Telemachus felt, with pleasure, that his fortitude, and his love of virtue, revived as his distance from the fatal island of Calypso increased. "I now,"

said he to Mentor, “ experience what you have told me; but what, if I had not experienced, I could never have believed: ‘ Vice can only be conquered by flight!’ My father, how dear a testimony have the gods given me of their love, by granting me the guidance and protection of thy wisdom! I deserve, indeed, to be deprived of both; I deserve to be abandoned to my own folly. I now fear neither seas nor winds; I apprehend danger only from my passions: love alone is more to be dreaded than all the calamities of shipwreck.”

BOOK VIII.

The vessel appears to be a Tyrian, commanded by Adoam, the brother of Narbal, by whom the adventurers are kindly received. Adoam recollects Telemachus, and relates the tragical death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and the accession of Beleazar, whom the tyrant his father had disgraced at her instigation. During the banquet which he prepares for his guests, Achitoeas entertains them with music, which brings the Tritons, the Nereids, and other divinities of the sea, in crowds round the vessel: Mentor, taking up a lyre, plays much better than Achitoeas. Adoam relates the wonders of Bœotica: he describes the soft temperament of the air, and the beauties of the country, where the utmost simplicity of manners secures to the people uninterrupted tranquillity.

THE vessel which lay at anchor, and which Telemachus and Mentor were approaching, was of Phœnicia, and bound to Epirus. The Phœnicians who were on board, had seen Telemachus in his voyage from Egypt; but he could not be sufficiently distinguished to be known, while he was swimming in the sea. When Mentor was near enough the vessel to be heard, he raised his head above the water, and called out with a loud voice, “ Phœnicians! you, who succour alike the distressed of all nations, refuse not your assistance to two strangers, whose life depends upon your humanity: if you have any reverence for the gods, take us on board, and we will accompany you whithersoever you are bound.” The commander of the vessel immediately answered, “ We will receive you with joy: it is not necessary that you should be known to us: it suffices that you are men, and in distress.” He gave

orders accordingly, and they were taken into the ship.

When they first came aboard, they were so exhausted and out of breath, that they could neither speak nor move; for they had been swimming a long time, and struggled hard with the billows: they recovered, however, by degrees, and had change of apparel brought them; their own being heavy with the water it had imbibed, which ran off from all parts. As soon as they were able to speak, the Phœnicians gathered round them, and were impatient to hear their adventures: "How," said the commander, "did you get into that island, from whence you came hither? It is in the possession of a goddess, who suffers no man to enter it: and, indeed, it is surrounded by rocks, which are always beaten by so dreadful a surge, that it can scarcely be approached without certain shipwreck." Mentor replied—"We were driven on shore by a storm: we are Greeks from Ithaca, an island not far from Epirus, whither you are bound; and if you should not touch there, which however is in your course, we will be satisfied to be put on shore at your port: for we shall find friends at Epirus, who will procure us a passage to Ithaca; and we shall still think ourselves indebted to your humanity, for the happiness of being again restored to all that is dear to us in the world."

Telemachus remained silent; and left Mentor to answer for them both: the faults which he had committed in the island of Calypso having greatly increased his prudence, he was now diffident of himself; and so conscious how much he always stood in need of the directions of superior wisdom, when he had no opportunity of asking Mentor's advice, he watched his countenance, and endeavoured to discover his sentiments in his looks.

The Phœnician commander, observing the silence of Telemachus, looked earnestly at him, and thought he remembered to have seen him before; but not

being able to recollect any particulars, "Permit me," said he, "to ask, if you have not some remembrance of having seen me before ; for I think this is not the first time I have seen you : your countenance is well known to me ; it struck me at the first glance, but I cannot recollect where we have met ; perhaps my memory may be assisted by yours." Telemachus immediately replied, with a mixture of surprise and pleasure, "I have felt at the sight of you exactly what you have felt at the sight of me : I well remember to have seen you ; but I cannot recollect, whether in Egypt or at Tyre." The Phœnician, at the mention of Egypt and Tyre, like a man, who, waking in the morning, has brought back, by degrees, and as it were from a remote distance, the evanescent images of a dream which had fled with the shadows of the night, suddenly cried out, "Thou art Telemachus, with whom Narbal contracted a friendship when we were returning from Egypt ! I am his brother, of whom you have doubtless heard him often speak : I left you with him, when we arrived at Tyre, being myself obliged to make a voyage to Bœotica, that celebrated country, near the pillars of Hercules, on the remotest confines of the deep : having, therefore, but just seen you, it is not strange that I did not perfectly recollect you at first sight."

"I perceive," said Telemachus, "that you are Adoam : I had no opportunity of a personal acquaintance with you, but I have heard much of you from Narbal. How should I rejoice to hear of him, from you ! for to me, his memory will be for ever dear. Is he still at Tyre ? Has he suffered nothing from the suspicion and cruelty of Pygmalion ?"—"Telemachus," said Adoam, interrupting him, "fortune has now given you in charge to a man, who will, to the utmost of his abilities, deserve the trust : I will put you on shore at Ithaca, before I proceed to Epirus : and you shall not find less friendship in the brother of Narbal, than in Narbal himself." Having looked

aloft while he was speaking, he observed that the wind, for which he had waited, began to blow : he, therefore, gave orders instantly to weigh anchor : the sails were spread to the breeze, and the oars divided the flood.

Adoam then took Telemachus and Mentor apart : “ I will now,” said he to Telemachus, “ gratify your curiosity. The tyranny of Pygmalion is at an end : from that scourge, the righteous gods have delivered the earth ! As he dared to trust no man, so no man dared to trust him ; the good were content to sigh in secret, and to hide themselves from his cruelty, without attempting any thing against him ; the wicked thought there was no way of securing their own lives but by putting an end to his. There was not a man in Tyre who was not in perpetual danger of alarming his suspicion ; and to this danger his guards themselves were more exposed than others ; as his life was in their hands, he feared them in proportion to their power ; and he sacrificed them to his safety, upon the slightest mistrust. Thus, his very search of security, rendered the finding of it impossible ; those, in whose hands he had deposited his life, were themselves in perpetual danger by his suspicion ; and the only expedient to deliver themselves from this dreadful situation was to anticipate the effects of his suspicion by his death. The first, however, who took a resolution to destroy him was the impious Astarbe, whom you have heard so often mentioned already. She was passionately enamoured of a young Tyrian, who had great possessions, and whose name was Joazar ; and had conceived a design of placing him upon the throne : to facilitate the execution of this project, she persuaded the king, that Phadael, the eldest of his two sons, being impatient to succeed him, had conspired against his life : she suborned witnesses to support the charge, and the unhappy tyrant caused Phadael to be put to death. Balazar, his second son, was sent to Samos, under

pretence of learning the manners and the sciences of Greece; but, in reality, because Astarbe had persuaded the king, that it was necessary to send him away, lest he should associate himself with the malecontents. The ship, in which he was embarked, had scarce quitted the port, when those who had been appointed to navigate her, having been corrupted by the perfidious inhumanity of Astarbe, contrived to make a shipwreck of the vessel in the night; and having thrown the young prince into the sea, they preserved themselves by swimming to some foreign barks that waited for them at a convenient distance.

“In the mean time, the amours of Astarbe were secrets to none but Pygmalion, who fondly imagined himself to be the only object of her affection: he, who heard even the whispers of the breeze with distrust and dread, relied on this abandoned woman with a blind and implicit confidence: at the time, however, when love rendered him the dupe of her artifices, he was incited, by avarice, to find some pretence for putting Joazar, her favourite, to death, that he might seize upon his riches.

“But while suspicion, love, and avarice, were thus sharing the heart of Pygmalion, Astarbe was contriving his immediate destruction: she thought it possible, that he might have discovered something of her connexion with Joazar, and if not, she knew that avarice alone would furnish him with a sufficient motive to cut him off: she concluded, therefore, that not a moment was to be lost: she saw that all the principal officers of the court were ready to dip their hands in his blood, and she heard of some new conspiracy every day: yet there were none whom she could make the confidants of her design, without putting her own life in their power: and, therefore, she determined to destroy Pygmalion by poison, and to administer it herself.

“It was his general practice to eat with her in

private; and he always dressed his food himself, not daring to trust any hand but his own: while he was thus employed, he used to lock himself up in the most retired part of his palace, the better to conceal his fears, and elude observation. He did not dare to enjoy any of the pleasures of the table, nor even to taste any thing which had not been prepared wholly by himself: he was thus precluded from the use, not only of delicacies and refinements in cookery, but of wine, bread, salt, oil, milk, and all other ordinary food: he lived entirely upon fruit, which he gathered himself from his garden, or such roots and herbs as he sowed and dressed with his hands: he drank no liquor, but the water which he drew from a fountain that was inclosed in a part of the palace, of which he always kept the key; and notwithstanding his confidence in Astarbe, he did not, in this particular, lay aside his precaution even with respect to her: he made her eat and drink of every thing that furnished out their repast, before he tasted it himself, that he might be sure not to be poisoned without her, and that she might have no hope of surviving him. She contrived, however, to render this precaution ineffectual; for she took a counterpoison, which she had obtained of an old woman yet more wicked than herself, whom, upon this occasion, she made no scruple to trust, as she was already the confidant of her amours. As she was thus secured against danger, in poisoning the king with food of which she was herself to partake, she accomplished her purpose in the following manner:—

“ At the moment when they were sitting down to their repast, the old woman made a noise at one of the doors of the apartment; the king, always under the terror of assassination, was greatly alarmed, and ran in haste to the door, to see that it was secured: the old woman, having performed her part, withdrew; and the king stood torpid in suspense, not knowing what to think of the noise he had heard, nor

daring to resolve his doubts by opening the door. Astarbe encouraged him, caressed him, and pressed him to eat, having thrown poison into his golden cup, while he ran to the door upon the alarm. Pygmalion, with his usual precaution, gave the cup first into her hand, and she drank without fear, confiding in the antidote she had taken: Pygmalion then drank himself, and, in a short time afterwards, sank down in a state of total insensibility. Astarbe, who knew that he was capable of stabbing her to the heart upon the slightest suspicion, and that he might recover from this fit while he had yet strength to do it, immediately rent her clothes, tore her hair, and burst into clamorous lamentations: she took the dying king in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and shed over him a flood of tears, which she always had at command: but when she saw that his strength was just exhausted, and the last agony coming on, she dropped the mask, and to prevent a possibility of his recovery, threw herself upon him, and smothered him: she then took the royal signet from his finger, and the diadem from his head, and presented them both to Joazar, whom she called in for that purpose. She imagined, that all her partizans would readily concur in the gratification of her passion; and that her lover would not fail to be proclaimed king: but those who had paid their court to her with the greatest assiduity, were base and mercenary wretches, who were incapable of a sincere affection; and who, besides, being destitute of courage, were deterred from supporting Astarbe, by the fear of her enemies: her own pride, dissimulation, and cruelty, were yet more formidable; and every one wished that she might perish, as a pledge of his own security. In the mean time, the palace was in the utmost confusion; nothing was heard, but a repetition of the words, ‘The king is dead!’ Some stood terrified and irresolute; others ran to arms; every one rejoiced at the event, but every one apprehended the consequences. The news

presently circulated, from mouth to mouth, through the whole city, where there was not so much as a single person that regretted the death of the king, which was an universal deliverance and consolation.

“Narbal, struck with an event so sudden and awful, compassionated the misfortunes of Pygmalion, though he could not but detest his vices; he regretted, like an honest man, his having betrayed himself to destruction, by an unlimited and unreserved confidence in Astarbe; choosing rather to be a tyrant, disclaimed by nature, and abhorred by mankind, than to fulfil the duties of a sovereign, and become the father of his people. He was also attentive to the interests of the state, and made haste to assemble the friends of their country, to oppose the measures of Astarbe; under whose influence, there was the greatest reason to apprehend a reign yet more oppressive than that of Pygmalion himself.

“Narbal knew that Baleazar was not drowned when he was thrown into the sea: though the wretches, who assured Astarbe of his death, thought otherwise: he saved himself, under favour of the night, by swimming; and some Cretan merchants, touched with compassion, took him into their vessel: having no reason to doubt but that his destruction was intended, and being equally afraid of the cruel jealousy of Pygmalion and the fatal artifices of Astarbe, he did not dare to return into his father’s dominions, but wandered about on the coast of Syria, where he had been left by the Cretans who took him up, and gained a scanty subsistence by tending a flock of sheep: at length, however, he found means to make Narbal acquainted with his situation; not doubting but that he might safely trust his secret and his life with a man whose virtue had been so often tried. Narbal, though he had been ill-treated by the father, did not look with less tenderness upon the son: nor was he less attentive to his interests, in which, however, his principal view was to prevent his

undertaking any thing inconsistent with the duty he still owed to his father; and therefore he exerted all his influence to reconcile him to his ill fortune.

“Baleazar had requested Narbal to send him a ring as a token whenever it should be proper for him to repair to Tyre: but Narbal did not think it prudent, during the life of Pygmalion, as it would have been attended with the utmost danger to them both: the tyrant’s inquisitive circumspection being such as no subtilty or diligence could elude: but, as soon as the fate he merited had overtaken him, Narbal sent the ring to Baleazar. Baleazar set out immediately, and arrived at the gates of Tyre, while the whole city was in the utmost trouble and perplexity, to know who should succeed to the throne: he was at once known and acknowledged, as well by the principal Tyrians as by the people: they loved him, not for the sake of his father, who was the object of universal detestation, but for his own amiable and gracious disposition; and even his misfortunes now threw a kind of splendour around him, which showed his good qualities to the greatest advantage, and produced a tender interest in his favour.

“Narbal assembled the chiefs of the people, the elders of the council, and the priests of the great goddess of Phœnicia. They saluted Baleazar as their king: and he was immediately proclaimed by the heralds, amidst the acclamations of the people. The shouts were heard by Astarbe in one of the innermost recesses of the palace, where she had shut herself up with Joazar, her effeminate and infamous favourite: she was abandoned by all the sycophants and parasites, the corrupt prostitutes of power, who had attached themselves to her during the life of Pygmalion; for the wicked fear the wicked; they know them to be unworthy of confidence, and therefore do not wish they should be invested with power. Men of corrupt principles know how much others, of the same characters, abuse authority.

and to what excess they carry oppression: they wish rather to have the good set over them; for though they cannot hope for reward, they know that they shall not suffer injury. Astarbe, therefore, was deserted by all but a few wretches, who had so far involved themselves in her guilt, that whatever party they should espouse, they could not hope to escape punishment.

“The palace was soon forced: guilt naturally irresolute and timid, made little resistance, and the criminals endeavoured to save themselves by flight. Astarbe attempted to make her escape, disguised like a slave; but she was detected and seized by a soldier, who knew her: and it was with great difficulty that the people were prevented from tearing her to pieces: they had already thrown her down, and were dragging her along the pavement, when Narbal rescued her out of their hands. She then entreated that she might speak to Baleazar, whom she hoped to influence by her beauty, and to impose upon by pretending that she could make important discoveries. Baleazar could not refuse to hear her; and she approached him with an expression of sweetness and modesty in her countenance, which gave new power to her beauty, and might have softened rage into pity and complacency. She addressed him with the most delicate and insinuating flattery: she conjured him by the ashes of his father, to take pity upon her, whom he had so tenderly loved; she invoked the gods, as if she had paid them the homage of sincere adoration; she shed a flood of tears, and, prostrating herself on the ground before the young king, she passionately embraced his knees. But as soon as she imagined these arts had gained an influence over him, she neglected nothing to render him suspicious of the most faithful and affectionate of his servants: she accused Narbal of having entered into a conspiracy against Pygmalion; and of intrigues, to procure himself to be chosen king instead of Baleazar

TELEMACHUS.

whom she insinuated he had intended to poison. In the same manner, she calumniated every other person whom she knew to be a friend of virtue, and hoped to find Baleazar susceptible of the same distrust and suspicion as his father: but the young prince, discerning and disdaining both her subtilty and her malice, suddenly interrupted her by calling for his guards: she was immediately carried to prison, and a proper number of persons, distinguished for their experience and their wisdom, were appointed to inquire into her conduct.

“ They discovered, with horror, that she had first poisoned and then smothered Pygmalion: and that her whole life had been one uninterrupted series of the most enormous crimes: she was, therefore, judged worthy of the severest punishment which the laws of Phœnicia could inflict, and condemned to be burnt by a slow fire. But as soon as she found that her crimes were known, and her judges inexorable, she gave way to all the furies that had taken possession of her soul; and she immediately swallowed poison, which she had taken care to conceal about her, as the means of a speedy death, if she should be condemned to suffer lingering torments. Those who were about her soon perceived that she suffered intolerable pain, and offered such relief as was in their power: but, without giving any answer, she made signs that she would receive no assistance: they then spoke to her of the righteous gods, whose anger she had provoked; but, instead of expressing contrition or remorse, she looked upward with a mixture of despise and arrogance, as if she abhorred their attributes and defied their vengeance.

“ The last agony now came on, and her dying aspect expressed only impiety and rage: of that beauty, which had been fatal to so many, no remains were now left; every grace was vanished; her eyes, upon which the hand of death was already heavy, were turned hastily on every side. With

wild and unmeaning ferocity ; her lips were convulsed, her mouth open, and her whole countenance distorted : a livid paleness succeeded, and her body became cold ; yet sometimes she started, as it were, back to life ; but it was only to express the pang that roused her, by shrieks and groans. At length, however, she expired, leaving those that stood around her, in a state of inexpressible confusion and horror. Her guilty soul, without doubt, descended to those mournful regions where the unrelenting daughters of Danaus are perpetually employed in filling vessels that will not hold water ; where Ixion for ever turns his wheel ; and Tantalus, in vain, endeavours to slake his everlasting thirst with the water that eludes his lips ; where Sisyphus, with unavailing labour, rolls up the stone which eternally falls back ; and where Tityus feels the vulture incessantly prey upon his heart, which, as fast as it is devoured, is renewed.

“ Balazar, having expressed his gratitude to the gods for his deliverance from this monster, by innumerable sacrifices, began his reign by a conduct altogether different from that of Pygmalion. He applies himself, with great diligence, to revive commerce, which had long languished by a gradual decline : in matters of great importance, he takes the advice of Narbal, yet does not submit implicitly to his direction ; in every instance, he makes the administration of government his own act, and takes cognizance of all things with his own eye : he hears every one's opinion, and then determines according to his own : he is, consequently, the idol of his people ; and, by possessing their affections, he is master of more wealth than the cruel avarice of his father could ever hoard ; for there is not a man in his dominions that would not freely part with his whole property, if, upon a pressing necessity, he should require it of him : what he leaves his people, therefore, is more effectually his own than it would be if he

took it away. All precautions for the security of his person are unnecessary: for he is continually surrounded by an impregnable defence—the affection of the public: there is not a subject in his kingdom that does not dread the loss of his prince as a calamity to himself, and who would not interpose between him and danger, at the hazard of his life. He is happy, and all his people are happy with him: he is afraid of requiring too much of them, and they are afraid of offering him too little: his moderation leaves them in affluence, but this affluence renders them neither intractable nor insolent; for they are habitually industrious, addicted to commerce, and inflexible in supporting the ancient purity of their laws. Phœnicia has now reached the summit of greatness and of glory, and owes all her prosperity to her young king!

“Narbal is his minister, the instrument of his virtue and of his wisdom. O Telemachus! if he was now to see you, with what joy would he load you with presents, and send you back with magnificence to your own country! How would he have rejoiced, to have placed the son of Ulysses upon the throne of Ithaca, to diffuse the same happiness through that island which Baleazar dispenses at Tyre! And how happy am I to render you this service in his stead!”

Telemachus, who had listened with great pleasure to the relation of these events, and was yet more sensibly touched with the tender and zealous friendship with which Adoam had received him in his misfortunes, replied only by clasping him to his breast in a transport of gratitude, affection, and esteem. Adoam then inquired how he came on shore at the island of Calypso; and Telemachus, in his turn, gave him the history of his departure from Tyre, of his passage to the isle of Cyprus, of the manner of his finding Mentor, of their voyage to Crete, of the public games for the election of a king after the flight of Idomeneus, of the resentment of Venus, of their shipwreck, of the

pleasure with which Calypso received them, of her becoming jealous of Eucharis, and of his being thrown into the sea by Mentor, upon his perceiving a Phœnician vessel at some distance from the coast.

Adoam then ordered a magnificent entertainment; and, as a farther testimony of his joy, he improved it with all the pleasures of which his station would admit. During the repast, which was served by young Phœnicians, dressed in white garments and crowned with flowers, the place was perfumed by burning the most odoriferous gums of the east: they were entertained with the sound of the flute, by musicians, to whom the rowers had resigned their seats; and this melody was, from time to time, interrupted by Achitoas, who accompanied his lyre with his voice, in strains which were worthy to be heard at the table of the gods, and to which even Apollo might have listened with delight. The Tritons, Nereids, and all the deities who rule the waters in subordination to the father of the deep, and even all the monsters of those hoary regions unknown to man, quitted the watery grottos of the abyss, and swam in crowds round the vessel, to enjoy the harmony. A band of Phœnician youths, of exquisite beauty, clothed in fine linen, whiter than snow, entertained them a long time with dancing in the manner of their country, afterwards with the dances of Egypt, and at last with those of Greece. At proper intervals, the shrill voice of the trumpet interposed, and the waves resounded to the distant shores. The silence of the night, the calmness of the sea, the lambient radiance of the moon, which trembled on the surface of the waves, and the deep azure of the sky, spangled with a thousand stars, concurred to heighten the beauty of the scene.

Telemachus, who was remarkable for a quick and lively sensibility, tasted all these pleasures with a high relish: yet he did not dare to give his heart up to their influence: since he had experienced in the

island of Calypso, to his great confusion and disgrace, how easily a young mind is inflamed, he regarded all pleasures, however innocent, with distrust and dread; and watched the looks of Mentor, to discover what he thought of these.

Mentor was pleased with his embarrassment, but without seeming to discover it: at length, however, touched with his self-denial, he said, with a smile, "I know of what you are afraid, and your fear does you honour: do not, however, let it carry you too far: it is not possible to wish you the enjoyment of pleasure more earnestly than I wish it to you, provided it is a pleasure that neither inflames the passions nor effeminates the character: your pleasures must be such as refresh and unbend the mind, such as leave you complete master of yourself; not such as subdue you to their power. Those that I wish you do not inflame the soul with a brutal fury; but soothe it, by a sweet and gentle influence, to a pure and peaceful enjoyment. You have endured toil and danger; and relaxation and solace are now necessary: accept, then, with gratitude to Adoam, the pleasures that he now offers you; enjoy them, my dear Telemachus, enjoy them without fear or restraint. There is neither austerity nor affectation in Wisdom, who is, indeed, the parent of delight for she alone has the secret of intermixing sports and merriment with serious thought and important labour: by labour she gives poignancy to pleasure, and by pleasure she restores vigour to labour. Wisdom blushes not to be merry, when she sees a fit occasion for mirth."

Mentor, as he pronounced these words, took up a lyre, which he touched with so much skill, that Achitoas, struck with surprise and jealousy, suffered his own instrument to drop from his hand; his eyes sparkled, his countenance changed colour, and his anguish and confusion would have been remarked by all present, if their attention had not been wholly

engrossed by the music of Mentor; they were afraid even to breathe, lest they should mingle any other sound with his harmony, and lose some strain of his enchanting song. Their enjoyment would, indeed, have been perfect, if they had not feared it would end too soon; for the voice of Mentor, though it had no effeminate softness, was capable of all the varieties of modulation: it was equally melodious and strong, and had an expression perfectly adapted to the sentiment, even in the minutest particular.

He first sang the praises of Jupiter, the father and the sovereign of gods and men, who shakes the universe with a nod: he then represented, under the figure of Minerva issuing from his head, that wisdom which, proceeding from himself, as its only and eternal source, is diffused in boundless emanation, to irradiate such created minds as are open to receive it. These truths he sang in such a strain of unaffected piety, and with such a sense of their sublimity and importance, that his audience imagined themselves transported to the summit of Olympus, and placed in the presence of Jupiter, whose eye is more piercing than his thunder. He then sung the fate of Narcissus, who becoming enamoured of his own beauty, at which he gazed incessantly from the brink of a fountain that reflected it, pined away with ineffectual desire, and was changed into a flower that bears his name: and he last celebrated the untimely death of the beautiful Adonis, who perished by the tusks of a boar, and whom Venus, unable to revive, lamented with unavailing grief.

The passions of the audience corresponded with the subject of the song: they melted silently into tears, and felt an inexpressible delight in their grief. When the music was at an end, the Phœnicians looked round upon each other with astonishment and admiration. One said, "This is certainly Orpheus! and these are the strains by which he tamed the wild beasts of the desert, and gave motion to

trees and rocks: it was thus that he enchanted Cerberus, suspended the torments of Ixion and the Danaids, and touched with pity the inexorable breast of Pluto, who permitted him to lead back the fair Eurydice from his dominions." Another said, it was Linus, the son of Apollo; and a third, that it was Apollo himself. Even Telemachus was little less surprised than the rest; for he did not know that Mentor had been so excellent a proficient in music. Achitoas, who had now sufficiently recovered himself to conceal his jealousy, began an encomium upon Mentor; but he blushed as he spoke, and found himself unable to proceed. Mentor, who perceived his confusion, was desirous to hide it from others; and seeing he could not go on, he began to speak, that he might appear to interrupt him: he also endeavoured to console him, by giving him the praise due to his merit. Achitoas, however, could not be consoled; for he felt that Mentor surpassed him yet more in generosity than in skill.

In the mean time, Telemachus addressed himself to Adoam: "I remember," said he, "that you mentioned a voyage you made to Bæotica, since we returned together from Egypt: Bæotica is a country concerning which many wonders are related, which it is difficult to believe: tell me, therefore, whether they are true?"—"I shall be glad," said Adoam, "to describe that country to you; for it is well worthy your curiosity, and is yet more extraordinary than fame has reported it.

"The river Bæotis flows through a fertile country, where the air is always temperate, and the sky serene. This river, which gives name to the country, falls into the ocean near the pillars of Hercules; not far from the place where the sea heretofore, breaking its bounds, separated the country of Tarsis from the vast Continent of Africa. This region seems to have preserved all the felicity of the golden age. In the winter, the freezing breath of the north

is never felt, and the season is, therefore, mild ; but, in summer, there are always refreshing gales from the west, which blow about the middle of the day, and in this season, therefore, the heat is never intense ; so that spring and autumn, espoused as it were to each other, walk hand in hand through the year. The valleys and the plains yield annually a double harvest : the hedges consist of laurels, pomegranates, jasmines, and other trees, that are not only always green, but in flower : the mountains are covered with flocks, whose wool, for its superior fineness, is sought by all nations. This beautiful country contains also many mines of gold and silver ; but the inhabitants, happy in their simplicity, disdain to count silver and gold among their riches ; and value that only which contributes to supply the real and natural wants of mankind.

“ When we first traded with these people, we found gold and silver used for ploughshares : and, in general, employed promiscuously with iron. As they carried on no foreign trade, they had no need of money ; they were, almost all, either shepherds or husbandmen ; for as they suffered no arts to be exercised among them, but such as tended immediately to answer the necessities of life, the number of artificers was consequently small : besides, a greater part, even of those who live by husbandry, or keeping of sheep, are skilful in the exercise of such arts as are necessary to manners so simple and frugal.

“ The women are employed in spinning the wool, and manufacturing it into stuffs, that are remarkably fine and white : they also make the bread, and dress the victuals, which costs them very little trouble ; for they live chiefly upon fruits and milk, animal food being seldom eaten among them : of the skins of their sheep they make a light sort of covering for their legs and feet, with which they furnish their husbands and children : the women also make the habitations, which are a kind of tents, cov

either with waxed skins or the bark of trees: they make and wash all the clothes of the family, and keep their houses in great neatness and order: their clothes, indeed, are easily made; for in that temperate climate, they wear only a piece of fine white stuff, which is not formed to the shape of the body, but wrapped round it so as to fall in long plaits, and take what figure the wearer thinks fit.

“The men cultivate the ground and manage their flocks; and the other arts which they practise are those only of forming wood and iron into necessary utensils; and of iron they make little use, except in instruments of tillage: all the arts that relate to architecture are useless to them: for they build no houses: it shows too much regard to the earth, say they, to erect a building upon it which will last longer than ourselves; if we are defended from the weather, it is sufficient.—As to the other arts, which are so highly esteemed in Greece, in Egypt, and in all other nations that have admitted the innumerable wants of polished life, they hold them in the greatest detestation, as the inventions of vanity and voluptuousness.

“When they are told of nations who have the art of erecting superb buildings, and of making splendid furniture of silver and gold stuffs, adorned with embroidery and jewels, exquisite perfumes, delicious meats, and instruments of music; they reply, that the people of such nations are extremely unhappy, to have employed so much ingenuity and labour to render themselves at once corrupt and wretched.—These superfluities, say they, effeminate, intoxicate, and torment those who possess them; and tempt those who possess them not, to acquire them by fraud and violence. Can that superfluity be good, which tends only to make men evil? Are the people of these countries more healthy or more robust than we are? Do they live longer, or agree better with each other? Do they enjoy more liberty, tranquil-

lity and cheerfulness? On the contrary, are they not jealous of each other? Are not their hearts corroded with envy, and agitated by ambition, avarice, and terror? Are they not incapable of pleasures that are pure and simple! And is not this incapacity, the unavoidable consequence of the innumerable artificial wants to which they are enslaved, and upon which they make all their happiness depend?

“Such,” said Adoam, “are the sentiments of this sagacious people, who have acquired wisdom only by the study of nature. They consider our refinements with abhorrence; and it must be confessed, that, in their simplicity, there is something not only amiable but great. They live in common without any partition of lands. The head of every family is its king: this patriarchal monarch has a right to punish his children, or his grand-children, if they are guilty of a fault; but he first takes the advice of his family. Punishment, indeed, is very rare among them: for innocence of manners, sincerity of heart, and hatred of vice, seem to be the natural productions of the country. Astrea, who is said to have quitted the earth, and ascended to heaven, seems still to be hidden among these happy people: they have no need of judges, for every man submits to the jurisdiction of conscience. They possess all things in common; for the cattle produce milk, and the fields and orchards fruit and grain of every kind in such abundance that a people so frugal and temperate have no need of property. They have no fixed place of abode; but when they have consumed the fruits, and exhausted the pasturage, of one part of the paradise which they inhabit, they remove their tents to another: they have, therefore, no opposition of interest, but are connected by a fraternal affection which there is nothing to interrupt. This peace, this union, this liberty, they preserve, by rejecting superfluous wealth, and deceitful pleasure: they are all free, and they are all equal.

“ Superior wisdom, the result either of long experience or uncommon abilities, is the only mark of distinction among them ; the sophistry of fraud, the cry of violence, the contention of the bar, and the tumult of battle, are never heard in this sacred region, which the gods have taken under their immediate protection : this soil has never been distained with human blood ; and even that of a lamb has rarely been shed upon it.—When the inhabitants are told of bloody battles, rapid conquests, and the subversion of empires, which happen in other countries, they stand aghast with astonishment :—What, say they, do not men die fast enough, without being destroyed by each other ? Can any man be insensible of the brevity of life ; and can he who knows it, think life too long ? Is it possible to suppose, that mankind came into the world merely to propagate misery, and to harass and destroy one another ?—Neither can the inhabitants of Bœotica comprehend, how those, who, by subjugating great empires, obtain the name of conquerors, came to be so much the object of admiration. To place happiness in the government of others, say they, is madness, since to govern well is a painful task ; but a desire to govern others against their will is madness in a still greater degree : a wise man cannot, without violence to himself, submit to take upon him the government of a willing people, whom the gods have committed to his charge, or who apply to him for guidance and protection : to govern people against their will, is to become miserable, for the false honour of holding others in slavery. A conqueror is one whom the gods, provoked by the wickedness of mankind, send, in their wrath, upon the earth, to ravage kingdoms ; to spread round them in a vast circle, terror, misery, and despair ; to destroy the brave, and enslave the free : has not he, who is ambitious of glory, sufficient opportunities of acquiring it, by managing with wisdom what the gods have intrusted to his

care? Can it be imagined, that praise is merited only by arrogance and injustice, by usurpation and tyranny? War should never be thought of, but in the defence of liberty. Happy is he who, not being the slave of another, is free from the frantic ambition of making another a slave to him! These conquerors who are represented as encircled with glory, resemble rivers that have overflowed their banks, which appear majestic, indeed, but which desolate the countries they ought to fertilize."

After Adoam had given this description of Bœotica, Telemachus, who had listened to it with great delight, asked him several questions, which would not have been suggested by common curiosity. "Do the inhabitants of Bœotica," said he, "drink wine?"—"They are so far from drinking wine," said Adoam, that they make none; not because they are without grapes, for no country in the world produces them in greater plenty or perfection; but they content themselves with eating them as they do other fruit, and are afraid of wine as the corrupter of mankind:—Wine, they say, is a species of poison, which produces madness: which does not kill men, indeed, but degrades them into brutes. Men may preserve their health, and their vigour, without wine; but, with wine, not their health only, but their virtue is in danger.

Telemachus then inquired, what laws were established in Bœotica, relating to marriage. "No man," said Adoam, "is allowed to have more than one wife; and every man is obliged to keep his wife as long as she lives: in this country, a man's reputation depends as much upon his fidelity to his wife, as a woman's reputation, in other countries, depends upon her fidelity to her husband. No people ever practised so scrupulous a decorum, or were so jealous of their chastity. Their women are beautiful, and have that sweet and tender sensibility, which is more than beauty; but they borrow no advantages

from art: there is all the simplicity of nature, both in their manners and their dress; and they take their share of the labour of the day. Their marriages are peaceable, fruitful, and undefiled: the husband and wife seem to be two bodies animated by one soul; the husband manages affairs without, and the wife within: she provides for his refreshment at his return, and seems to live only to please him: she gains his confidence; and as she charms him yet more by her virtue than her beauty, their happiness is such as death only can destroy. From this temperance, sobriety, and simplicity of manners, they derive longevity and health; and it is common to see among them men of an hundred, or an hundred and twenty years old, who have all the cheerfulness and vigour that make life desirable."

"But how," said Telemachus, "do they escape the calamities of war? Are they never invaded by other nations?"—"Nature," says Adoani, "has separated them from other nations, by the sea on one side, and by mountains almost inaccessible on the other; besides, their virtue has impressed foreign powers with reverence and awe. When any contest arises among the neighbouring states, they frequently make a common deposit of the territory in question, in the hands of the Bœotians, and appoint them arbitrators of the dispute. As these wise people are guilty of no violence, they are never mistrusted; and they laugh when they hear of kings who disagree about the boundaries of their country:—Are they afraid, said they, that the earth should not have room for its inhabitants? There will always be much more land than can be cultivated; and while any remains unappropriated by cultivation, we should think it folly to defend even our own against those who would invade it. These people are, indeed, wholly free from pride, fraud, and ambition; they do no injury, they violate no compact, they covet no territory; their neighbours, therefore, having

nothing to fear from them, nor any hope of making themselves feared by them, give them no disturbance. They would sooner abandon their country, or die upon the spot, than submit to a state of slavery; so that the same qualities that render them incapable of subjugating others, render it almost impossible for others to subjugate them. For these reasons, there is always a profound peace between them and their neighbours."

Adoam proceeded to give an account of the traffic which the Phœnicians carried on in Bœotica. "The inhabitants of that happy country," said he, "were astonished, when they first saw the waves bring strangers from a distant region to their coast: they received us, however, with great benevolence; and gave us part of whatever they had, without asking or expecting a return. They suffered us to establish a colony on the island of Gadir, and offered us whatever should remain of their wool, after their own necessities were supplied: sending us, at the same time, a considerable quantity of it as a present: for they have great pleasure in bestowing their superfluities upon strangers.

"As to their mines, they made no use of them; and therefore, without reluctance, left them entirely to us. Men, they thought, were not over wise, who, with so much labour, searched the bowels of the earth, for that which could give no true happiness, nor satisfy any natural want. They admonished us not to dig in the earth too deep: 'Content yourselves,' said they, 'with ploughing it, and it will yield you real benefits in return: it will yield those things to which gold and silver owe all their value; for gold and silver are valuable only as a means of procuring the necessaries of life.'

"We frequently offered to teach them navigation, and carry some of their youth with us to Phœnicia; but they never would consent that their children should live as we do. 'If our children were to go

with you,' said they, 'their wants would soon be as numerous as yours: the nameless variety of things which you have made necessary, would become necessary to them: they would be restless till these artificial wants were supplied; and they would renounce their virtue, by the practice of dishonest arts to supply them: they would soon resemble a man of good limbs and a sound constitution, who having, by long inactivity, forgot how to walk, is under the necessity of being carried like a cripple.' As to navigation, they admire it as a curious art, but they believe it to be pernicious: 'If these people,' say they, 'have the necessaries of life in their own country, what do they seek in ours? Will not those things which satisfy the wants of nature, satisfy their wants? Surely they that defy the tempest, to gratify avarice or luxury, deserve shipwreck.'"

Telemachus listened to this discourse of Adoam with unspeakable delight; and rejoiced that there was yet a people in the world who, by a perfect conformity to the law of nature, were so wise and so happy: "How different," said he, "are the manners of this nation from those which, in nations that have obtained the highest reputation for wisdom, are tainted throughout with vanity and ambition! To us the follies that have depraved us are so habitual, that we can scarcely believe this simplicity, though it is, indeed, the simplicity of nature, can be real: we consider the manners of these people as a splendid fiction, and they ought to regard ours as preposterous dream."

BOOK IX.

Venus, still incensed against Telemachus, requests of Jupiter that he ~~may~~ perish: but this not being permitted by the Fates, the goddess consults with Neptune how his return to Ithaca, whither Adoam is conducting him, may be prevented. They employ an illusive divinity to deceive Athamas the pilot, who supposing the land before him to be Ithaca, enters full sail into the port of Salentum. Telemachus is kindly received by Idomeneus in his new city, where he is preparing a sacrifice to Jupiter, that he may be successful in a war against the Maudurians. The entrails of the victims being consulted by the priest, he perceives the omens to be happy, but declares that Idomeneus will owe his good fortune to his guests.

WHILE Telemachus and Adoam were engaged in this conversation, forgetful of sleep, and not perceiving that the night was already half spent; an unfriendly and deceitful power turned their course from Ithaca, which Athamas, their pilot, sought in vain. Neptune, although he was propitious to the Phœnicians, could not bear the escape of Telemachus from the tempest which had shipwrecked him on the island of Calypso; and Venus was still more provoked at the triumph of a youth who had been victorious against all the power and the wiles of love. Her bosom throbbed at once with grief and indignation; and she could not endure the places where Telemachus had treated her sovereignty with contempt; turning therefore from Cythera, Paphos, and Idalia, and disregarding the homage that was paid her in the isle of Cyprus, she ascended the radiant summit of Olympus, where the gods were assembled round the throne of Jupiter. From this place they beheld the stars rolling beneath their feet: and this earth, an obscure and diminutive spot, is scarcely distinguished among them: the vast oceans, by which its continents are divided, appear but as drops of water; and the most extended empires but as a little sand, scattered between them: the innumerable multitudes that swarm upon the surface are but like insects quickening in the sun; and the most powerful armies resemble a cluster of emmets, that are contending for a grain of corn, or a blade of grass. Whatever is most important in the consideration of men, excites

the laughter of the gods as the sport of children; and what we distinguish by the names of grandeur, glory, power, and policy, are, in their sight, no better than misery and folly.

On this awful, this stupendous height, Jupiter has fixed his everlasting throne. His eyes penetrate to the centre, and pass in a moment through all the labyrinths of the heart: his smile diffuses over all nature serenity and joy; but at his frown, not earth only, but heaven trembles. The gods themselves are dazzled with the glory that surrounds him; and approach not his throne but with reverence and fear.

He was now surrounded by the celestial deities: and Venus presented herself before him, in all the splendour of that beauty of which she is herself the source: her robe, which flowed negligently round her, exceeded in brightness all the colours with which Iris decks herself amidst the dusky clouds, when she promises to affrighted mortals, that the storm shall have an end, and that calm and sunshine shall return. Her waist was encircled by that mysterious zone, which comprises every grace that can excite desire; and her hair was tied negligently behind, in a fillet of gold. The gods were struck with her beauty, as if they never had seen it before; and their eyes were dazzled with its brightness, like those of mortals, when the first radiance of the sun unexpectedly breaks upon them after a long night. They glanced a hasty look of astonishment at each other, but their eyes still centred in her: they perceived, however, that she had been weeping, and that grief was strongly pictured in her countenance.

In the meantime, she advanced towards the throne of Jupiter, with a light and easy motion, like the flight of a bird, which glides unresisted through the regions of the air. The god received her with a smile of divine complacency; and, rising from his seat, embraced her: "What is it, my dear child," said he, "that has troubled you? I cannot behold

your tears with indifference: fear not to tell me all that is in your heart; you know the tenderness of my affection, and my readiness to indulge your wish."

"O father, both of gods and men," replied the goddess, with a sweet and gentle, but interrupted, voice, "can you, from whom nothing is hidden, be ignorant of the cause of my distress? Minerva, not satisfied with having subverted to its foundation the superb city which was under my protection, nor with having gratified her revenge upon Paris, for judging her beauty to be inferior to mine, conducts in safety, through every nation, and over every sea, the son of Ulysses, by whose cruel subtilty the ruin of Troy was effected. Minerva is now the companion of Telemachus; and it is therefore, that her place among the deities, who surround the throne of Jupiter, is vacant: she has conducted that presumptuous mortal to Cyprus, only that he might insult me: he has despised my power; he disdained even to burn incense upon my altars; he turned with abhorrence from the feasts which are there celebrated to my honour; and he has barred his heart against every pleasure that I inspire. Neptune has, at my request, provoked the winds and waves against him in vain. He was shipwrecked in a dreadful storm, upon the island of Calypso; but he has there triumphed over Love himself, whom I sent to soften his unfeeling heart: neither the youth nor the beauty of Calypso and her nymphs, nor the burning shafts of immortal Love, have been able to defeat the artifices of Minerva: she has torn him from that island; a stripling has triumphed over me; and I am overwhelmed with confusion.

"It is true, my daughter," said Jupiter, who was desirous to soothe her sorrows, "that Minerva defends the breast of Telemachus against all the arrows of your son; and designs a glory for him, which no youth has yet deserved. I am not pleased that he has despised your altars: but I cannot subject him

to your power: I consent, however, for your sake, that he shall be still a wanderer by land and sea; that he shall be still distant from his country, and still exposed to danger and misfortune: but the Destinies forbid that he should perish; nor will they permit his virtue to be drowned in the pleasure which you vouchsafe to man. Take comfort, then, my child; remember over how many heroes and gods your sway is absolute, and be content."

While he thus spoke, a gracious smile blended ineffable sweetness and majesty in his countenance: and a glancing radiance issued from his eye, brighter and more piercing than lightning: he kissed the goddess with tenderness, and the mountain was suffused with ambrosial odours. This favour, from the sovereign of the skies, could not fail to touch the sensibility of Venus: her countenance kindled into a lively expression of joy, and she threw down her veil to hide her blushes and confusion. The divine assembly applauded the words of Jupiter; and Venus, without losing a moment, went in search of Neptune, to concert new means of revenging herself upon Telemachus.

She told Neptune all that Jupiter had said. "I know already," replied Neptune, "the unchangeable decrees of Fate: but if we cannot overwhelm Telemachus in the deep, let us neglect nothing that may make him wretched, or delay his return to Ithaca. I cannot consent to destroy the Phœnician vessel, in which he is embarked; for I love the Phœnicians; they are my peculiar people; and they do more honour to my dominion, than any other nation on earth: they have rendered the ocean itself the bond of society, by which the most distant countries are united: their sacrifices continually smoke upon my altars; they are inflexibly just; they are the fathers of commerce, and diffuse through all nations convenience and plenty. I cannot, therefore, permit one of their vessels to suffer shipwreck; but I will cause the

pilot to mistake his course, and steer from Ithaca, the port that he designs to make." Venus, satisfied with this promise, expressed her pleasure by a malignant smile; and turned the rapid wheels of her celestial chariot over the blooming plains of Idalia, where the graces, the sports, and smiles, expressed their joy at her return, by dancing round her upon the flowers, which, in that delightful country, variegate the ground with beauty, and impregnate the gale with fragrance.

Neptune immediately despatched one of the deities that preside over those deceptions which resemble dreams; except that dreams affect only those that sleep, and these impose upon the waking. This malevolent power, attended by a multitude of winged illusions, that perpetually fluttered round him, shed a subtile and fascinating liquor over the eyes of Athamas the pilot, while he was attentively considering the brightness of the moon, the course of the stars, and the coast of Ithaca, the cliffs of which he discovered not far distant. From that moment the eyes of Athamas became unfaithful to their objects, and presented to him another heaven and another earth: the stars appeared as if their course had been inverted; Olympus seemed to move by new laws, and the earth itself to have changed its position. A false Ithaca rose up before him, while he was steering from the real country: and the delusive shore fled as he approached it: he perceived that he did not gain upon it, and he wondered at the cause: yet sometimes he fancied he heard the noise of people in the port: and he was about to make preparations according to the orders he had received for putting Telemachus on shore upon a little island adjacent to that of Ithaca, in order to conceal his return from the suitors of Penelope, who had conspired his destruction. Sometimes he thought himself in danger of the rocks which surround the coast, and imagined that he heard the dreadful roar-

ing of the surge that broke against them : then the land suddenly appeared to be again distant ; and the mountains looked but like the clouds, which sometimes obscure the horizon at the setting of the sun.

Thus was Athamas astonished and confounded, and the influence of the deity which had deceived his sight, impressed a dread upon his mind, which, till then, he had never felt : he sometimes almost doubted whether he was awake, or whether what he saw was not the illusion of a dream. In the mean time, Neptune commanded the east wind to blow, that the vessel might be driven upon the coast of Hesperia : and the wind obeyed with such violence, that the coast of Hesperia was immediately before them.

Aurora had already proclaimed the day to be at hand ; and the stars, touched at once with fear and envy at the rays of the sun, retired to conceal their fading fires in the bosom of the deep ; when the pilot suddenly cried out, “ I am now sure of my port ; the island of Ithaca is before us, and we almost touch the shore. Rejoice, O Telemachus ! for, in less than an hour, you will embrace Penelope, and perhaps again behold Ulysses upon his throne.”

This exclamation roused Telemachus, who was now in a profound sleep : he awaked, started up, and running to the helm, embraced the pilot ; at the same time fixing his eyes, which were scarcely open, upon the neighbouring coast, the view struck him at once with surprise and disappointment ; for, in these shores, he found no resemblance of his country. “ Alas ! ” said he, “ where are we ? This is not Ithaca, the dear island that I seek. You are certainly mistaken ; and are not perfectly acquainted with a country so distant from your own.” “ No,” replied Athamas, “ I cannot be mistaken in the coast of this island : I have entered the port so often, that I am acquainted with every rock, and have not a more exact remembrance even of Tyre itself. Observe that mountain which runs out from the shore,

and that rock which rises like a tower ; do not you see others that, projecting from above, seem to threaten the sea with their fall ? And do you not hear the waves that break against them below ? There is the temple of Minerva, which seems to penetrate the clouds ; and there the citadel and the palace of Ulysses !” “ Still you are mistaken,” replied Telemachus : “ I see a coast which is elevated indeed, but level and unbroken ! I perceive a city, but it is not Ithaca. Is it thus, ye gods ! that ye sport with men ?”

While Telemachus was yet speaking, the eyes of Athamas were again changed : the charm was broken ; he saw the coast as it was, and acknowledged his mistake. “ I confess,” said he, “ O Telemachus ! that some unfriendly power has fascinated my sight. I thought I beheld the coast of Ithaca, of which perfect image was represented to me, that is now vanished like a dream. I now see another city, and know it to be Salentum, which Idomeneus, a fugitive from Crete, is founding in Hesperia : I perceive rising walls as yet unfinished ; and I see a port not entirely fortified.”

While Athamas was remarking the various works which were carrying on in this rising city, and Telemachus was deploring his misfortunes, the wind, which Neptune had commanded to blow, carried them with full sails into the road, where they found themselves under shelter, and very near the port.

Mentor, who was neither ignorant of the resentment of Neptune, nor the cruel artifices of Venus, only smiled at the mistake of Athamas. When they had got safe into the road, “ Jupiter tries you,” said he to Telemachus, “ but he will not suffer you to perish : he tries you, that he may open before you the path of glory. Remember the labours of Hercules, and let the achievements of your father be always present to your mind : he that knows not how to suffer, has no greatness of soul. You

must weary fortune, who delights to persecute you, by patience and fortitude; and be assured, that you are much less endangered by the displeasure of Neptune, than by the caresses of Calypso. But why do we delay to enter the harbour? The people here are our friends, for they are natives of Greece; and Idomeneus, having himself been ill-treated by fortune, will naturally be touched with pity at our distress." They immediately entered the port of Salentum, where the Phœnicians were admitted without scruple; for they are at peace, and in trade, with every nation upon earth.

Telemachus looked upon that rising city with admiration. As a young plant that has been watered with the dews of the night feels the glow of the morning sun, grows under the genial influence, opens its buds, unfolds its leaves, spreads out its odoriferous flowers, variegated with a thousand dyes, and discloses every moment some fresh beauty; so flourished this infant city of Idomeneus on the borders of the deep. It rose into greater magnificence every hour; and discovered, in a distant prospect, to the strangers that approached it by sea, new ornaments of architecture, that seemed to reach the clouds. The whole coast resounded with the voices of workmen, and the strokes of the hammer, and huge stones were seen suspended from pulleys in the air. As soon as the morning dawned, the people were animated to their labour by their chiefs; and Idomeneus himself being present to dispense his orders, the works were carried on with incredible expedition.

As soon as the Phœnician vessel came to shore, the Cretans received Telemachus and Mentor with all the tokens of a sincere friendship; and immediately acquainted Idomeneus, that the son of Ulysses was arrived in his dominions. "The son of Ulysses," said he, "of my dear friend Ulysses! of him, who is at once a hero and a sage; by whose

counsel alone the destruction of Troy was accomplished! Let him be conducted hither, that I may convince him how much I loved his father! Telemachus, being then presented to him, told him his name, and then demanded the rights of hospitality.

Idomeneus received him with a smile of tender complacency: "I believe," said he, "I should have known you, if I had not been told your name. I perceive your father's fire and firmness in your eye: the same coldness and reserve in your first address, which, in him, concealed so much vivacity, and such various grace. You have his smile of conscious penetration; his easy negligence, and his sweet, simple, and insinuating elocution, which takes the soul captive, before it can prepare for defence. You are, indeed, the son of Ulysses! from this hour you shall also be mine.—Tell me, then," says he, "what adventure has brought you to this coast? Are you in search of your father? Alas! of your father, I can give you no intelligence. Fortune has equally persecuted both him and me: he has never been able to return to his country; and I became the victim of divine displeasure in mine." While Idomeneus was thus speaking to Telemachus, he fixed his eyes attentively upon Mentor, as a man whose countenance was not wholly unknown to him, though he could not recollect his name.

In the mean time, the eyes of Telemachus were filled with tears: "Forgive," said he, "O king! the grief that I cannot hide. I ought now, indeed, to betray no passion, but joy at your presence, and gratitude for your bounty; yet, by the regret you express for the loss of Ulysses, you impress me with a new sense of my misfortune in the loss of a father! I have already long sought him through all the regions of the deep. Such is the displeasure of the gods, that they neither permit me to find him, nor to learn whether the sea has not closed over him for ever; nor yet to return to Ithaca, where Penelope

pires with an anxious desire to be delivered from her lovers. I hoped to have found you in Crete, where I only heard the story of your misfortunes; and I had then no thought of approaching the coast of Hesperia, where you have founded another kingdom. But fortune, who sports with mankind, and keeps me wandering through every country that is distant from my own, has at length thrown me upon your coast; a misfortune which I regret less than any other, since, though I am driven from Ithaca, I am at least brought to Idomeneus, the most generous of men."

Idomeneus, having embraced Telemachus with great tenderness, conducted him to his palace, where he inquired what venerable old man it was that accompanied him: "I think," said he, "that I have somewhere seen him before." "That is Mentor," replied Telemachus, "the friend of Ulysses, to whose care he confided my infancy, and to whom my obligations are more than I can express."

Idomeneus immediately advanced towards Mentor, and gave him his hand. "We have seen each other before," said he: "do you remember the voyage that you made to Crete, and the good counsel that you gave me there? I was then carried away by the impetuosity of youth, and the love of deceitful pleasure. It was necessary that what I refused to learn from wisdom, I should be taught by adversity: would to Heaven that I had confided in your counsel! But I am astonished to see that so many years have made so little alteration in your appearance: there is the same freshness in your countenance, your stature is still erect, and your vigour is undiminished: I see no difference, except that there are a few more grey hairs upon your head."

"If I was inclined to flatter," replied Mentor, "I would say, that you also preserve the same bloom of youth, which glowed upon your countenance before the siege of Troy; but I had rather deny myself the

pleasure of gratifying you, than offend against truth. I perceive, indeed, by the wisdom of your discourse, that, from flattery, you could receive no gratification; and that he who speaks to Idomeneus, risks nothing by his sincerity. You are, indeed, much changed: so much, that I should scarcely have known you; but I am not ignorant of the cause; the hand of misfortune has been upon you: you are, however, a gainer, even by your sufferings, for they have taught you wisdom; and the wrinkles, that time impresses upon the face, ought not much to be regretted, if, in the mean while, he is planting virtue in the breast. Besides, it should be considered that kings must wear out faster than other men; in adversity, the solicitude of the mind, and the fatigues of the body, bring on the infirmities of age before they are old; and, in prosperity, the indulgences of a voluptuous life wear them out still more than corporal labour or intellectual sufferance. Nothing is so fatal to health as immoderate pleasure; and, therefore, kings, both in peace and war, have pains and pleasures which precipitate old age. A sober, temperate, and simple life, free from the inquietudes both of accident and passion, divided in due proportions between labour and rest, continues long to the wise the blessings of youth; which, if these precautions do not retain them, are ever ready to fly away upon the wings of time."

Idomeneus, who listened with delight to the wisdom of Mentor, would longer have indulged himself in so noble a pleasure, if he had not been reminded of a sacrifice which he was to offer to Jupiter. Telemachus and Mentor followed him to the temple, surrounded by a crowd of people who gazed at the two strangers with great eagerness and curiosity. "These men," said they, "are very different from each other. The younger has something sprightly and amiable, that is hard to be defined: all the graces of youth and beauty are diffused over his

whole person: yet he has nothing effeminately soft; though the bloom of youth is scarcely ripened into manhood, he appears vigorous, robust, and inured to labour. The other, though much older, has suffered no injury from time: at the first view, his general appearance is less noble, and his countenance less gracious; but, upon a closer examination, we find, under this unassuming simplicity, strong indications both of wisdom and of virtue; with a kind of nameless superiority, that excites at once both reverence and admiration. When the gods descended upon the earth, they doubtless assumed the form of such strangers and travellers as these."

In the mean time, they arrived at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was descended from the god, had adorned with the utmost magnificence. It was surrounded with a double range of columns of variegated marble; the capitals of which were of silver. The whole building was cased with marble, enriched with bas relief: the carving represented the transformation of Jupiter into a bull, and his rape of Europa, whom he bore into Crete through the waves, which seemed to reverence the god, though he was concealed under a borrowed form; and the birth of Minos, the events of his youth, and the dispensation of those laws in his more advanced age which were calculated to perpetuate the prosperity of his country. Telemachus observed also representations of the principal events of the siege of Troy, at which Idomeneus acquired great military reputation: among these representations, Telemachus looked for his father; and he found him seizing the horses of Rhesus, whom Diomedes had just slain; disputing the armour of Achilles with Ajax, before the princes of Greece; and, descending from the fatal horse, to deluge Troy with the blood of her inhabitants. By these achievements Telemachus distinguished his father: for he had frequently heard them mentioned, and they

had been particularly described to him by Mentor. His mind kindled as he considered them; the tears swelled in his eyes, he changed colour, and his countenance was troubled: he turned away his face to conceal his confusion, which, however, was perceived by the king: "Do not be ashamed," said Idomeneus, "that we should see how sensibly you are touched with the glory and misfortunes of your father."

The people were now gathered in a throng, under the vast porticos, which were formed by the double range of columns that surrounded the building. There were two companies of boys and virgins, who sung hymns to the praise of the god, in whose hand are the thunders of the sky: they were selected for their beauty, and had long hair, which flowed in loose curls over their shoulders: they were clothed in white, and their heads were crowned with roses, and sprinkled with perfume. Idomeneus sacrificed a hundred bulls to Jupiter, to obtain success in a war which he had undertaken against the neighbouring states: the blood of the victims smoked on every side, and was received into large vases of silver and gold.

Theophanes, the priest of the temple, venerable for his age, and beloved of the god, having kept his head covered during the ceremony, with the skirt of his purple robe, proceeded to examine the still panting entrails of the victims: he then mounted the sacred tripod, and cried out, "Who, ye gods! are these strangers, that ye have brought amongst us? Without them, the war which we have undertaken would have been fatal; and Salentum would have fallen into ruin, while it was yet rising from its foundations. I see a hero in the bloom of youth; I see him conducted by the hand of Wisdom! To mortal lips thus much only is permitted."

While he spoke, his looks became wild, and his eyes fiery; he seemed to see other objects than those

that were before him ; his countenance was inflamed ; his hair stood up, his mouth foamed ; his arms, which were stretched upwards, remained immovable, and all his faculties seemed to be under a supernatural influence : his voice was more than human ; he gasped for breath, and was agonized by the divine spirit that moved within him. He soon burst into a new exclamation : “ O happy Idomeneus ! what do I see ! tremendous evils ! but they are averted. Within there is peace ; but without there is battle ! there is victory ! O Telemachus ! thy achievements surpass those of thy father ! Under thy falchion, pride and hostility grovel in the dust together ; and gates of brass, and inaccessible ramparts, fall in one ruin at thy feet ! O mighty goddess ! let his father —— Illustrious youth ! thou shalt again behold ——.” Here the words died upon his tongue, and his powers were involuntarily suspended in silence and astonishment.

The multitude was chilled with horror : Idomeneus trembled, and did not dare to urge Theophanes to proceed : Telemachus himself scarcely comprehended what he had heard, and almost doubted whether predictions so sublime and important had really been delivered. Mentor was the only person, in that vast assembly, whom the effusions of the divinity had not astonished : “ You hear,” said he to Idomeneus, “ the purposes of the gods : against whatever nation you shall turn your arms, your victory is secure ; but it is to this youth, the son of your friend, that you will owe your success : be not jealous of his honour ; but receive with gratitude what the gods shall give you by his hand.

Idomeneus endeavoured to reply ; but not being yet recovered from his surprise, he could find no words, and therefore remained silent. Telemachus was more master of himself : “ The promise of so much glory,” said he to Mentor, “ does not much affect me ; I desire only to know the meaning of :

those last words, 'Thou shalt again behold:' Is it my father, or my country only, that I shall behold again? Why, alas! was the sentence left unfinished? Why was it so broken, as rather to increase than diminish my uncertainty? O Ulysses! O my father! is it thy very self that I shall again behold? Is it possible? Alas! my wishes deceive me into hope: this cruel oracle has only sported with my misfortunes: one word more would have made me completely happy!"—"Reverence what the gods have revealed," said Mentor; "and do not seek to discover what they have hidden: it is fit that presumptuous curiosity should be covered with confusion. The gods, in the abundance of their wisdom and mercy, have concealed the future, from the sight of man, in impenetrable darkness. It is proper, indeed, that we should know the event of what depends wholly upon ourselves, as a motive to rectitude of conduct; but it is equally fit, that we should be ignorant of those events over which we have no influence, and of what the gods have determined to be our lot."

Telemachus felt the force of this reply, yet he could not restrain himself without difficulty. In the meantime, Idomeneus having perfectly recovered the possession of his mind, began to express his gratitude to Jupiter, for having sent Telemachus and Mentor to give him victory over his enemies. A magnificent entertainment was given after the sacrifice, and he then addressed the strangers to this effect: "I confess that when I returned from the siege of Troy to Crete, I was not sufficiently acquainted with the arts of government. You are not ignorant, my dear friends, of the misfortunes which excluded me from the sovereignty of that extensive island; for you tell me that you have been there since I quitted it: misfortunes, which I shall think more than atoned, if they teach me wisdom, and repress my passions! I traversed the seas, like

a fugitive, pursued by the vengeance both of heaven and earth: the elevation of my former state served but to aggravate my fall; and I sought an asylum for my household gods upon this desert coast, which I found covered with thorns and brambles, with impenetrable forests, as ancient as the earth upon which they grew, and abounding with almost inaccessible rocks, in which the wild beasts that prowled by night took shelter in the day. Such was my necessity, that I was glad to take possession of this desolate wilderness, with a small number of soldiers and friends, who kindly became the companions of my misfortunes, and to consider these deserts as my country. having no hope of returning to that happy island, in which it was the will of the gods that I should be born to reign. I felt the change with the keenest sensibility. What a dreadful example, said I, is Idomeneus to other kings! and what instruction may they derive from his sufferings! They imagine, that their elevation above the rest of men, is a security from misfortune; but, alas! their very superiority is their danger. I was dreaded by my enemies, and beloved by my subjects; I commanded a powerful and warlike nation; fame had acquainted the remotest regions with my glory; I was the lord of a fertile and delightful country: I received tribute from the wealth of a hundred cities; I was acknowledged to be descended from Jupiter, who was born in the country that I governed; I was beloved as the grandson of Minos, whose laws at once rendered them powerful and happy; and what was wanting to my felicity, but the knowledge how to enjoy it with moderation? My pride, and the adulation which gratified it, subverted my throne, and I fell, as every king must fall, who delivers himself up to his own passions, and to the counsels of flattery. When I came hither, I laboured to conceal my anguish by a look of cheerfulness and hope, that I might support the courage of my companions:

Let us build a new city, said I, to console us for what we have lost. We are surrounded with people who have set us a fair example for the undertaking: we see Tarentum rising near us, a city founded by Phalanthus and his Lacedæmonians; Philoctetes is building Petilia on the same coast, and Metapontum is another colony of the like kind. Shall we do less than these strangers have done, who are wanderers as well as we, and to whom fortune has not been less severe? But I wanted the comfort which I sought to bestow; and concealed, in my own bosom, that anguish which I soothed in others; of this I hoped no other alleviation, than to be released from the constraint of hiding it, and anticipated the close of the day with comfort, when, surrounded by the shades of night, I might indulge my sorrows without a witness. My eyes were then drowned in tears, and sleep was a stranger to my bed: yet, the next morning, I renewed my labour with equal ardour and perseverance: and these are the causes that I am old before my time."

Idomeneus then requested the assistance of Telemachus and Mentor, in the war that he had undertaken: "I will send you to Ithaca," said he, "as soon as it shall be over; and, in the mean time, I will despatch ships to every country in quest of Ulysses; and from whatever part of the known world on which he shall have been cast by a tempest, or by the resentment of some adverse deity, he shall be brought in safety; may the gods grant that he be still alive! As for you, I will embark you in the best vessels that ever were built in the island of Crete: vessels that are constructed of trees which grew upon Mount Ida, the birth-place of Jupiter: that sacred wood can never perish in the deep; it is revered equally by the rocks and winds; and Neptune himself, in the utmost fury of his wrath, does not dare to swell the waves against it. Be assured, therefore, that you shall return to Ithaca

in safety; and that no adverse deity shall again drive you to another coast: the voyage is short, and easy; dismiss, therefore, the Phœnician vessel that has brought you hither, and think only of the glory you will acquire by establishing the new kingdom of Idomeneus, to atone for his sufferings that are past. This, O son of Ulysses! shall prove that thou art worthy thy father; and if the inexorable Fates have already compelled him to descend into the gloomy dominions of Pluto, Greece shall think with pleasure, that she still sees her Ulysses in thee."

Here Idomeneus was interrupted by Telemachus: "Let us send away the Phœnician vessel," said he; "why should we delay to take arms against your enemies, since your enemies must also be ours? If we have been victorious in the behalf of Acestes, a Trojan, and consequently an enemy to Greece, should we not exert ourselves with more ardour, and shall we not be more favoured by the gods, in the cause of a Grecian prince, a confederate of those heroes by whom the perfidious city of Priam was overturned? Surely, the oracle that we have just heard has made doubt impossible."

BOOK X.

Idomeneus acquaints Mentor with the cause of the war: he tells him, that the Mandurians ceded to him the coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his new city as soon as he arrived; that they withdrew to the neighbouring mountains, where having been ill-treated by some of his people, they had sent deputies, with whom he had settled articles of peace; and that after a breach of that treaty, on the part of Idomeneus, by some hunters who knew nothing of it, the Mandurians prepared to attack him. During this recital, the Mandurians, having already taken arms, appear at the gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes, and Phalanthus, whom Idomeneus supposed to be neuter, appear to have joined them with their forces. Mentor goes out of Salentum alone, and proposes new conditions of peace.

MENTOR turned to Telemachus, who, while he was speaking, felt an heroic ardour kindle in his bosom, with a look of calm complacency: "I see with pleasure," said he, "O son of Ulysses! the desire of glory that now sparkles in your eyes; but you

must remember, that your father acquired his pre-eminence among the confederate princes at the siege of Troy by his superior wisdom and dispassionate counsels. Achilles, though he was invincible and invulnerable, though he was sure to spread terror and destruction wherever he fought, could never take the city of Troy, which, when he expired under her walls, stood yet unshaken, and triumphed over the conqueror of Hector: but Ulysses, whose valour was under the direction of consummate prudence, carried fire and sword to its centre; and it is to Ulysses that we owe the fall of those lofty towers, which threatened confederate Greece more than ten years with destruction. A circumspect and sagacious valour is as much superior to a thoughtless and impetuous courage, as Minerva is to Mars: let us, therefore, before we engage in this war, inquire upon what grounds it is undertaken. I am willing to incur any danger; but it is fit I should first learn from Idomeneus, whether his war is just, against whom it is waged, and on what forces he builds his hopes of success."

"When we arrived at this coast," replied Idomeneus, "we found it inhabited by a savage people, who lived wild in the forests, subsisting upon such animals as they could kill by hunting, and such fruits and herbage as the seasons produced without culture. These people, who were called Mandurians, being terrified at the sight of our vessels and our arms, fled to the mountains; but as our soldiers were curious to see the country, and were frequently led far into it in pursuit of their game, they met with some of the fugitives, and were addressed by their chiefs to this effect: 'We have abandoned the pleasant borders of the sea, that you might possess them: and nothing remains for us, but mountains that are almost inaccessible: it is therefore but equitable, that of these mountains you should leave us the peaceable possession. You are fallen into our hands, a wan-

dering, dispersed, and defenceless party; and we could now destroy you, without leaving to your companions a possibility of discovering your fate: but we will not dip our hands in the blood of those, who, though strangers, partake of one common nature with ourselves. Go, then, in peace! Remember, that you are indebted for your lives to our humanity; and that a people, whom you have stigmatized with the name of savages and barbarians, have given you this lesson of moderation and generosity.

“ Our people, thus dismissed by the barbarians, came back to the camp, and told what had happened. The soldiers took fire at the relation; they disdained that Cretans should owe their lives to a company of wandering savages, who, in their opinion, were more like bears than men. They went out, therefore, to the chase in greater numbers and better armed: they soon fell in with a party of the natives, and immediately attacked them: the contest was bloody; the arrows flew on each side, as thick as hail in a storm; and the savages were at length driven back to their mountains, whither our people did not dare to pursue them.

“ A short time afterwards, they sent two of the wisest of their old men to me, demanding peace. They brought me such presents as they had; the skins of wild beasts, and the fruits of the country. After they had given them, they addressed me in these terms:—‘ We hold, as thou seest, O king! in one hand the sword, and an olive branch in the other; peace and war; choose either. Peace has the preference in our estimation: it is for peace that we have yielded, to thy people, the delightful borders of the sea, where the sun renders the earth fertile, and matures the most delicious fruits: peace is still more sweet than these fruits; and, for peace, we have retired to the mountains that are covered with eternal snow, where spring is decorated with no flowers and autumn is enriched with no fruit: we abhor that bru-

tality, which, under the specious names of ambition and glory, desolates the earth, and destroys mankind. If thou hast placed glory in carnage and desolation, we do not envy, but pity the delusion ; and beseech the gods, that our minds may never be perverted by so dreadful a phrenzy. If the sciences, which the Greeks learn with so much assiduity, and the politeness which they boast with such a conscious superiority, inspire them with desires so sanguinary and injurious, we think ourselves happy to be without these advantages. It will be our glory to continue ignorant and unpolished, but just, humane, faithful, and disinterested ; to be content with little ; and to despise the false delicacy which makes it necessary to have much. We prize nothing but health, frugality, freedom, and vigour both of body and of mind ; we cultivate only the love of virtue, the fear of the gods, benevolence to our neighbours, zeal for our friends, and integrity to the world ; moderation in prosperity, fortitude in distress, courage to speak truth in every situation, and a just abhorrence and contempt of flattery. Such are the people whom we offer thee as neighbours and allies ! If thou shalt be so blinded by the gods in their displeasure, as to reject them, experience shall teach thee, when it is too late, that those whose moderation inclines them to peace, are most to be dreaded, when compelled into war.'

“ While I listened to the untutored wisdom of these children of nature, I regarded them with a fixed attention ; yet my eye was still unsatisfied. Their beards were long, just as they grew ; their hair was shorter, but white as snow ; their eyebrows were thick, and their eyes piercing : their look was firm, their speech deliberate and commanding, and their deportment simple and ingenuous. They were covered only with some furs, which being thrown loosely over them, were fastened with a knot on the shoulder, and discovered muscles of a bolder swell, and

arms of more sinewy strength, than those of our wrestlers.

“ I told these singular envoys that I was desirous of peace ; and settled several articles of a treaty between us, with an honest intention to fulfil them, which we called upon the gods to witness ; and having made them presents in my turn, I dismissed them. The gods, however, who had driven me from a kingdom that I was born to inherit, continued to persecute me in this. Our hunting parties that were at this time out, and were consequently ignorant of our treaty, met a numerous body of these poor savages, who had accompanied their envoys, as they were returning home on the very day that the treaty had been concluded ; and falling upon them with great fury, killed many of them, and pursued the rest into the woods. The war was thus kindled ; and the barbarians have conceived an opinion that we are not to be trusted, either upon our promise or our oath.

“ That they may be the better able to take the field against us, they have called in to their assistance the Locrians, the Apulians, the Lucanians, the Bru-tians, and the people of Crotona, Neritum, and Brun-dusium. The Lucanians come to battle with chariots that are armed with scythes : the Apulians are covered with the skins of the wild beasts they have slain, and are armed with maces that are covered with knots, and stuck full of iron spikes ; they are of a gigantic stature ; and the laborious exercises to which they are addicted render them so brawny and robust, that their very appearance is terrifying. The Locrians, who came anciently from Greece, have not yet lost all traces of their origin : they are less savage than the rest ; but they have added, to the regular discipline of the Greek troops, the native vigour of the barbarians, and the habitual hardiness produced by constant activity and coarse fare, which render them invincible : they are armed with a long sword ; and, for defence, carry a light target

wicker-work covered with skins. The Brutians are as light of foot as a roe, so that the grass scarcely bends under them; nor is it easy to trace their steps even upon the sand; they rush upon their enemies almost before they are seen, and again vanish with the same rapidity. The Crotonians are formidable for their archery; they carry such bows as few Greeks are able to bend, and if ever they should become candidates in the Olympic games, they would certainly carry the prize: their arrows are dipped in the juice of some poisonous herb, which is said to grow upon the banks of Avernus; and the wound which they give is mortal. As for the inhabitants of Neritum and Brundusium, they have nothing to boast, but corporal strength and instinctive courage; but they make their onset with a yell, which, of all sounds, is the most dreadful; they make no bad use of the sling, from which they discharge a shower of stones that darkens the air; but they fight altogether without order. You now know the origin of the war, and the nature of our enemies."

After this explanation, Telemachus, who was impatient for a battle, thought only of taking the field. Mentor again perceived and restrained his ardour: "How comes it," said he to Idomeneus, "that the Locrians, who are themselves of Grecian origin, have taken up arms for the barbarians against the Greeks? How comes it that so many colonies flourish upon the same coast, that are not threatened with the same hostilities? You say, O Idomeneus! that the gods are not yet weary of persecuting you; and I say, that they have not yet completed your instruction. All the misfortunes that you have suffered hitherto, have not taught you what should be done to prevent a war. What you have yourself related of the candid integrity of these barbarians, is sufficient to show that you might have shared with them the blessings of peace; but pride and arrogance necessarily bring on the calamities of

war. You might have changed hostages; and it would have been easy to have sent some persons, of proper authority with the ambassadors, to have procured them a safe return. After the war had broken out, you might have put an end to it, by representing to the sufferers that they were attacked by a party of your people, who could have received no intelligence of the treaty which had just been concluded. Such sureties ought to have been given them, as they should have required; and your subjects should have been enjoined to keep the treaty inviolate, under the sanction of the severest punishments. But what further has happened, since the war broke out?"

"I thought it beneath us," said Idomeneus, "to make any application to these barbarians, when they had precipitately called together all their fighting men, and solicited the assistance of all the neighbouring nations, to which they necessarily rendered us hateful and suspected. I thought the best thing I could do, was suddenly to seize certain passes in the mountains that were not sufficiently secured, which was accordingly done; and this has put the barbarians very much in our power. I have erected towers in these passes, from which our people can so annoy the enemy, as effectually to prevent their invading our country from the mountains; while we can enter theirs, and ravage their principal settlements when we please. We are thus in a condition to defend ourselves against superior force, and keep off the almost innumerable multitude of enemies that surround us, although our force is not equal; but as to peace, it seems at present to be impossible. We cannot abandon these towers, without exposing ourselves to invasion; and while we keep them, they are considered as fortresses, intended to reduce the natives to a state of slavish subjection."

"I know," replied Mentor, "that to the wisdom of Idomeneus, truth will be most welcome without ornaments and disguise. You are superior to those

who, with equal weakness and timidity, turn away their eyes at her approach ; and not having courage to correct their faults, employ their authority to support them. I will then freely tell you, that these savages set you a noble example, when they came with propositions of peace. Did they desire peace, because they were not able to sustain a war ? Did they want either courage or strength to take the field against you ? Certainly they did not ; for their martial spirit is now equally manifest, with the number and force of their allies. Why was not their example thought worthy of imitation ? You have been deceived into misfortune, by false notions, both of honour and shame : you have been afraid of making your enemies proud ; but have, without scruple, made them powerful, by an arrogant and injurious conduct, which has united innumerable nations against you. To what purpose are these towers, of which you have so pompously displayed the advantages ; but to reduce all the surrounding nations to the necessity, either of perishing themselves, or of destroying you to preserve their freedom ? You erected these towers for your security ; but they are really the source of your danger. A kingdom is best fortified by justice, moderation, and good faith ; by which neighbouring states are convinced, that their territories will never be usurped. The strongest walls may give way, by various accidents, which no sagacity can foresee ; and the best conducted war may be rendered unsuccessful, by the mere caprice and inconsistency of Fortune : but the love and confidence of neighbouring states that have experienced your moderation, will surround you with impregnable strength ; with bulwarks against which no force can prevail, and which temerity will seldom attack. If you shall be assailed by the folly and injustice of some neighbouring power, all the rest, being interested in your preservation, will unite in your defence : the assistance of

united nations, who would find it their interest to support yours, would give you advantages greatly superior to any that you can hope from these boasted towers; which can only render irremediable those evils they were intended to obviate. If you had been careful, at first, to prevent jealousy in the neighbouring states, your rising city would have flourished in peace, and you would have become the arbiter of all the nations in Hesperia. Let us, however, at present, consider only how the future can be made to atone for the past. You say there are many colonies settled upon this coast from Greece: these, surely, are disposed to succour you: they cannot have forgotten the name of Minos, the son of Jupiter; they cannot have forgotten your achievements at the siege of Troy, where you often signalized yourself among the Grecian princes in the cause of Greece: why do you not engage these colonies in your interest?"

"These colonies," replied Idomeneus, "have all resolved to stand neuter: they have, indeed, some inclination to assist me; but the magnificent appearance of our city, while it is yet rising from its foundations, has alarmed them. The Greeks, as well as the rest of our neighbours, are apprehensive that we have designs upon their liberty: they imagine, that after having subdued the barbarians of the mountains, we shall push our ambition farther. In a word, all are against us: those who do not openly attack us, secretly wish to see us humbled: and jealousy has left us without a single ally."

"This is indeed, a strange extremity," said Mentor: "by attempting to appear powerful, you have subverted your power; and while you are the object of enmity and terror to your neighbours from without, your strength is exhausted within, to maintain a war which this enmity and terror have made necessary. You are, indeed, unfortunate to have incurred this calamity, but still more unfortunate to

have derived from it but half the wisdom it might have taught you. Is it necessary you should lose a second kingdom, before you learn to foresee those evils which expose you to such a loss? Leave your present difficulties, however, to me: tell me only, what Grecian cities there are upon this coast."

"The principal," said Idomeneus, "is Tarentum, which was founded about three years ago by Phalanthus. A great number of boys were born in Laconia, of women that forgot their husbands during their absence in the Trojan war: when these husbands came back, the women renounced their children, to atone for their crime; and the boys being thus destitute both of father and mother, abandoned themselves, as they grew up, to the most criminal excesses. The laws being executed against them with great severity, they formed themselves into a body under Phalanthus, a bold, enterprising and ambitious chief; who, by various artifices, having gained the hearts of the young men, brought them to this coast, where they have made another Lacedæmon of Tarentum. On another spot, Philoctetes, who gained so much renown at the siege of Troy, by bringing thither the arrows of Hercules, has raised the walls of Petilia; less powerful, indeed, than Tarentum, but governed with much greater wisdom. And, at a little distance, there is Metapontum, a city which the Pylians have founded under the direction of Nestor."

"How," said Mentor, "have you Nestor in Hesperia? And could you not engage him in your interest? Nestor, under whose eye you have so often fought before the walls of Troy, and who was then your friend, engaged in a common cause, and endeared by mutual danger!"—"I have lost him," said Idomeneus, "by the artifices of these people, who are barbarians only in name; for they have had the cunning to persuade him that I intended to make myself tyrant of Hesperia."—"We will undeceive him," replied Mentor: "Telemachus saw

him at Pylos, before he founded this colony, and before we undertook to search the world for Ulysses. By Nestor, Ulysses cannot be forgotten; and he must still remember the tenderness which he expressed for Telemachus his son. Our principal care must be to remove his suspicions. This war has been kindled by the jealousy which you have excited in your neighbours; and by removing that jealousy, it will be extinguished. Once more I entreat you to leave the management of this affair to me."

Idomeneus was so moved by this address of Mentor, that he was at first unable to reply, and could only clasp him to his breast, in an ecstasy of speechless tenderness; at last, though not without difficulty, he found words: "Thou art," said he, "the messenger of Heaven! I feel thy wisdom, and renounce my errors; yet I confess that the same freedom, in another, would have provoked my anger. Thou only couldst have persuaded me to seek for peace; I had resolved to perish, or to conquer; but it is better I should be guided by thy counsel, than my own passions. How happy is Telemachus, who, with such a guide, can never wander as I have wandered! I trust, with implicit confidence, to thee. To thee the gods have communicated celestial wisdom: nor could the counsel of Minerva have been more salutary than thine. Go, then; promise, conclude, concede, whatever my power can fulfil, ratify, or give up: all that Mentor shall do, Idomeneus shall approve!"

While Idomeneus was yet speaking, they were alarmed by a sudden and confused noise; the rattling of chariots, the neighing of horses, the shouts of men, and the sound of the trumpet. The people cried out, that the enemy had taken a great compass, and come down without attempting the passes that Idomeneus had secured, to besiege Salentum. The old men and the women were struck with consternation: "Alas!" said they, "have we then quitted our native country, the dear and fertile plains of Crete, and fol-

lowed an unfortunate prince, through all the dangers of the seas, to found a new city, which, like Troy, shall be reduced to ashes !" From the walls, which were scarcely finished, there appeared, in the vast plain below, the casques, cuirasses, and shields of the enemy, which glittered in the sun, and almost dazzled the sight : their spears covered the earth to the horizon ; like the rich harvests which Ceres, under the summer's sun, ripens in the fields of Enna, to reward the labour of the husbandman. Among these, were discovered the chariots armed with scythes ; and all the different nations in the confederacy were, by their arms and habits, easily to be distinguished.

Mentor, that he might view them to greater advantage, ascended a high tower ; and Idomeneus and Telemachus followed him. They presently discovered Philoctetes on one side, and Nestor, who was easily known by his venerable age, with his son Pisistratus on the other : " How is this ? " cried Mentor : " you supposed that Philoctetes and Nestor would content themselves with affording you no assistance ; but you see that they are in arms against you ; and, if I am not deceived, those other troops, that come on with so deliberate a pace, and in such perfect order, are Lacedæmonians, under the command of Phalanthus. All are against you : there is not a single nation upon the coast, of which you have not made an enemy, without intending it."

Mentor, the moment he had made this discovery, descended hastily from the tower, and went towards a gate of the city, on that side towards which the enemy advanced : he immediately ordered the sentinel to open it ; and Idomeneus, astonished at the commanding dignity of his deportment, did not dare to ask his design. He went out at the gate ; and, making a sign with his hand, that nobody should follow him, advanced directly towards the front of the enemy, who were astonished to see a man, wholly unattended, present himself before them. While he was

yet at a distance, he held out to them the branch of an olive, as a token of peace: when he was come near enough to be heard, he demanded that their chiefs should be assembled; and as soon as they were got together, he addressed them in these terms:—

“I see before me the strength of every nation that flourishes in this happy country; and I know that the generous purpose of this assembly is the defence of a common cause; of that liberty which is at once the birth-right, the happiness, and the glory of mankind. I honour your zeal: but permit me to point out an easy way, by which your liberty and honour may be preserved, without the effusion of blood. Among other princes in this assembly, I see Nestor: thy years and wisdom, O Nestor! have acquainted thee with the calamities of war, even when it is undertaken with justice, and favoured by the gods: war is the most dreadful of all evils, by which Heaven has afflicted man. Thou canst never forget what was suffered by the Greeks, during the ten years that they spent before the walls of Troy: what divisions among their chiefs! what caprices of fortune! what carnage by the hand of Hector! what calamity in distant cities, during the long absence of their kings; and what misfortunes at their return! how some were shipwrecked on the promontory of Caphareus; and some perished, with circumstances of yet more horror, in the bosoms of their wives. The gods, doubtless, in their wrath, suffered them to be seduced by the false splendour of that expedition: may they never, O people of Hesperia! distinguish you by so fatal a victory! Troy, indeed, is in ashes; but it would have been better for Greece, if she had still flourished in all her glory, and Paris had still enjoyed, with Helen, such pleasures as are permitted to infamy and guilt. Does not Philoctetes, who was so long wretched and abandoned in the isle of Lemnos, fear the like calamities from a like war? Have not the people of

Laconia suffered equally by the long absence of their princes, their captains, and their soldiers, who went to the siege of Troy? And is there a single Grecian, at this hour, upon the coast of Hesperia, that is not a fugitive from his country, in consequence of that fatal expedition?"

During this address, Mentor advanced towards the Pylians; and Nestor, recollecting his features, came forward to salute him: "It is with great pleasure," said he, "that I once more give my hand to Mentor. It is many years since I first saw you in Phocis: you were then only fifteen years old; but I perceived the dawning of that wisdom that has been since so conspicuous to the world. Tell us, however, by what chance you came hither; and what expedient you have thought of to prevent a war. Idomeneus has compelled us to attack him. We demand only peace! which is our interest and our desire; but it is impossible that peace should be secured, till he is destroyed. He has violated all his engagements with the neighbouring people; and if we were now to conclude a treaty with him, it would serve no other end than to dissolve our confederacy, upon which only our safety depends. He has sufficiently manifested his ambition to reduce every other nation to slavery; and we have no means to establish our own liberty, but the subversion of his new kingdom. His want of public faith has reduced us to this alternative; either of putting an end to his power, or of receiving his yoke. If you can show that he may still be trusted with safety, and assure us of peace in consequence of a treaty, all the nations that you see here confederated against him, will gladly lay down their arms, and we will confess that your wisdom is greater than ours."

"You know," replied Mentor, "that Ulysses has intrusted his son Telemachus to my care. The young man, impatient to discover what was become

of his father, went first to Pylos, where you received him with all the kindness that he had reason to expect from the friend of his father; and when he left you, appointed your own son to conduct him on his way. He went afterwards many distant voyages by sea: he had visited Sicily and Egypt, and the islands of Cyprus and Crete: the winds, or rather the gods, have at length thrown him upon this coast, as he was returning to Ithaca. We are just come in time to spare you the horrors of another war; for you shall not now trust in Idomeneus, but in the son of Ulysses and myself, for the fulfilling of whatever shall be stipulated in a treaty of peace."

During this conference between Mentor and Nestor, in the midst of the confederated troops, Idomeneus and Telemachus, with all the Cretans under arms, were spectators of the scene from the walls of Salentum: they were very attentive to discover in what manner Mentor's discourse was received; and wished they could have been present at the conference of two men, so venerable for age and wisdom. Nestor had always been considered as superior to the other princes of Greece in experimental knowledge and graceful elocution: it was he that restrained the anger of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the ferocity of Ajax, and the precipitate courage of Diomedes: persuasion, sweet as honey, distilled from his lips; and the sound of his voice alone was sufficient to excite attention: when Nestor spoke, surrounding heroes were silent, and he only had the power of soothing discord into peace. He began now to feel the chilling influence of age; but his words were still forcible and still sweet. He frequently related past events, that youth might be instructed by his experience; and though his speech was somewhat slow, yet his narratives were pleasing.

But this venerable sage, so admired by all Greece, seemed to lose all his eloquence, and all his dignity,

from the moment that he appeared in competition with Mentor; in comparison with him, he seemed to be withered and depressed by age; for the vigour and activity of Mentor appeared to have suffered no injury from time. In the elocution of Mentor, though it was grave and simple, there was a vivacity and authority, which began to be wanting in that of Nestor: what he said was short, precise, and nervous; he made no repetitions, and he spoke only to the point in question: if it was necessary to mention the same thing more than once, either to inculcate or to persuade, it was always by some happy simile or allusion; he had also the art of insinuating truth, by a kind of nameless compliance and good humour, when it was necessary to accommodate himself to particular dispositions and capacities. There was something in the appearance of these persons, that strongly excited veneration and love among the multitude that surrounded them: the forces that were confederated against Salentum, crowded one upon another that they might get a nearer view of their persons, and catch up some fragment of their discourse: and Idomeneus, and the people that were with him, fixed their eyes upon them with the utmost eagerness and ardour, to discover the purport of what they said, by their gestures and countenance.

BOOK XL.

Telemachus seeing Mentor in the midst of the allies, is impatient to know what passes between them: he causes the gates of Salentum to be opened, and joins his friend: his presence inclines the allies to accept the terms that Mentor has offered on the part of Idomeneus: the allies enter Salentum as friends: Idomeneus confirms the propositions of Mentor, hostages are reciprocally given, and all parties assist at a sacrifice between the city and the camp, as a solemn ratification of the treaty.

IN the mean time, Telemachus, who could no longer restrain his impatience, disengaged himself from the crowd, and, running to the gate by which Mentor had gone out, commanded it to be opened,

with a tone of authority which was immediately obeyed. Idomeneus, who believed him to be still standing at his side, was in a few moments surprised to see him running across the plain, and not far from the place where Nestor stood. Nestor immediately knew him: and advanced, with haste in his looks, but with a slow and heavy pace, to receive him. Telemachus threw himself on his neck, and held him locked in his arms, without power to speak: at last he cried out, "O my father! I fear not to claim you by the dearest tie. The loss of him from whom I derived my birth, and the parental kindness which I have experienced in you, give me a right to call you by that tender name. You are a father whom I am again permitted to embrace! O might I once more be permitted thus to embrace Ulysses! If any thing can atone for his loss, it is the finding of his wisdom, his virtues, and his tenderness, in you."

The affectionate ardour of his address, melted Nestor into tears; and he was touched with a secret pleasure at perceiving the same expression of tender sensibility in his young friend, which gave new grace to his countenance. The beauty, the sweetness, and the noble confidence of this young stranger, who had without precaution ventured among so many enemies, astonished the allies: "Is not this the son of the old man," said they, "who came to speak with Nestor? We certainly see the same wisdom at two ages: in one of them it is only in blossom, in the other it is matured into fruit."

Mentor, who had with great pleasure observed the tenderness with which Nestor received Telemachus, availed himself of a disposition so favourable to his purpose; "Here is the son of Ulysses," said he, "so dear to all Greece, and so tenderly beloved by you! I offer him as an hostage, as the dearest pledge that can be given, for the accomplishment of whatever shall be promised on the part of Idome-

neus. You cannot suppose that I would aggravate the loss of the father by that of the son; or expose myself to the reproaches of Penelope, for having sacrificed her child to the ambition of the new king of Salentum. With this pledge, ye nations of Hesperia! voluntarily offered by himself, and sent by the gods that are lovers of amity, I begin my propositions for establishing a lasting peace."

At the name of peace, a confused murmur was heard spreading from rank to rank: an inarticulate expression of anger, which was with difficulty restrained; for all that were present thought every moment lost by which the battle was delayed: they imagined, that Mentor had no design but to soften their resentment, and rob them of their prey. The Mandurians, in particular, could not bear to think of being again deceived; and as they feared that the eloquence of Mentor would gain over their allies, they frequently attempted to interrupt him: they began to suspect all the Greeks that were in the field: and Mentor, who perceived this suspicion, immediately resolved to increase it, that he might weaken the confederacy, by dividing it into factions.

"I confess," said he, "that the Mandurians have reason to complain, and to insist upon satisfaction for the injury they have suffered; but is it not equally reasonable, that the ancient inhabitants of the country should regard all Greeks, who have established colonies upon the coast, with suspicion and malignity? The Greeks, therefore, ought to maintain a firm union among themselves, that they may be able to compel a proper treatment from the nations that surround them; although they ought not, upon any pretence, to usurp their territory. I know that Idomeneus has unfortunately given sufficient cause of jealousy; but this jealousy may easily be removed: Telemachus and myself are both ready to become hostages for his future good faith; and to continue in your power till his stipn-

lations shall be fulfilled. I know," said he, addressing himself to the Mandurians, "that you are provoked at the Cretans having seized the passes of the mountains by surprise; and secured to themselves the power of entering, at pleasure, the country to which you have retired, that you might leave them the level country upon the sea-coast; these passes the Cretans have fortified by high towers, strongly garrisoned: these towers, then, are the immediate cause of the war? If there is any other, let it be assigned."

The chief of the Mandurians then advanced, and spoke to the following effect: "Whatever is the cause of the war, we have done every thing that was possible to avoid it: the gods are our witnesses that we made use of every art to keep peace among us, till she was driven away by the restless ambition of the Cretans, and the perfidy that made it impossible to trust them, even on their oath. These infatuated people have reduced us to the fatal necessity of perishing ourselves, or destroying them. While they continue in possession of the passes they have fortified, we shall always apprehend a design to invade our territory, and enslave our persons. If they had a sincere desire to live at peace with their neighbours, they would rest satisfied with the country that we have voluntarily ceded to them, they would have formed no ambitious designs against the liberty of others; and, consequently, could never be solicitous to secure the avenues by which their territories could be invaded. But, wise as thou art, O full of days! thou knowest them not: and it is by misfortune only that we know them: cease, then, O beloved of Heaven! to prevent so just and necessary a war, without which Hesperia must for ever despair of peace. They are an ungrateful, a perfidious, an inhuman people, whom the gods have sent among us in their anger, to interrupt our tranquillity, and punish our offences: but the gods, when they have

punished, will avenge us : and our enemies also shall experience, that they are just."

At these words, the whole assembly was moved ; and it seemed as if Mars and Bellona were passing from rank to rank, and kindling in every bosom that rage of war which Mentor had laboured to extinguish. But he addressed himself again to the assembly in these terms : " If I offered promises only, they might reasonably be rejected ; but what I offer you is certain and immediate advantage. If you are not content to receive Telemachus, and myself as hostages, twelve of the noblest and bravest Cretans, shall be delivered into your hands. It is, however, but just, that hostages should also be given on your part ; for Idomeneus, though he desires peace, desires it without fear and without meanness ; he desires peace upon the same principles on which you say you desire it, wisdom and moderation ; not because he desires to repose in voluptuous tranquillity, or is terrified by a prospect of the dangers of war : he is, like you, ready to perish or to conquer ; but he prefers peace to the most splendid victory : he disdains the fear of being vanquished ; but he confesses, that he fears to be unjust, and is not ashamed to make an atonement for his faults. He offers you peace with the sword in his hand, but he would not haughtily impose it upon his own conditions ; for he sets no value upon a compulsory treaty. He desires a peace, in which all parties shall be content : which shall put an end to all jealousies, appease all resentment, and remove all distrust. His sentiments are just what you would wish them to be ; and nothing is necessary, but to convince you of this truth, which would not be difficult, if you would hear me without prejudice and passion. Hear, then, ye nations, distinguished by valour ! and hear, ye chiefs, whom wisdom has united ! what I shall now offer on the part of Idomeneus. 'tis not just that he should invade the

territory of his neighbours ; neither is it just that his territory should be invaded : he consents that the towers, by which he has fortified the passes, should be garrisoned by neutral troops. You Nestor, and you Philoctetes, are of Grecian origin : yet, in this quarrel, you have declared against Idomeneus ; you cannot, therefore, be suspected of partiality to his interests ; you take part only in the common cause, the peace and liberty of Hesperia. To you then, the passes, which have been the cause of the war, shall be confided : you have not less interest in preventing the original natives of Hesperia from destroying Salentum, a new colony like your own ; than in preventing Idomeneus from usurping the possessions of his neighbours : hold, then, the balance between them, and, instead of destroying, by fire and sword, a people whom you ought to cherish and to love, secure to yourselves the glory of acting at once as mediator and judge. You will, perhaps, tell me, that these conditions are too good to be fulfilled ; but I shall abundantly satisfy you, that Idomeneus is sincere. The hostages which I have already mentioned, shall be reciprocally given and detained, till the passes shall be put into your hands. When the security, not only of Salentum, but of all Hesperia, is at your discretion, will you not be content ? Whom then can you distrust, but yourselves ? You do not dare to confide in Idomeneus ; but as a proof that his intention is honest, he is ready to confide in you : he is ready to trust you with the quiet, the life, and the liberty of himself and his people : if it is true, that you desire only an equitable and lasting peace, such a peace is now offered you upon terms that leave you no pretence to reject it. Let me, however, once more caution you against imagining that Idomeneus has made this proposal from fear : his motives are prudence and equity ; and, conscious to the rectitude of his intention, he will be under no concern about your opinion, though you

should impute that to weakness, which he knows to proceed from virtue. He was, in the beginning, guilty of some faults; and he thinks it an honour to acknowledge them by the offer of such terms as anticipate your wishes. He who hopes that he shall be able to hide his faults, by affecting to support them with arrogance and pride, discovers the most deplorable weakness, the most despicable vanity, and the grossest ignorance of his own interest; but he who acknowledges his faults to an enemy, and offers reparation, gives the strongest proof that he can never commit them again; and displays a wisdom and fortitude which, if peace is rejected, must make his enmity formidable. Beware, then, that the fault, in the present quarrel, does not become yours. If you reject justice and peace, when they sue for acceptance, be assured, that the cause of peace and justice will be avenged; and Idomeneus, who has just reason to fear the displeasure of the gods, will engage them in his favour against you. Telemachus and myself will take up arms in his defence; and I call the powers, both of heaven and of hell, to witness, that the proposals which I have now offered you are just."

Mentor then lifted up the olive branch which he held in his hand, that the distant multitude might behold the symbol of peace. The chiefs, who saw him near, were astonished and dazzled with the celestial radiance that sparkled in his eyes; and perceived in him something majestic and commanding, beyond all that fancy had given to created beings. The magic of his eloquence, at once so forcible and so sweet, had, as it were, stolen away their hearts: its power was secret, but irresistible; like that of the mysterious spells, which, in the dead silence of the night, arrest the moon and the stars of heaven, calm the raging of the sea, command the winds and the waves to be still, and suspend the most rapid rivers in their course.

He appeared, in the midst of this rude impetuous

multitude, like Bacchus surrounded by tigers, whose ferocity had been charmed away by the sweetness of his voice, till they expressed their fondness by their caresses, and their submission by licking his feet. At first the whole assembly was silent; the chiefs looked upon each other, unable to oppose the eloquence of Mentor, and wondering who he could be. Every eye of the surrounding multitude was immoveably fixed upon him; and every tongue was held silent, for fear he should have still something to say, which the words of another might prevent from being heard. Though they conceived nothing that could be added to what he had said already, yet they wished that he had not been silent so soon; and his words might be said to be engraven upon their hearts. His elocution made him not only believed, but beloved; and held in suspense all the faculties of those that heard him, who scarcely dared even to breathe, lest they should lose the least word that issued from his lips.

This silence was succeeded by a kind of low murmur, which gradually diffused itself through the whole assembly: it was not the confused sound of inarticulate indignation, but rather the whisper of gentleness and complacency, which were before silently expressed in every countenance. The Mandurians, who had been so lately transported with rage, now let their weapons fall from their hands; and the fierce Phalanthus, with his Laedæmonians, wondered to find themselves softened into kindness. The rest of the united nations began to sigh after the peace which had been held up before them; and Philoctetes, whose sensibility had been increased by misfortune, could not refrain from tears. Nestor, who was so transported with admiration and delight at the discourse of Mentor, that he was unable to speak, embraced him with ineffable tenderness; and the whole multitude cried out together, as if by a signal, "O stranger! thy wisdom has disarmed us: Peace! Peace!" In the first interval of silence,

Nestor attempted to speak : but the troops, fearing he might start some difficulty, again cried out, with the utmost impatience, “ Peace ! Peace ! ” and the chiefs found no way of putting them to silence, but by joining in the exclamation.

Nestor, perceiving that a set discourse could not be heard, contented himself with saying : “ You see, O Mentor ! what wonders the words of a good man can produce. When wisdom and virtue speak, every passion is calm : our resentment, however just, is changed into friendship ; and our impatience for war, into a desire of perpetual peace. The peace that you have offered, we accept.” The chiefs, at the same time, stretched out their hands in token of their consent.

Mentor now ran towards the gate of Salentum, to get it opened, and to acquaint Idomeneus that he might leave the city without fear. In the mean time, Nestor went up to Telemachus and embraced him : “ My amiable young friend,” said he, “ thy father was the wisest of all the princes of Greece ; mayest thou be favoured with equal wisdom and with better fortune. The similitude of your persons is great ; and the remembrance of Ulysses, which that has revived, contributed to soften our resentment.” Phalanthus, though he was by nature fierce and unfeeling, and though he had never seen Ulysses, was, notwithstanding, touched at his misfortunes, and those of his son : and the chiefs gathering round Telemachus, were pressing him to relate his adventures, when Mentor returned with Idomeneus, and the Cretan youth who followed in his train.

At the sight of Idomeneus, the resentment of the confederated nations began to revive ; but Mentor extinguished the fire before it broke out : “ Why do we delay,” said he, “ to conclude this sacred alliance, which the powers of heaven shall witness, and defend ? May the gods avenge its violation, by whomsoever it shall be violated ! And may all the horrors

of war, averted from the faithful and the innocent, descend upon the perjured and execrable head of him whose ambition shall dare to trample on the sacred rights of this alliance! May he be detested both in heaven and upon earth! may he derive no advantage from his perfidy! may the infernal furies, in the most horrid forms, excite in his breast everlasting rage and despair! Let him perish without hope of burial! let his limbs be the prey of vultures and of dogs! When he descends to the infernal regions, may the gulf of Tartarus receive him; and may he there suffer severer torments than those of Tantalus, Ixion, and the Danaïdes, for ever and for ever! But may this peace rather remain unshaken, like the mountains of Atlas that sustain the skies! May it be revered by every nation upon the earth, and its blessings descend from generation to generation! May the names of those who have made it be held in admiration and love by our latest posterity! Let it stand as a model for every peace that shall be hereafter founded upon equity and good faith! And let all nations that desire to secure happiness by unanimity, follow the example of the people of Hesperia!"

Idomeneus, and the rest of the princes, then ratified the peace, upon the condition that had been proposed, by an oath; and twelve hostages were interchanged between them. Telemachus, by his own choice, was one of those given by Idomeneus; but the allies would not consent that Mentor should be another; insisting that he should remain with Idomeneus, that he might answer for his conduct, and superintend his council, till his engagements should be perfectly fulfilled. An hundred heifers, as white as snow, and an hundred bulls of the same colour, having their horns gilt and adorned with garlands of flowers, were then sacrificed between the camp and the city. The bellowing of the victims that fell under the sacred knife, resounded

from the neighbouring hills; their blood flowed in a smoking torrent on every side; and the most exquisite wines were poured abundantly in libations to the gods: the auspices consulted the entrails, still panting with the remains of life; and the priests burnt an incense upon the altar, which rose in a cloud of fragrance, and perfumed all the plain.

In the mean time, the soldiers on both sides forgot that they had been enemies, and began to entertain each other with their adventures: they resigned themselves to a pleasing relaxation after their labours, and tasted the sweets of peace by anticipation. Many of those who had followed Idomeneus to the siege of Troy, recollected their acquaintance in the soldiers of Nestor, with whom they had fought in the same cause: they embraced each other with great affection; and mutually related all that happened to them, after they had laid the magnificent city, that was the glory of Asia, in ruins; they laid themselves down upon the grass, crowned themselves with flowers, and rejoiced over the wine which had been brought in large vases from the city, to celebrate the blessings of the day.

During this scene of cheerfulness and amity, Mentor cried out, as by a sudden impulse, "Henceforth, O ye kings and leaders! these assembled nations, although disguised by various names, and governed by different chiefs, shall be one people! Thus do the gods, who love the creatures of their power, delight to become the band of union between them. What is the race of man, but one family widely scattered upon the earth? All men by nature are brothers, and should be mutually endeared by a brother's love: accursed be those impious barbarians who seek for glory in the kindred blood, which differs but in name from their own! War, indeed, is sometimes necessary, but the necessity of war is the reproach of man. Let ambitious royalty no more pretend, that war is to be desired as the means

of glory; for nothing can be glorious that is inhuman. He that would acquire glory at the expense of humanity, is a monster, and not a man; nor can true glory be thus acquired: glory is nothing more than the radiance of virtue; and the virtue of a prince is moderation and benevolence. The incense of adulation may be offered to the vanity and the folly of a tyrant; but even those who offer it, confess, in the secret language of their heart, that glory is less deserved in proportion as it is dishonestly sought. He ought to be lightly esteemed of men, by whom men are so lightly esteemed, that, to gratify a brutal vanity, he will deluge the earth with their blood. Happy is the prince, who loves his people, and is beloved by them; who has confidence in his neighbours, and whose neighbours have confidence in him; who is so far from making war against them, that he prevents their making war against each other; and who can excite envy in foreign states, only by the happiness which he diffuses through his own! Let your assemblies, then, O ye powers of Hesperia! be frequent: let all the princes that are now present, meet at least once in three years, to confirm the present peace by a reiterated vow; to repeat your mutual promises, and deliberate upon your common interests. While you possess the plenty of this delightful country, united by the bands of peace, you will at home be glorious, and abroad invincible. Discord only, that infernal fury, who ascends from hell to torment mankind, can interrupt the felicity which is designed you by the gods."

"Our readiness to conclude a peace," replied Nestor, "is a sufficient testimony that we have been far from engaging in a war from vainglory, or with an unjust design of aggrandizing ourselves at the expense of our neighbours. But what can be done, when, among the princes that surround us, there is he who acts by no law but his own interest, and

loses no opportunity of invading the dominions of others? Do not imagine that I am now speaking of Idomeneus; for, to him, I no longer impute such a character: our danger now arises only from Adrastus, the king of the Daunians. This tyrant despises the gods; and believes that all the people upon earth are born only to contribute to his glory, by the most abject servitude: he does not desire subjects to whom he would stand in the double relation of king and father; he desires only slaves and worshippers, and has directed divine honours to be paid him. The blind caprice of fortune has hitherto prospered his undertakings. We were hastening to attack Salentum, that we might suppress a power in its infancy, likely to become formidable, and be at liberty to turn our whole force against Adrastus, who is already a powerful enemy. He has taken several towns from our allies, and has defeated the Crotonians in two battles. He scruples nothing to gratify his ambition; and if he can crush his enemies, he cares not whether it be by fraud or force: he has amassed great treasures; his troops are well disciplined and inured to war: he has experienced officers, and is well served: he superintends himself what is done by his orders; he severely punishes the least fault, and rewards services with great liberality. He sustains and animates his troops by his own courage; and if his conduct was regulated by equity and good faith, he would be a most accomplished prince: but he fears neither the vengeance of the gods, nor the reproaches of conscience; and he considers reputation itself as a mere phantom, by which weak minds only can be influenced. In his estimation, there is no real and substantial good, but the possession of great riches, the power of inspiring terror, and of trampling mankind under foot. His army will very soon enter our dominions; and if we cannot acquire strength to resist him by a general con-

federacy, all hope of liberty must cease for ever. It is not less the interest of Idomeneus, than of other powers, to oppose this tyrant, who will suffer nothing to be free that his power can enslave. If we should be vanquished, Salentum must fall with us: let us, therefore, unite for our common defence without delay." While Nestor was thus speaking, they advanced towards the city; for Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal officers, to pass the night within the walls.

BOOK XII.

Nestor, in the name of the allies, demands succours of Idomeneus against their enemies the Daunians. Mentor, who is desirous to establish proper regulations for the internal government of Salentum, and to employ the people in agriculture, finds means to satisfy them with a hundred noble Cretans, under the command of Telemachus. After their departure, Mentor proceeds to a minute examination of the city and the port: and having acquainted himself with every particular, he prevails upon Idomeneus to institute new principles of government and commerce: to divide his people into seven classes, distinguishing them with respect to their rank and quality by different habits; to retrench luxury and unnecessary arts, and to employ the artificers in husbandry, which he brings into just reputation.

THE allies had now pitched their tents; and the field was covered with rich pavilions of all colours, in which the weary Hesperians resigned themselves to sleep. In the mean time, the princes and their retinue having entered the city, were struck with astonishment to see so many magnificent buildings, which had risen in so short a time; a city of which so formidable a war had retarded neither the growth nor the decoration.

They admired the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus who had founded so splendid a kingdom; and concluding that the confederacy against the Daunians would acquire great strength by the accession of such an ally, they invited him to come into it. Idomeneus thought it reasonable to comply, and promised them troops; but as Mentor was perfectly acquainted with all that was necessary to render a kingdom flourishing, he had reason to believe that the power of Idomeneus was not so great in reality as in appearance:

he therefore took him aside, and addressed him to this effect:—

“ You see that our endeavours have not been unsuccessful: we have secured Salentum from destruction, but you only can raise her to glory. The government of the people depends upon you; and it is your task to emulate the wisdom of Minos, and show that you are worthy of your descent. I continue to speak freely to you, supposing that you love truth, and despise flattery. While these princes were praising your magnificence, I could not but reflect in silence upon your temerity.” At the word temerity, Idomeneus changed countenance, his eyes sparkled, his cheeks glowed, and he was upon the point of interrupting Mentor by expressions of resentment. “ I see,” says Mentor, in a voice that was modest and respectful, though not faltering or irresolute, “ that the word temerity has given you offence; and I confess that if it had been used by any other than myself, your displeasure would have been just; for there is a respect due to kings; and they have a jealous sensibility, which even those who reprove them should be careful not to wound. To them, the voice of truth is sufficiently displeasing, however gentle the terms: but I hoped that you would have permitted me to speak of your faults without a studied softness of expression; that you would have indulged me in my design of accustoming you to hear things called by their names, and of teaching you to discover what others think, when their respect suppresses their thought: if you would not resign yourself to voluntary deception, you must always conceive more than is said, when the subject is to your disadvantage. As to myself, I am ready to soften my expressions, if they must be softened: but it would surely be more for your interest, that a man absolutely neutral in your affairs, without interest, connexion, or dependence, should, when he speaks to you in private, speak plain. No other will ever dare to do it; you will be

condemned to see Truth imperfectly: you will be a stranger to her face, for she will never appear before you but in a gaudy veil."

Idomeneus, whose first impatience had already subsided, began now to be ashamed of his weakness: "You see," said he to Mentor, "what constant flattery will do. I owe to you the preservation of my new kingdom; and there is no truth that I shall not think myself happy to hear from your lips. Remember, with pity, that I have been long tainted with the poison of adulation; and that, even in my misfortunes, I was still a stranger to truth. Alas! no man has ever loved me enough, to say what he thought I should be displeased to hear."

The heart of Idomeneus melted as he spoke, the tears started to his eyes, and he embraced Mentor with great tenderness. "It is with the utmost regret," said Mentor, "that I give you pain; but I am constrained; I cannot betray you by concealing truth: could you act otherwise in my place? If you have always been deceived till now, it was because you chose to be deceived; it was because you feared to find sincerity in those that were to give you counsel. Have you sought those who were most disinterested, those who were most likely to contradict you? Have you preferred such as were least devoted to your pleasure, and their own interest; such as appeared most capable of opposing your passions when they were irregular, and your sentiments when they were unjust? When you have detected a flatterer, have you banished him from your presence, and withdrawn your confidence from those whom you suspected? Have you done what those do who love truth, and deserve to know it? Have you now fortitude to suffer the humiliation of hearing those truths by which you are condemned? Let me make the experiment: I must again tell you, that what has gained you so much praise, deserves censure. While you are surrounded with enemies, and yet a foreigner in the

country, you dream only of adorning your new city with magnificent buildings: to this, as you have confessed to me, you have sacrificed your repose, and in this you have exhausted your wealth. You have thought neither of augmenting your people, nor of cultivating the country: does not your power depend wholly upon a numerous people, and a country highly cultivated for their subsistence? A long peace is necessary, at the first establishment of a state, for increasing the people; and you ought, at present, to think of nothing but agriculture and legislation. You have been hurried, by a vain ambition, to the brink of a precipice: and to gain the appearance of being great, you have sapped the foundations of substantial grandeur. Let these errors be corrected without delay; suspend all these works of idle magnificence; renounce the pomp that will reduce your new city to ruins; release your people from fatigue, and endeavour to facilitate marriage, by procuring them plenty. Remember that you are a king, only in proportion as you have subjects to govern; and that the measure of your power, is not the extent of your dominions, but the number of their inhabitants. Let your territory be fertile, however small; and let it swarm with people at once well disciplined and industrious; and if you can make these people love you, you will be more powerful, more happy, and more glorious, than all the conquerors that have ravaged the earth."

"What shall I do then," said Idomeneus, "with respect to the princes that have solicited me to join the confederacy? Shall I confess to them the weakness of my state? It is, indeed, true, that I have neglected agriculture, and even commerce, notwithstanding the uncommon advantages of my situation; I thought only of making a magnificent city! but must I, then, my dear Mentor, dishonour myself in the presence of so many kings, by acknowledging my indiscretion? If it must be done, I will do it; and I will do it readily, whatever mortification I suffer: for

you have taught me, that a king is born for his people, owes himself wholly to them, and ought always to prefer the public welfare to his own reputation."

"This sentiment," said Mentor, "is worthy the father of his people; and for this, and not for the vain magnificence of your city, I reverence you as a king worthy of the name. But your honour must be preserved, even for the advantage of your state: leave this to me: I will make these princes believe, that you are engaged to establish Ulysses, if he is yet living, or his son if he is dead, in the government of his kingdom, and drive the suitors of Penelope from Ithaca by force. They will at once perceive that this cannot be effected without numerous troops; and will, therefore, readily consent that you shall at first afford them but a slight assistance against the Daunians."

At these words, Idomeneus appeared like a man suddenly relieved from a burden that was crushing him by its weight: "This, indeed," said he, "my dear Mentor, will preserve my reputation, and the honour of this rising city, by hiding its weakness from the neighbouring states. But with what appearance of truth can it be pretended, that I am about to send troops to Ithaca, for the establishment of Ulysses, or at least of Telemachus, while Telemachus himself is engaged in war against the Daunians?" "Be in no pain about that," replied Mentor: "I will say nothing that is false. The vessels that you are fitting out to establish your commerce, will sail to the coast of Epirus, and will effect two purposes at once: they will bring back the foreign merchants, whom high duties have driven from Salentum; and they will seek intelligence of Ulysses: if he is still living, he cannot be far from the seas that divide Greece from Italy; and it has been confidently reported, that he has been seen among the Phœnicians. But if Ulysses should not be found, your vessels will render an important service to his son: they will spread terror, with the

name of Telemachus, through all Ithaca and the neighbouring country, where it is now believed that he is dead as well as his father : the suitors of Penelope will be struck with astonishment to learn that he is returning with the forces of a powerful ally ; the Ithacans will be awed into obedience ; and Penelope will be encouraged to persist in her refusal of a second husband. Thus will you render service to Telemachus, while he is rendering service to you by taking your place in the confederacy against the Daunians." " Happy is the king," said Idomeneus, " that is favoured with such counsel ; but doubly happy is he, who feels its importance, and improves it to his advantage ! A wise and faithful friend is better than a victorious army ; yet kings too often withdraw their confidence from the faithful and the wise, of whose virtue they stand in awe, and resign themselves to flatterers, of whose perfidy they have no dread. I fell myself into that fatal error ; and I will relate to you the misfortunes that I drew upon myself, by a connexion with a false friend, who flattered my passions, in hopes that, in my turn, I should gratify his."

Mentor found it easy to convince the allies, that Idomeneus ought to take charge of the affairs of Telemachus, while Telemachus was, on his behalf, engaged in this confederacy ; and they were well satisfied to have among them the son of the great Ulysses, with an hundred Cretan youth, whom Idomeneus had got under his command : these young men were the flower of the nobility, whom Idomeneus had brought from their native country, and whom Mentor had advised him to send in this expedition. " It is necessary," said he, " to increase the number of your people during peace ; but, to prevent a national insensibility to military honour, and ignorance of military art, it is proper to send the young nobility into foreign service : this, by connecting the idea of a soldier's character, with that of noble de-

scent and elevated rank, will be sufficient to kindle and keep alive a national sense of glory, a love of arms, a patience of fatigue, a contempt of death, and even an experimental knowledge of the art of war."

The confederate princes departed from Salentum, well content with Idomeneus, and charmed with the wisdom of Mentor. They were also highly pleased to be accompanied by Telemachus: but Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief, when he came to part with his friend. While the kings were taking their leave of Idomeneus, and vowing to preserve their alliance inviolable for ever, Mentor held Telemachus to his breast in a transport of silent tenderness, and found himself wet with his tears: "I have no joy," said Telemachus, "in the search of glory; I feel no passion but grief, at our separation; and think that the fatal time is returned, when the Egyptians forced me from your arms, to a distant country, without hope of seeing you again." Mentor soothed him with words of gentleness and comfort: "This separation," said he, "is very different from that in Egypt; it is voluntary, it will be short, and it will be rewarded with glory. You must love me, my son, with less tenderness and more fortitude: you must accustom yourself to my absence, for the time is coming when we must part for ever! and you should learn what is right, rather from the inspiration of wisdom and of virtue, than from the presence of Mentor."

The goddess, who was concealed under the figure of Mentor, then covered Telemachus with her ægis, and diffused within him the spirit of wisdom and foresight, of intrepid courage and gentle moderation, virtues which so rarely meet. "Go," said she, "wherever you are called by duty, without considering whether it be dangerous or safe: a prince may avoid danger, with less disgrace, by declining a war, than by keeping aloof in battle. The courage of him, who commands others, should never be doubtful: i

it is desirable that a nation should preserve its prince, it is still more desirable that the prince should preserve his honour. Remember, that the commander of others should also be their example, and excite the courage of his army by a display of his own. Fear no danger, then, O Telemachus! but rather perish in the combat, than bring your valour into question. The sycophants, who would appear most forward in persuading you not to expose yourself to danger, when danger is become necessary, would be the first to whisper that you wanted courage, if you should take their advice. Do not, however, incur danger unnecessarily: courage is a virtue only in proportion as it is directed by prudence; without prudence, it is a senseless contempt of life, a mere brutal ardour. Precipitate courage secures no advantage: he who, in danger, does not possess the perfect recollection of his mind, is rather furious than brave; and is superior to fear, only as he is incapable of thought: in proportion as he is free from perturbation, he is timid, and, if he does not fly, is in confusion: his mind is not at liberty to dispense proper orders, nor to seize and improve the transient but important opportunities, which arise in battle, of distressing the enemy, and doing service to his country. If he has the ardour of a soldier, he has not the discernment of a commander; neither has he that courage which is requisite in the private man; for the private man ought to preserve, in the heat of action, such presence of mind as is necessary to understand and obey the orders of his officer. He that exposes himself rashly, interrupts the order and discipline of the troops, gives an example of pernicious temerity, and frequently exposes the whole army to irretrievable disadvantages.—Those who prefer the gratification of their own idle ambition to the security of a common cause, deserve rather punishment than reward.

“Be careful, my dear son, to avoid precipitation,

even in the pursuit of glory; for glory is to be acquired only by waiting in patient tranquillity for the moment of advantage. Virtue is more revered, in proportion as she appears to be quiet, placid, and unassuming. As the necessity of exposing yourself to danger increases, so should your expedients, your foresight, and your courage. Remember also to avoid whatever may draw upon you the envy of your associates, and never let the success of another excite envy in you: give praise liberally to whatever shall merit praise: yet never commend a mixed character, indiscriminately; display the good with pleasure, hide the bad, and let it not be remembered but with compassion. Never decide in the presence of old commanders, who have all the experience that you want: hear their opinions with deference, consult them, solicit the assistance of the most skilful, and never be ashamed to attribute your best actions to their counsel.

“Lastly, never listen to any discourse which tends to make you jealous or mistrustful of other chiefs. Speak your mind to them with confidence and ingenuity. If you think their behaviour to you has been exceptionable, open your heart at once, and tell them why you think so: if they are capable of feeling the noble generosity of this conduct, they will be delighted with it; and you will find no difficulty in obtaining from them all the concessions that you can reasonably expect. If their insensibility is so gross, that the rectitude of this behaviour is lost upon them, you will, at least, have gained an experimental knowledge of what may be expected from them; you will order matters so, that you may have no more contest with them during the war; and you will have nothing to reproach yourself with on their account. But, above all, be careful never to drop the least hint of your displeasure, before the sycophants who are ever busy to sow jealousy and division. I will remain here,”

continued Mentor, "to assist Idomeneus in taking those measures which are indispensably necessary for the good of his people; and for completing the correction of those faults which evil counsellors and flatterers have seduced him to commit, in the establishment of his new kingdom."

At this slight censure of Idomeneus, Telemachus could not help expressing some surprise at his conduct, not without some mixture of contempt. But Mentor checked him in a tone of severity: "Do you wonder," said he, "that the most estimable of men are men still; and, among the innumerable snares and perplexities which are inseparable from royalty, discover some traces of human infirmity? In Idomeneus, the ideas of pomp and magnificence have been planted and nurtured from his youth; and where is the philosopher, who, in his place, would always have been superior to flattery? He has, indeed, suffered himself to be too much influenced by those in whom he confided; but the wisest kings, whatever is their precaution, are often deceived. A king cannot do every thing himself: he must, therefore, have ministers, and in these ministers he must confide: besides, a king cannot know those that surround him, so well as they are known by others; for in his presence they never appear without a mask; and every artifice that cunning can devise, is practised to deceive him. Alas! my dear Telemachus, your own experience will confirm this truth but too well. We never find either the virtues or abilities in mankind that we seek; and with whatever diligence and penetration we study their characters, we are every day mistaken in our conclusions. We can never avail the public of all the virtues and abilities that we find; for the best men have their prejudices, their aversions, and their jealousies: they will seldom give up any opinion, however singular, or renounce any foible, however pernicious. The greater the dominion, the more numerous must be the

ministry ; for there will be more that the prince cannot do himself, and, therefore, more that he must do by others ; and the greater the number of those to whom he must delegate his authority, the more liable he is to be somewhere mistaken in his choice. He who is a severe censor of kings to-day, would to-morrow govern much worse than those whom he condemns ; and if he was intrusted with the same power, would commit the same faults, and many others much greater. A private station, if a man has some degree of natural eloquence, conceals defects, displays shining talents to advantage, and makes him appear worthy of all the posts that he does not fill : but authority brings a man's abilities to a severe test, and discovers great faults, which the shades of obscurity concealed. Greatness resembles those glasses which represent every object larger than it is ; every defect seems to expand in an elevated situation ; where things, in themselves small, are, in their consequences, great, and the slightest faults excite vehement opposition. A prince is an individual, whose conduct the whole world is perpetually employed to watch, and disposed to condemn. He is judged with the utmost rigour by those who can only guess at his situation ; who have not the least sense of the difficulties that attend it ; and who expect, that, to answer their ideas of perfection, he should be no longer a man. A king, however, can be no more ; his goodness and his wisdom are bounded by his nature : he has humours, passions, and habits, which it is impossible he should always surmount ; he is continually beset by self-interest and cunning ; he never finds the assistance that he seeks ; he is perpetually led into mistakes, sometimes by his own passions, and sometimes by those of his ministers, and can scarcely repair one fault before he falls into another. Such is the situation even of those kings who have most wisdom, and most virtue ; and the longest and best reign is too

short, and too defective, to correct, at the end, what has undesignedly been done amiss in the beginning. Such evils are inseparable from royalty ; and human weakness must sink under such a load. Kings should be pitied and excused ; should not they be pitied who are called to the government of an innumerable multitude whose wants are infinite, and who cannot but keep every faculty of those who would govern them well upon the stretch ? Or, to speak freely, are not men to be pitied, for their necessary subjection to a mortal like themselves ? A god only can fulfil the duties of dominion. The prince, however, is not less to be pitied than the people ; a weak and imperfect creature, the governor of a corrupt and deceitful multitude !”

“ But,” said Telemachus, with some vivacity, “ Idomeneus has already lost Crete, the kingdom of his ancestors, by his indiscretion : and he would have lost Salentum, which he is founding in its stead, if it had not been preserved by your wisdom.”

“ I confess,” replied Mentor, “ that Idomeneus has been guilty of great faults ; but, look through Greece, and every other country upon earth, and see whether among those that are most improved, you can find one prince, that is not, in many instances, inexcusable. The greatest men have, in their natural disposition, and the constitutional character of their minds, defects which sometimes mislead them ; and the best men are those who have fortitude to acknowledge these defects, and make conscience of repairing the mischiefs that they produce. Do you imagine that Ulysses, the great Ulysses your father, who is considered as an example by all the sovereigns of Greece, is without weakness and imperfection ? If he had not been favoured with the perpetual guidance and protection of Minerva, how often would he have sunk under the dangers and difficulties to which the wanton malignity of Fortune has exposed him ! How often has the goddess re-

strained and corrected him, that he might walk on in the path of virtue, till he arrived at glory! And when you shall see him reign, in all the splendour of his excellence in Ithaca, do not expect to find him perfect. He has been the admiration of Greece, of Asia, and of all the islands of the sea, notwithstanding his failings, which, among the shining wonders of his character, are forgotten. If you, also, can thus admire him, and by a happy emulation of his wisdom and his virtue, transplant them into your own bosom, you will need no other happiness or honour.

“Accustom yourself not to expect, from the greatest men, more than human nature can effect: it is common for the inexperience and presumption of youth to indulge a severity of judgment, which leads them to condemn the characters that they ought to imitate, and produces an hopeless indocility. You ought not only to love, respect, and imitate your father, notwithstanding his imperfections, but you ought also very highly to esteem Idomeneus, notwithstanding such parts of his character and conduct as I have shown to deserve censure. He is naturally sincere, upright, equitable, kind, and munificent; his courage is perfect; and he spontaneously detests fraud, the moment he perceives it: all his external qualifications are great, and suitable to his rank: his ingenuous disposition to acknowledge his errors; his mild and patient endurance of my severe reprehension; his fortitude against himself, to make public reparations for his faults, and thus to place himself above the censure of others; are indubitable testimonies, that he has true greatness of mind.—There are some faults, from which a man of little merit may be preserved, by good fortune, or by good counsel; but it is only by an effort of the most exalted virtue, that a king, who has been so long seduced by flattery, can correct his faults: it is more glorious thus to rise, than never to have fallen. The faults

of Idomeneus are such as almost all kings have committed; but his reparation is such as has been made by none. As for myself, while I reprov'd I admir'd him; for he permitted my reproof: and do you admire him also, my dear Telemachus! it is less for his reputation, than your advantage, that I give you this counsel."

By this discourse, Mentor made Telemachus sensible, that he who judges with severity of others, endangers his own virtue; especially if they are distressed by the perplexities and difficulties of government. "But it is now," said he, "time to part. Farewell! I will wait here, my dear Telemachus, for your return. Remember, that those who fear the gods, have nothing to fear from men! You will be exposed to extreme danger; but remember, that you will never be forsaken by Minerva!"

At this moment, Telemachus became conscious to the presence of the goddess; and he would have known that it was the very voice of Minerva that had inspir'd him with fortitude, if she had not immediately recalled the image of Mentor to his mind, by addressing him in the character she had assumed: "Remember," said she, "my son, the care which I took, during your infancy, to render you as wise and as brave as your father: do nothing that is unworthy of his example, or of my precepts."

The sun had already risen, and tinged the summit of the mountains with gold, when the confederate kings departed from Salentum, and returned to their people. The troops that had been encamp'd round the city, now began to march under their leaders: their pikes rose like a forest on every side: their shields glittered in the sun; and a cloud of dust ascended to the sky. The kings were conducted to the plain by Idomeneus and Mentor, who attended them to a considerable distance from the city. At last they parted, having given and received reciprocal assurances of sincere friendship. And the allies

being now acquainted with the true character of Idomeneus, which had suffered so much by misrepresentation, had no doubt but that the peace would be lasting: they had, indeed, formed their judgment of him, not from his natural sentiments, but from the pernicious counsel of flatterers, which he had implicitly taken.

When the army was gone, Idomeneus led Mentor into every quarter of the city. "Let us see," said Mentor, "how many people you have, as well in the city as the country: let us number the whole; and let us also examine how many of them are husbandmen. Let us inquire how much corn, wine, oil, and other necessities, your lands will produce one year with another: we shall then know whether it will yield a surplus for foreign trade. Let us also see how many vessels you have, and how many sailors to man them, that we may be able to judge of your strength." He then visited the port, and went on board every vessel; he informed himself of the several ports to which they traded, what merchandise they carried out, and what they brought back in return; what was the expense of the voyage; what were the loans of the merchants to each other, and what trading societies were established among them, that he might know whether their articles were equitable, and faithfully observed. He also inquired, what was the risk of the several voyages, and to what losses the trade was exposed, that such restrictions might be made as would prevent the ruin of the merchants, who sometimes, from too eager a desire of gain, undertake what they are not in a condition to accomplish.

He ordered that bankruptcy should be punished with great severity, because it is generally the effect of rashness and indiscretion, if not of fraud: he also formed regulations, by which bankruptcies might easily be prevented: he obliged the merchants to give an account of their effects, their profits, their expenses, and their undertakings, to magistrates esta-

blished for this purpose: he ordered that they should never be permitted to risk the property of another; nor more than half their own: that they should undertake, by association, what they could not undertake singly; and that the observance of the conditions of such association should be enforced by severe penalties. He ordered also that trade should be perfectly open and free; and, instead of loading it with imposts, that every merchant, who brought the trade of a new nation to the port of Salentum, should be entitled to a reward.

These regulations brought people in crowds from all parts, and the trade of Salentum was like the flux and reflux of the sea: riches flowed in upon it with an impetuous abundance, like wave impelling wave: every thing was freely brought in and carried out of the port; every thing that was brought was useful, and every thing that was carried out, left something of greater advantage in its stead. Justice presided over the port, which was the centre of innumerable nations, with inflexible severity; and from the lofty towers, that were at once its ornament and defence, freedom, integrity, and honour, seemed to call together the merchants of the remotest regions of the earth: and these merchants, whether they came from the shores of the east, where the sun rises from the parting wave to begin the day; or from that boundless ocean, where, wearied with his course, he extinguishes his fires; all lived together in Salentum, as in their native country, with security and peace.

Mentor then visited the magazines, warehouses, and manufactories of the interior part of the city. He prohibited the sale of all foreign commodities that might introduce luxury or effeminacy: he regulated the dress and the provisions of the inhabitants of every rank; and the furniture, the size, and ornaments of their houses. He also prohibited all ornaments of silver and gold: "I know but one thing," said he to Idomeneus, "that can render your people

modest in their expenses—the example of their prince: it is necessary that there should be a certain dignity in your appearance: but your authority will be sufficiently marked by the guards, and the great officers of your court, that will always attend you. As to your dress, be content with the finest cloth of a purple colour: let the dress of your principal officers be of cloth equally fine: and let your own be distinguished only by the colour, and a slight embroidery of gold round the edge: different colours will serve to distinguish different conditions, without either gold or silver, or jewels, and let these conditions be regulated by birth.

“Put the most ancient and illustrious nobility in the first rank: those who are distinguished by personal merit, and the authority of office, will be content to stand second to those who have been long in possession of hereditary honour. Men who are not noble by descent, will readily yield precedence to those that are, if you take care not to encourage a false opinion of themselves, by raising them too suddenly and too high: and never fail to gratify those with praise, who are modest in prosperity. No distinction so little excites envy, as that which is derived from ancestors by a long descent.

“To stimulate virtue, and excite an emulation to serve the state, it will be sufficient to reward public merit with honorary distinctions, a crown or a statue, which may be made the foundation of a new nobility, for the children of those to whom they are decreed.

“The habit of persons of the first rank may be white, bordered with a fringe of gold: they may also be distinguished by a gold ring on their finger, and a medal of gold impressed with your image hanging from their neck. Those of the second rank may be dressed in blue, with a silver fringe, and be distinguished by the ring without a medal. The third rank may be dressed in green, and wear the medal without either fringe or ring. The colour of the

fourth class may be a full yellow; the fifth a pale red; the sixth a mixture of red and white; and the seventh, a mixture of white and yellow. Dresses of these different colours will sufficiently distinguish the freemen of your state into seven classes. The habit of slaves should be dark grey: and thus each will be distinguished according to his condition, without expense; and every art which can only gratify pride, will be banished from Salentum. All the artificers, which are now employed so much to the disadvantage of their country, will betake themselves to such arts as are useful, which are few; or to commerce or agriculture. No change must ever be suffered to take place, either in the quality of the stuff or the form of the garment: men are, by nature, formed for serious and important employments; and it is unworthy of them to invent affected novelties in the clothes that cover them, or suffer women, whom such employment would less disgrace, to fall into an extravagance contemptible and pernicious."

Thus Mentor, like a skilful gardener, who lops from his fruit-trees the useless wood, endeavoured to retrench the parade that insensibly corrupts the manners, and to reduce every thing to a frugal and noble simplicity. He regulated even the provisions, not of the slaves only, but those of the highest rank: "What a shame is it," said he, "that men of exalted stations should place their superiority in eating such food as effeminates the mind, and subverts the constitution! They ought to value themselves for the regulation of their own desires, for their power of dispensing good to others, and for the reputation which the exercise of private and public virtue will necessarily procure. To the sober and temperate, the simplest food is always pleasant; and the simplest food only can produce the most vigorous health, and give at once capacity and disposition for the purest and the highest enjoyments. Your meal should consist of the best food; but it should always be plainly

dressed: the art of cookery is the art of poisoning mankind, by rendering the appetite still importunate, when the wants of nature are supplied."

Idomeneus easily conceived that he had done wrong, in suffering the inhabitants of this new city to corrupt and effeminate their manners, by violating the sumptuary laws of Minos: but Mentor further convinced him, that the revival of those laws would produce little effect, if the king did not give them force by his example: he, therefore, immediately regulated his own table, where he admitted only plain food, such as he had eaten with other Grecian princes at the siege of Troy, with the finest bread, and a small quantity of the wine of the country, which was generous and well flavoured. No man dared to murmur at a regulation which the king imposed upon himself; and the profusion and false delicacy of the table were given up without a struggle.

Mentor suppressed also two kinds of music: the soft and effeminate strains, which dissolve the soul into languishment and desire; and the Bacchanalian airs, that transport it with causeless, tumultuous, and opprobrious joy: he allowed only that sacred and solemn harmony, which, in the temples of the gods, kindles devotion, and celebrates heroic virtue. To the temples also he confined the superb ornaments of architecture, columns, pediments, and porticos: he gave models, in a simple but elegant style of building, for houses that would contain a numerous family, on a moderate extent of ground, so designed, that they should be at once pleasant and convenient; that they should have a healthful aspect, and apartments sufficiently separated from each other, that order and decency might be easily preserved, and that they might be repaired at a small expense. He ordered, that every house above the middling class should have a hall, and a small peristyle, with separate chambers for all the free persons of the family; but he prohibited, under severe penalties, the super-

fluous number and magnificence of apartments, that ostentation and luxury had introduced. Houses erected upon these models, according to the size of the family, served to embellish one part of the city at a small expense, and gave it a regular appearance; while the other part, which was already finished according to the caprice and vanity of individuals, was, notwithstanding its magnificence, less pleasing and convenient. This city was built in a very short time; because the neighbouring coast of Greece furnished very skilful architects, and a great number of masons repaired thither from Epirus, and other countries, upon the promise, that, after they had finished their work, they should be established in the neighbourhood of Salentum, where land should be granted them to clear, and where they would contribute to people the country.

Painting and sculpture were arts which Mentor thought should by no means be proscribed; but he permitted the practice of them to few. He established a school, under masters of an exquisite taste, by whom the performances of the pupils were examined: "There should be no mediocrity," says he, "in the arts which are not necessary to life; and consequently, no youth shall be permitted to practise them, but such as have a genius to excel: others were designed by nature for less noble occupations, and may be very usefully employed in supplying the ordinary wants of the community. Sculptors and painters should be employed only to preserve the memory of great men, and great actions: and the representations of whatever has been achieved by heroic virtue, for the service of the public, should be preserved only in public buildings, or on the monuments of the dead." But whatever was the moderation or the frugality of Mentor, he indulged the taste of magnificence in the great buildings that were intended for public sports; the races of horses and chariots, combats with the cestus, wrestling, and

all other exercises which render the body more agile and vigorous.

He suppressed a great number of traders that sold wrought stuffs of foreign manufacture; embroidery of an excessive price; vases of silver and gold, embossed with various figures in bas-relief; distilled liquors, and perfumes: he ordered also, that the furniture of every house should be plain and substantial, so as not soon to wear out. The people of Salentum, therefore, who had been used to complain of being poor, began to perceive that they abounded in superfluous riches; but that this superfluity was of a deceitful kind; that they were poor in proportion as they possessed it, and that in proportion as they relinquished it only they could be rich: "To become truly rich," said they, "is to despise such riches as exhaust the state; and to lessen the number of our wants, by reducing them to the necessities of virtue."

Mentor also took the first opportunity to visit the arsenals and magazines; and examine whether the arms, and other necessities of war, were in a good condition: "To be always ready for war," said he, "is the surest way to avoid it." He found many things wanting, and immediately employed artificers in brass and iron to supply the defects. Furnaces are immediately built; and smoke and flames ascend in cloudy volumes, like those that issue from the subterranean fires of mount Etna: the hammer rings upon the anvil, which groans under the stroke: the neighbouring shores and mountains re-echo to the sound; and a spectator of these preparatives for war, made by a provident sagacity during a profound peace, might have thought himself in that island, where Vulcan animates the Cyclops by his example, to forge thunder for the father of the gods.

Mentor then went with Idomeneus out of the city, and found a great extent of fertile country wholly uncultivated; besides considerable tracts that were cultivated but in part, through the negligence or po-

erty of the husbandmen, or the want of spirit, or the want of hands. "This country," said he to the king, "is ready to enrich its inhabitants, but the inhabitants are not sufficient to cultivate the country; let us, then, remove the superfluous artificers from the city, whose professions serve only to corrupt the manners of the people, and let us employ them in fertilizing those plains and hills. It is a misfortune that these men, having been employed in arts which require a sedentary life, are unused to labour; but we will try to remedy this evil; we will divide these uncultivated lands into lots among them, and call in the neighbouring people to their assistance, who will gladly undertake the most laborious part of the work, upon condition that they should receive a certain proportion of the produce of the lands they clear: they may afterwards be made proprietors of part of it, and be thus incorporated with your people, who are by no means sufficiently numerous: if they prove diligent and obedient to the laws, they will be good subjects and increase your power. The artisans, whom you shall transplant from the city to the fields, will bring up their children to the labours of rural life; and the foreigners, whom you have employed to assist in building your city, have engaged to clear part of your lands, and become husbandmen: these men, as soon as they have finished the public buildings, you should incorporate with your people: they will think themselves happy to pass their lives under a government so gentle as that which you have now established; and as they are robust and laborious, their example will animate the transplanted artificers with whom they will be mixed, and, in a short time, your country will abound with a vigorous race, wholly devoted to agriculture.

"When this is done, be in no pain about the multiplication of your people: they will, in a short time, become innumerable, if you facilitate marriage; and the most simple way of facilitating marriage is the

most effectual. All men are naturally inclined to marry; and nothing prevents them from indulging this inclination, but the prospect of difficulty and distress: if you do not load them with taxes, their family will never become a burden: the earth is never ungrateful, but always affords sustenance to those who diligently cultivate it; it refuses its bounty only to those who refuse their labour. Husbandmen are always rich in proportion to the number of their children, if their prince does not make them poor: for the children afford them some assistance, even from their infancy; the youngest can drive the flock to pasture, those that are farther advanced can look after the cattle, and those of the third stage can work with their father in the field. In the mean time, the girls assist the mother, who prepares a simple but wholesome repast for those that are abroad, when they return home fatigued with the labour of the day: she milks her cows and her sheep, and the pails overflow with longevity and health; she brings out her little stores, her cheeses, and her chestnuts, with fruits that she has preserved from decay; she piles up the social fire, and the family gathers round it; every countenance brightens with the smile of innocence and peace: and some rural ditty diverts them, till the night calls them to rest. He that attended the flock, returns with his pipe; and when the family is got together, he sings them some new song that he has learnt at the neighbouring village. Those that have been at work in the fields, come in with the plough, and the weary oxen that hang down their heads, and move with a slow and heavy pace, notwithstanding the goad, which now urges them in vain. All the sufferings of labour end with the day: the poppies, which at the command of the gods, are scattered over the earth by the hand of sleep, charm away every care: sweet enchantment lulls all nature into peace, and the weary rest, without anticipating the troubles of to-morrow. Happy, indeed, are

unambitious, mistrustless, artless people, if the gods vouchsafe them a king that disturbs not their blameless joy ; and of what horrid inhumanity are they guilty, who, to gratify pride and ambition, wrest from them the sweet product of the field, which they owe to the liberality of nature, and the sweat of their brow ! In the fruitful lap of nature, there is inexhaustible plenty for temperance and labour : if none were luxurious and idle, none would be wretched and poor."

"But what shall I do," said Idomeneus, "if the people that I scatter over this fertile country should neglect to cultivate it?"—"You must do," said Mentor, "just contrary to what is commonly done : rapacious and inconsiderate princes think only of taxing those who are most industrious to improve their lands ; because, upon these, they suppose a tax will be more easily levied ; and they spare those, whom idleness has made indigent. Reverse this mistaken and injurious conduct, which oppresses virtue, rewards vice, and encourages a supineness that is equally fatal to the king and to the state. Let your taxes be heavy upon those who neglect the cultivation of their lands ; and add, to your taxes, fines, and other penalties if it is necessary : punish the negligent and the idle, as you would the soldier who should desert his post. On the contrary, distinguish those, who, in proportion as their families multiply, cultivate their lands with the greater diligence, by special privileges and immunities ; every family will then become numerous ; and every one will be animated to labour, not by the desire of gain only, but of honour : the state of husbandry being no longer wretched, will no longer be contemptible ; the plough, once more held in honour, will be guided by the victorious hands that have defended the country ; and it will not be less glorious to cultivate a paternal inheritance in the security of peace, than to draw the sword in its defence, when it is endangered by war. The whole country will bloom around you : the golden

ears of ripe corn will again crown the temples of Ceres : Bacchus will tread the grapes in rich clusters under his feet ; and wine more delicious than nectar, will flow from the hills like a river : the valleys will resound to the song of the shepherds, who, dispersed along the banks of a transparent stream, shall join their voices with the pipe ; while their flocks shall frolic round them, and feast upon the flowery pasture without fear of the wolf.

“ O Idomeneus ! will it not make you supremely happy, to be the source of such prosperity ; to stretch your protection, like the shadow of a rock, over so many people, who will repose under it in security and peace ? Will you not, in the consciousness of this, enjoy a noble elevation of mind, a calm sense of superior glory ; such as can never touch the bosom of the tyrant, who lives only to desolate the earth, and who diffuses, not less through his own dominions, than those which he conquers from others, carnage and tumult, horror and anguish, consternation, famine, and despair ! Happy, indeed, is the prince, whom his own greatness of soul, and the distinguishing favour of the gods, shall render thus the delight of his people, and the example of succeeding ages ! The world, instead of taking up arms to oppose his power, will be found prostrate at his feet, and suing to be subject to his dominion.”

“ But,” said Idomeneus, “ when the people shall be thus blessed with plenty and peace, will not their happiness corrupt their manners ? Will they not turn against me the very strength I have given them !” “ There is no reason to fear that,” said Mentor : “ the sycophants of prodigal princes have suggested it as a pretence for oppression ; but it may easily be prevented. The laws which we have established with respect to agriculture will render life laborious ; and the people, notwithstanding their plenty, will abound only in what is necessary, for we have prohibited the arts that furnish superfluities : and the plenty even of

necessaries will be restrained within due bounds, by the facility of marriage, and the multiplication of families. In proportion as a family becomes numerous, their portion of land being still the same in extent, a more diligent cultivation will become necessary; and this will require incessant labour. Luxury and idleness only render people insolent and rebellious: they will have bread, indeed, and they will have bread enough; but they will have nothing more, except what they can gain, from their own ground, by the sweat of their brow.

“That your people may continue in this state of mediocrity, it will be necessary that you should now limit the extent of ground that each family is to possess. We have, you know, divided your people into seven classes, according to their different conditions; and each family, in each class, must be permitted to possess only such an extent of ground as is absolutely necessary to subsist it. This regulation being inviolably observed, the nobles can never get possession of the lands of the poor: every one will have land; but so much only, as will make a diligent cultivation necessary. If, in a long course of years, the people should be so much increased, that land cannot be found for them at home, they may be sent to form colonies abroad; which will be a new advantage to the mother country.

“I am of opinion that care should be taken, even to prevent wine from being too common in your kingdom; if you find that too many vines are planted, you should cause them to be grubbed up. Some of the most dreadful mischiefs that afflict mankind proceed from wine: it is the cause of disease, quarrels, sedition, idleness, aversion to labour, and every species of domestic disorder. Let wine then be considered as a kind of medicine, or as a scarce liquor, to be used only at the sacrifices of the gods, or in seasons of public festivity. Do not, however, flatter yourself, that this regulation can ever take place without the sanction of your own example.

“The laws of Minos, with respect to the education of children, must also be inviolably preserved: public schools must be established, to teach them the fear of the gods, the love of their country, a reverence for the laws, and a preference of honour not only to pleasure but to life. Magistrates must be appointed, to superintend the conduct, not of every family only, but every person: you must keep also your own eye upon them; for you are a king, only to be the shepherd of your people, and to watch over your flock night and day. By this unremitted vigilance, you will prevent many disorders and many crimes; such as you cannot prevent, you must immediately punish with severity; for, in this case, severity to the individual is clemency to the public: it stops those irregularities at their source, which would deluge the country with misery and guilt; the taking away of one life, upon a proper occasion, will be the preservation of many, and will make a prince sufficiently feared, without general or frequent severity. It is a detestable maxim, that the security of the prince depends only upon the oppression of the people. Should no care be taken to improve their knowledge or their morals? Instead of being taught to love him, whom they are born to obey; should they be driven by terror to despair, and reduced to the dreadful necessity of either throwing off the yoke of their tyrant, or perishing under its weight? Can this be the way to reign with tranquillity? Can this be the path that leads to glory?

“Remember, that the sovereign who is most absolute, is always least powerful; he seizes upon all, and his grasp is ruin. He is, indeed, the sole proprietor of whatever his state contains; but, for that reason, his state contains nothing of value: the fields are uncultivated, and almost a desert; the towns lose some of their few inhabitants every day; and trade every day declines. The king, who must cease to be a king when he ceases to have subjects, and who is great

only in virtue of his people, is himself insensibly losing his character and his power, as the number of his people, from whom alone both are derived, insensibly diminishes; and his dominions are at length exhausted of money and of men: the loss of men is the greatest and the most irreparable he can sustain. Absolute power degrades every subject to a slave: the tyrant is flattered, even to an appearance of adoration; and every one trembles at the glance of his eye: but, at the least revolt, this enormous power perishes by its own excess. It derived no strength from the love of the people; it wearied and provoked all that it could reach; and rendered every individual of the state impatient of its continuance. At the first stroke of opposition, the idol is overturned, broken to pieces, and trodden under foot: contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust, and every other passion of the soul, unite against so hateful a despotism. The king, who, in his vain prosperity, found no man bold enough to tell him the truth; in his adversity, finds no man kind enough to excuse his faults, or to defend him against his enemies."

Idomeneus then hastened to distribute his uncultivated lands, to people them with useful artificers, and to carry all the counsels of Mentor into execution; reserving for the builders such parts as had been allotted them, which they were not to cultivate, till they had finished the city.

BOOK XIII.

Idomeneus relates to Mentor his confidence in Protesilaus, and the artifices of that favourite, in concert with Timocrates, to betray him, and destroy Philocles: he confesses, that being prejudiced against him by these confederates, he sent Timocrates to kill him while he was abroad with the command of a fleet upon a dangerous expedition: that Timocrates having failed in the attempt, Philocles forbore to avenge himself, by taking his life, but, resigning the command of the fleet to Polymenes, who had been appointed to succeed him in the written orders for his death, he retired to the isle of Samos: Idomeneus adds, that he at length discovered the perfidy of Protesilaus, but that, even then, he could not shake off his influence.

THE mild and equitable government of Idomeneus soon brought the inhabitants of the neighbouring

countries, in crowds, to Salentum, to be incorporated with his people, and share the felicity of his reign. The fields, which had been long overgrown with thorns and brambles, now promised a rich harvest, and fruits that were unknown before; the earth opens her bosom to the ploughshare, and gets ready her treasures to reward the husbandman: every eye sparkles with hope; innumerable flocks whiten alike the valleys and the hills; the mountains resound with the lowing of cattle, which, in large herds, share the pasture with the sheep; and the pasture, thus manured, becomes more fertile, in proportion to the number that it feeds. These flocks and herds were procured by the contrivance of Mentor, who advised Idomeneus to exchange for them, with the Peucetes, a neighbouring people, such superfluities as were prohibited by the new regulations at Salentum.

At the same time, the city and the adjacent villages were filled with the youth of both sexes, who had long languished in dejection and indigence, and did not dare to marry for fear of increasing their distress. When they perceived that Idomeneus had adopted sentiments of humanity, and was become the father of his people, they feared no longer the want of food, nor any other scourge with which Heaven chastises the earth. Nothing was heard but shouts of joy, and the songs of shepherds and husbandmen, at the celebration of their marriage: Pan seemed himself to be among them; and fauns and satyrs to mix with nymphs in the dance, which the rural pipe prompted in the chequered shade. Tranquillity was everywhere heightened into joy; but the joy was nowhere perverted into riot; it served only as a relaxation from labour; and that labour rendered it, at once, more poignant and more pure.

The old men were astonished to see, what they had never dared to hope through the whole course of a long life, and burst into tears with excess of

tenderness and joy. Their pleasure soon kindled into devotion; and raising their tremulous hands to heaven, they cried out, "O mighty Jupiter! bless the prince that resembles thee, and is himself the greatest blessing thou couldst bestow upon us. He is born for the benefit of mankind: return to him the benefits that we receive from him. The children of these marriages, and their descendants to the last generation, will be indebted to him for their existence, and he will be truly the father of his people!" The young couples that were married, expressed their joy, by singing the praises of him from whom it was derived: his name was continually in their lips, and his image in their heart: they thought themselves happy, if they could see him; and they feared his death, as the greatest evil that could befall them.

And now Idomeneus confessed to Mentor, that he had never felt any pleasure equal to that of diffusing happiness and exciting affection. "It is a pleasure," said he, "of which I had no idea. I thought the greatness of a prince consisted in his being the object of fear; and that the rest of mankind were made only for him. What I had heard of kings that were the love and the delight of their people, I despised as a fable; but I now revere it as a truth. I will, however, tell you by what means these false notions, the cause of all my misfortunes, were early planted in my heart.

"Among other persons, whom I loved when I was very young, were Protesilaus and Philocles. Protesilaus was somewhat older than myself, and was my chief favourite: his natural disposition, which was sprightly and enterprising, exactly corresponded with my own; he entered into all my pleasures, he flattered all my passions, and he endeavoured to render me suspicious of Philocles. Philocles had great reverence of the gods, an elevated mind, and obedient passions: he placed greatness not in the acquisition

of power, but the conquest of himself, and in never stooping to a mean action: he often warned me of my faults with great freedom; and when he did not dare to speak, his silence, and the sorrow that was expressed in his countenance, sufficiently convinced me, that I had given cause for reproach.

“This sincerity, at first, gave me pleasure; and I frequently protested, that I would always listen to the truths he told me, as the best preservative against flattery: he directed me how to walk in the steps of Minos, and give happiness to my people: his wisdom was not, indeed, equal to thine; but I now know, that his counsel was good. By degrees, however, the artifices of Protesilaus, who was jealous and aspiring, succeeded. The frankness and integrity of Philocles disgusted me: he saw himself decline under the ascendancy of Protesilaus, without a struggle; and contented himself with always telling me the truth, whenever I would hear it; for he had my advantage, and not his own interest, in view.

“Protesilaus insensibly persuaded me, that he was of a morose and haughty temper; that he was a severe censor of my conduct, from a spirit of discontent: that he asked me no favour, only because he disdained obligation, and aspired to the character of a man superior to any honours that could be conferred by his prince. He added, that this youth, who spoke so freely of my faults to myself, spoke of them also with the same freedom to others; that he insinuated I was little worthy of esteem; and that, by thus rendering me cheap in the eyes of the people, and by the artful parade of an austere virtue, he intended to open himself a way to the throne. At first, I could not believe that Philocles intended to deprive me of my crown: there is, in true virtue, something open and ingenuous, which no art can counterfeit, and which, if it is attended to, can never be mistaken. But the steadiness with which Philocles opposed my follies, began to weary me:

and the flattering compliance of Protesilaus, and his indefatigable industry to procure me new pleasures, made me still more impatient of his rival's austerity.

“ In the mean time, Protesilaus, perceiving that I did not believe all he had told me of Philocles, his pride disdaining the suspicion which his falsehood had deserved, resolved to say nothing more to me about him, but to remove my doubts by stronger evidence than speculation and argument: he, therefore, advised me to give him the command of some vessels that were fitted out against a fleet of the Carpathians, and supported his advice with great subtilty. ‘ You know,’ says he, ‘ that my commendations of Philocles cannot be suspected of partiality: he is certainly brave, and has a genius for war; he is more fit for this service than any other person you can send; and I prefer the advancement of your interest to the gratification of my own resentment.’

“ This instance of generous integrity in a man, to whom I had intrusted the most important affairs, delighted me: I embraced him in a transport of joy, and thought myself superlatively happy to have placed my confidence in a man who appeared to be at once superior to passion and to interest. But, alas, how much are princes to be pitied! This man knew me better than I knew myself: he knew that kings are generally mistrustful and indolent; mistrustful, by perpetually experiencing the artifices of the designing and corrupt; and indolent, by the pleasures that solicit them, and a habit of leaving all business to others, without taking the trouble so much as to think for themselves: he knew, therefore, that it would not be difficult to render me jealous of a man who could not fail to perform great actions; especially when he was not present to detect the fallacy.

“ Philocles foresaw, at his departure, what would happen:—‘ Remember,’ says he, ‘ that I can now no longer defend myself; that you will be accessible

only to my enemy; and that while I am serving you at the risk of my life, I am likely to obtain no other recompense than your indignation.'—'You are mistaken,' said I: 'Protesilaus does not speak of you, as you speak of him; he commends, he esteems you and thinks you worthy of the most important trust; if he should speak against you, he would forfeit my confidence: go, therefore, upon your expedition without fear; and think only how to conduct it with advantage.' He departed, and left me in uncommon perplexity.

"I confess that I saw, very clearly, the necessity of consulting many understandings; and that nothing could more injure my reputation, or my interest, than an implicit resignation to the counsels of an individual. I knew that the prudent advice of Philocles had preserved me from many dangerous errors, which the haughtiness of Protesilaus would have led me into; I was conscious, that in the mind of Philocles, there was a fund of probity and wisdom, that I did not find in Protesilaus; but I had suffered Protesilaus to assume a kind of dictatorial manner, which at length I found myself scarcely able to resist. I grew weary of consulting two men, who could never agree; and chose rather to hazard something in the administration of my affairs, than continue the trouble of examining opposite opinions, and judging for myself which was the best. It is true, I did not dare to assign the motives of so shameful a choice, even to myself; but these motives still continued their secret influence in my heart, and directed all my actions.

"Philocles surprised the enemy, and, having gained a complete victory, was hastening home to prevent the ill offices he had reason to fear; but Protesilaus, who had not had time to effect his purpose, wrote him word, that it was my pleasure he should improve his victory, by making a descent upon the island of Carpathus. He had, indeed, persuaded me, that a

conquest of that island might easily be made; but he took care, that many things necessary for the enterprise should be wanting: he gave Philocles also such orders as could not fail to embarrass him in the execution of it. In the mean time, he engaged one of my domestics, a man of very corrupt manners, who was much about me, to observe all that passed, even to the minutest incident, and give him an account of it; though they appeared seldom to see each other, and never to agree. This domestic, whose name was Timocrates, came to me one day, and told me as a great secret, that he had discovered a very dangerous affair. ‘Philocles,’ says he, ‘intends, by the assistance of your forces, to make himself king of Carpathus. The officers are all in his interest; and he has gained the private men, partly by his liberality, but principally by the pernicious irregularities which he tolerates among them. He is greatly elated by his victory; and here is a letter which he has written to one of his friends, concerning his project, which, after such evidence, it is impossible to doubt.’

“I read the letter, which appeared to me to be in the handwriting of Philocles; but it was a forgery, concerted and executed between Protesilaus and Timocrates. This letter threw me into great astonishment: I read it again and again; and when I called to mind, how many affecting proofs Philocles had given me of disinterested fidelity, I could not persuade myself that he was the writer: yet, seeing the characters to be his, what could I determine!

“When Timocrates perceived that his artifice had thus far succeeded, he pushed it farther: ‘May I presume,’ said he, hesitating, ‘to make one remark upon this letter? Philocles tells his friend that he may speak in confidence to Protesilaus of one thing; but he expresses that one thing by a cypher. Protesilaus is certainly a party in the project of Philocles, and they have accommodated their differences at your expense. You know, it was Protesilaus that

pressed you to send Philocles upon this expedition ; and, for some time, he has desisted from speaking against him, as he has been used to do : he now takes every opportunity to excuse and commend him ; and they have frequently met upon very good terms. There is no doubt, that Protesilaus has concerted measures with Philocles, to share his conquest between them. You see, that he urged you to this enterprise, against all rules of prudence and of policy ; and that, to gratify his ambition, he has endangered the loss of your fleet : is it possible, that he would have rendered himself thus subservient to the ambition of Philocles, if there had been enmity between them ? It is manifest, that they are associated in a design to aggrandize themselves, and perhaps to supplant you in the throne. I know, that, by thus revealing my suspicions, I expose myself to their resentment, if you shall still leave your authority in their hands : however, since I have done my duty, I am careless of the event.'

"The last words of Timocrates, sunk deep into my mind : I made no doubt, but that Philocles was a traitor, and I suspected Protesilaus as his friend. In the mean time, Timocrates was continually telling me, that, if I waited till Philocles had made a conquest of Carpathus, it would be too late to frustrate his designs : 'you must,' says he, 'secure him, while he is in your power.'—But I was struck with such horror at the deep dissimulation of mankind, that I knew not whom to trust : after having discovered Philocles to be a traitor, I knew no man whose virtue could preclude suspicion. I resolved to cut off Philocles immediately ; but I feared Protesilaus ; and with respect to him, I was in doubt what to do ; I feared equally to find him guilty, and to trust him as innocent.

"Such was the perplexity of my mind, that I could not forbear telling him, I had some suspicions of Philocles : he heard me with an appearance of the

greatest surprise : he reminded me of his integrity and moderation, in many instances : he exaggerated his services ; and did every thing that could strengthen my suspicions of there being too good an understanding between them. Timocrates, at the same time, was equally diligent on his part, to fix my attention upon every circumstance that favoured the notion of a confederacy ; and was continually urging me to destroy Philocles, while it was in my power. How unhappy a state, my dear Mentor, is royalty ! And how much are kings the sport of other men, while other men appear to be trembling at their feet !

“ I thought it would be a stroke of profound policy, and totally disconcert Protesilaus, to cut off Philocles immediately, by sending Timocrates secretly to the fleet for that purpose. Protesilaus, in the meantime, carried on his dissimulation with the steadiest perseverance, and most refined subtilty : he deceived me, by appearing to be himself deceived. I sent away Timocrates, who found Philocles greatly embarrassed in making his descent, for which he was wholly unprovided : Protesilaus, foreseeing that his forged letter might fail of its effects, had taken care to have another resource, by making an enterprise difficult, which he had persuaded me would be easy, and the miscarriage of which, therefore, could not fail of exposing Philocles, who conducted it, to my resentment. Philocles, however, sustained himself under all difficulties by his courage, his genius, and his popularity among the troops. There was not a private soldier in the army, who did not see that the project of a descent was rash and impracticable ; yet, every one applied to the execution of it, with the same activity and zeal, as if his life and fortune depended upon its success ; and every one was, at all times, ready to hazard his life, under a commander, who was universally revered for his wisdom, and loved for his benevolence.

“ Timocrates had every thing to fear, from an attempt upon the life of a general, in the midst of an army by which he was adored : but the fury of ambition is always blind ; and he saw neither difficulty nor danger, in any measure that could gratify Protesilaus, in concert with whom he hoped to govern me without control, as soon as Philocles should be dead. Protesilaus could not bear the presence of a man, whose very looks were a silent reproach, and who could at once disappoint all his projects by disclosing them to me.

“ Timocrates having corrupted two of Philocles’s officers who were continually about his person, by promising them a great reward in my name, sent him word, that he had some private instructions to communicate to him from me, and that those two officers only must be present. Philocles immediately admitted them to a private room, and shut the door. As soon as they were alone, Timocrates made a stroke at him with a poignard, which entering obliquely, made but a slight wound. Philocles, with the calm fortitude of a man familiar with danger, forced the weapon out of his hand, and defended himself with it against the assassins, at the same time calling for assistance : some of the people that waited without, immediately forced the door, and disengaged him from his assailants, who, being in great confusion, had made a feeble and irresolute attack. They were immediately secured : and such was the indignation of the soldiers, that they would the next moment have been torn to pieces, if Philocles had not interposed. After the first tumult had subsided, he took Timocrates aside, and asked him, without any tokens of resentment, what had prompted him to so horrid an attempt. Timocrates, who was afraid of being instantly put to death, made haste to produce the written order which I had given him, for what he had done ; and as every villain is a coward, he thought only of saving his

life; and, therefore, without reserve, disclosed the whole treachery of Protesilaus.

“Philocles, though he was unmoved at the danger of the project which had been formed against him, was yet terrified at its guilt: he thought himself not a match for the malice of mankind, and therefore determined no longer to struggle with it. He declared to the troops that Timocrates was innocent: he took care to secure him from their resentment, and he sent him back in safety to Crete. He then gave up the command of the army to Polymenes, whom I had appointed, by written order, to succeed him; and having exhorted the troops to continue steadfast in the fidelity they owed me, he went on board a small bark in the night, which landed him upon the island of Samos, where he still lives, with great tranquillity, in poverty and solitude. He procures a scanty subsistence, by working as a statuary; and wishes not so much as to hear of men, who are perfidious and unjust; much less of kings, whom he believes to be the most deceived and the most unhappy of men.”

Idomeneus was here interrupted by Mentor: “Was it long,” said he, “before you discovered the truth?” —“No,” said Idomeneus; but I discovered it by degrees. It was, indeed, not long before Protesilaus and Timocrates quarrelled; for it is with great difficulty that the wicked can agree: and their dissension at once discovered the depth of the abyss into which they had thrown me.”

“Well,” said Mentor, “and did you not immediately dismiss them both?” —“Alas!” said Idomeneus, “can you be so ignorant of my weakness, or the perplexity of my situation? When a prince has once delivered up himself with implicit confidence, to bold and designing men, who have the art of rendering themselves necessary, he must never more hope to be free. Those whom he most despises, he most distinguishes by his favour, and loads with

benefits. I abhorred Protesilaus, and yet left him in the possession of all my authority. Strange infatuation! I was pleased to think that I knew him, yet I had not resolution enough to avail myself of that knowledge, and resume the power of which he was unworthy. I found him, indeed, pliant and attentive; very diligent to flatter my passions, and very zealous to advance my interests. I had, besides, some reasons, which enabled me to excuse my weakness to myself; having, unhappily, never chosen persons of integrity to manage my affairs, I doubted whether there was any such thing as integrity in the world. I considered virtue, rather as a phantom than a reality; and thought it ridiculous to get out of the hands of one bad man, with great struggle and commotion, merely to fall into the hands of another, who would neither be less interested nor more sincere. In the mean time, the fleet commanded by Polymenes, returned to Crete: I thought no more of the conquest of Carpathus; and Protesilaus's dissimulation was not so deep, but that I could perceive he was greatly mortified, to hear that Philocles was out of danger at Samos."

"But," said Mentor, "though you still continued Protesilaus in his post, did you still trust your affairs implicitly to his management?"—"I was," said Idomeneus, "too much an enemy to business and application, to take them out of his hands: the trouble of instructing another would have broken in upon the plan of life which my indolence had formed, and I had not resolution to attempt it. I chose, rather, to shut my eyes, than to see the artifices that were practised against me: and contented myself with letting a few of my favourites know that I was not ignorant of his treachery. Thus knowing that I was cheated, I imagined myself to be cheated but to a certain degree. I sometimes made Protesilaus sensible that I was offended at his usurpation; I frequently took pleasure in

contradicting him, in blaming him publicly for something he had done, and deciding contrary to his opinion; but he knew my supineness and sloth too well, to have any apprehensions upon this account: he always returned resolutely to the charge, sometimes with argument and importunity, sometimes with softness and insinuation; and, whenever he perceived that I was offended, he doubled his assiduity, in furnishing such amusements as were most likely to soothe and soften me, or to engage me in some affair which he knew would make his assistance necessary, and afford him an opportunity of showing his zeal for my reputation.

“ This method of flattering my passions always succeeded, notwithstanding I was upon my guard against it. He knew all my secrets, he relieved me in every perplexity, and he made the people tremble at my name: I could not, therefore, resolve to part with him; and yet, by keeping him in his place, I put it out of the power of honest men to show me my true interest. No man spoke freely in my council; Truth withdrew far from me; and Error, the harbinger of the fall of kings, perpetually punished me for having sacrificed Philocles to the cruel ambition of Protesilaus. Even those who were best affected to my person and government, thought themselves not obliged to undeceive me after so dreadful an example; and I myself, my dear Mentor, even I myself was secretly afraid, that Truth should burst through the cloud of flattery that surrounded me, and reach me with irresistible radiance; for I should have been troubled at the presence of a guide, which I could not but approve, yet wanted resolution to follow. I should have regretted my vassalage, without struggling to be free; for my own indolence, and the ascendancy which Protesilaus had gained over me, occurred to chill me with the torpor of despair. I was sensible to a shameful situation, which I wished alike to hide from others and myself. You

know that vain pride and false glory, are hereditary to kings, who can never bear to acknowledge either an error or a fault : to conceal one they will commit an hundred : and rather than acknowledge they have been once deceived, they will suffer themselves to be deceived for ever. Such is the condition of weak and indolent princes ; and such was mine when I set out for the siege of Troy !

“ I left the sole administration of my government to Protesilaus ; and he behaved, during my absence, with great haughtiness and inhumanity. The whole kingdom groaned under his oppression ; but no man dared to send information of it to me : they knew that I dreaded the sight of Truth ; and that I always gave up to the cruelty of Protesilaus, those that ventured to speak against him : but the mischief increased, in proportion to the fear that concealed it. He afterwards obliged me to dismiss Merion, who followed me to the siege of Troy, and acquired immortal honour in the expedition : he grew jealous of him after my return ; as he did of every man who was distinguished either by my favour or his own virtue.

“ This ascendancy of Protesilaus, my dear Mentor, was the source of all my misfortunes : the revolt of the Cretans was not so much the effect of the death of my son, as of the vengeance of the gods whom my follies had provoked, and the hatred of the people which Protesilaus had drawn upon me. An oppressive and tyrannical government had totally exhausted the patience of my subjects, when I imbrued my hands in the blood of my son ; and the horror of that action only threw off the veil from what had long lain concealed in their hearts.

“ Timocrates went with me to the siege of Troy ; and gave private intelligence to Protesilaus, by letter, of all that he could discover. I was conscious that I was in captivity ; but instead of making any effort to be free, I dismissed the subject from my thoughts

in despair. When the Cretans revolted at my return, Protesilaus and Timocrates were the first that fled ; and would certainly have abandoned me, if I had not been obliged to fly almost at the same time. Be assured, my dear Mentor, that those who are insolent in prosperity, are passive and timid in distress : the moment they are dispossessed of their authority, all is consternation and despair ; in proportion as they have been haughty, they become abject ; and they pass, in a moment, from one extreme to the other."

"But how comes it," said Mentor, "that, notwithstanding you perfectly know the wickedness of these men, I still see them about you ? I can account for their following you hither, because they had no prospect of greater advantage ; and I can easily conceive, that you might afford them an asylum in this rising city, from a principle of generosity : but from what motive can you still deliver yourself up to their management, after such dreadful experience of the mischiefs it must produce ?"

"You are not aware," said Idomeneus, "how little experience itself can avail to the indolent, who are equally averse to business and reflection : they are, indeed, dissatisfied with every thing ; but, for want of resolution, they reform nothing. An habitual connexion with these men, which many years had confirmed, at length bound me to them by shackles that I could not break. As soon as I came hither, they precipitated me into that excessive expense, of which you have been witness ; they have exhausted the strength of this rising state ; they involved me in the war, which, without your assistance, must have destroyed me ; and I should soon have experienced, at Salentum, the same misfortunes which banished me from Crete. But you have at once opened my eyes, and inspired me with resolution. In your presence, I am conscious to an influence for which I cannot account ; my weaknesses drop from me like mortality from the soul,

when she is dismissed to the skies; and I feel myself a new being in a more exalted state.

Mentor then asked Idomeneus how Protesilaus had behaved, during the change of measures which had lately taken place. "He has behaved," replied Idomeneus, "with the most refined subtilty. When you first arrived, he laboured to alarm my suspicions by indirect insinuations: he alleged nothing against you himself; but now one, and then another, were perpetually coming to tell me, that the two strangers were much to be feared. 'One of them,' said they, 'is the son of the crafty and designing Ulysses; the other seems to have deep designs, and to be of a dark and involved spirit. They have been accustomed to wander from one kingdom to another, and who knows but they may have formed some design against this! It appears, even by their own account, that they have been the cause of great troubles in the countries through which they have passed; and we should remember, that this state is still in its infancy, that it is not firmly established, and that a slight commotion will overturn it.'

"Upon this subject Protesilaus was silent; but he took great pains to convince me, that the reformation, which, by your advice, I had begun, was dangerous and extravagant. He urged me by arguments drawn from my particular interest:—'If you place your people,' said he, 'in a state of such ease and plenty, they will labour no more; they will become insolent, intractable, and factious: weakness and distress only, can render them supple and obedient.' He frequently endeavoured to gain his point, by assuming his former ascendancy over me; but he concealed it under an appearance of zeal for my service: 'By easing your people,' said he, 'you will degrade the regal authority; and this will be an irreparable injury, even to the people themselves: nothing but keeping them in the lowest subjection can preserve them from the restlessness of discon-

tent, and the turbulence of faction.' To all this I replied, that I could easily keep the people to their duty, by making them love me ; by exerting all my authority, without abusing it ; by steadily punishing all offenders ; by taking care that children should be properly educated ; and by maintaining such discipline among the people as should render life simple, sober and laborious. What ! said I, can no people be kept in subjection but those that are perishing with hunger ? Does the art of government exclude kindness, and must the politician be necessarily divested of humanity ? How many nations do we see governed with a gentle hand, yet inflexibly loyal to their prince ? Faction and revolt are the effects of restlessness and ambition in the great, whose passions have been indulged to excess, and who have been suffered to abuse freedom into licentiousness ; of the effeminacy, luxury, and idleness of great numbers of all ranks ; of too large a military establishment, which must consist of persons wholly unacquainted with every occupation that can be useful in a time of peace ; and chiefly of the wrongs of an injured people, whom intolerable oppression has at last made desperate. The severity, the pride, and the indolence of princes, which render them incapable of that comprehensive vigilance which alone can prevent disorder in the state, are the first causes of tumult and insurrection ; and not the secure and peaceful repast of the husbandman, upon that bread which he has obtained by the sweat of his brow.

“ When Protesilaus perceived that in these principles I was inflexible, he totally changed his method of attack ; he began to act upon those very maxims which he had laboured in vain to subvert : he pretended to adopt them from conviction, and with a relish ; and expressed great obligations to me for removing his prejudices, and throwing new light upon his mind. He anticipates my very wishes ; and in order to relieve the poor, he is the first to

represent their necessities, and to exclaim against unnecessary expense. He is even, as you know, become eloquent in your praise; he expresses the greatest confidence in your wisdom and integrity, and neglects nothing that he thinks will give you pleasure. His friendship with Timocrates seems to decline; Timocrates is endeavouring to throw off his dependence; Protesilaus is become jealous of him; and it is partly by their disagreement that I have discovered their treachery."

"You have, then," said Mentor, with a smile, "been weak enough to suffer even by detected villainy; and to continue subservient to traitors, after you knew their treason."—"Alas!" said Idomeneus, "you do not know the power of artful men, over a weak and indolent prince, who has put the whole management of his affairs into their hands: besides, Protesilaus, as I have just told you, now enters, with great zeal, into all your projects for the general advantage of the state."

"I know but too well," said Mentor, with a look of some severity, "that, of those that surround a prince, the wicked prevail over the good. Of this truth you are yourself a dreadful example: you say that I have opened your eyes to your true interest; yet you are still so blind as to trust the administration of your government to a wretch that is not fit to live. It is time you should learn, that a man may perform good actions, and be still wicked; that men of the worst principles and disposition do good, when it serves their purpose, with the same facility as evil. It is true, that they do evil without reluctance, because they are withheld neither by sentiment nor principle; but it is also true, that they do good without violence to themselves, because the success even of their vices depends upon appearances of virtue, which they do not possess; and because they gratify their own depravity, while they are deceiving mankind. They are, however,

incapable of virtue, though they appear to practise it: they can only add, to every other vice, that which is more odious than all, hypocrisy. While you continue resolute and peremptory that good shall be done, Protesilaus will do good to preserve his authority; but if he perceives the least tendency to relaxation, he will seize, and with all his powers improve, the opportunity to bewilder you again in perplexity and error; and resume his natural dissimulation and ferocity. Is it possible that you should live with honour or in peace, while you see such a wretch as Protesilaus for ever at your side; and remember, that Philocles, the faithful and the wise, still lives in poverty and disgrace at Samos!

“ You acknowledge, O Idomeneus! that princes are overborne and misled by bold and designing men that are about them; but you should not forget that princes are liable to another misfortune, by no means inferior, a propensity to forget the virtues and the services of those that are absent. Princes being continually surrounded by a multitude, are not forcibly impressed by any individual: they are struck only with what is present and pleasing: the remembrance of every thing else is soon obliterated: virtue affects them less than any other object, for virtue can seldom please, as it opposes and condemns their follies. Princes love nothing but pomp and pleasure; and who, therefore, to wonder, that princes are not beloved?”

BOOK XIV.

Mentor prevails upon Idomeneus to banish Protesilaus and Timocrates to the island of Samos, and recall Philocles to his confidence and councils. Hegesippus, who is charged with this order, executes it with joy. He arrives with his prisoners at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles in great indigence and obscurity, but content: he at first refuses to return; but the gods, having signified it to be their pleasure, he embarks with Hegesippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who now sustains a new character, receives him with great friendship.

AFTER this conversation, Mentor persuaded Idomeneus immediately to dismiss Protesilaus and Ti-

mocrates, and recall Philocles. The king would immediately have complied, if there had not been a severity of virtue in Philocles, of which he feared the effects.

“I confess,” said he, “that though I love and esteem him, I cannot perfectly reconcile myself to his return. I have, even from my infancy, been accustomed to praise, assiduity, and compliances, which, in Philocles, I shall not find. Whenever I took any measures that he disapproved, the dejection of his countenance was sufficient to condemn me; and when we were together in private, his behaviour was respectful and decent, indeed, but it was ungracious and austere.”

“Do you not see,” replied Mentor. “that to princes who have been spoiled by flattery, every thing that is sincere and honest appears to be ungracious and austere? Such princes are even weak enough to suspect a want of zeal for their service, and respect for their authority, where they do not find a servility that is ready to flatter them in the abuse of their power: they are offended at all freedom of speech, all generosity of sentiment, as pride, censoriousness, and sedition; and contract a false delicacy, which every thing, short of flattery, disappoints and disgusts. But let us suppose that Philocles is really ungracious and austere; will not his austerity be preferable to the pernicious flattery of those that are now about you? Where will you find a man without fault? And is not that or speaking truth, in a manner something too rough and free, a fault from which you have less to fear than any other? Is it not, indeed, a fault which your own indiscretion has made necessary to your interest, as that only which can surmount the aversion to truth that flattery has given you? You stand in need of a man who loves only truth and you; who loves you better than you know how to love yourself; who will speak truth, notwithstanding

your opposition, and force a way for it through all your intrenchments. Such a man, and so necessary, is Philocles. Remember, that the greatest good fortune a prince can hope is, that one man of such magnanimous generosity should be born in his reign: in comparison of such a man, all the treasures of the state are of no value; and a prince can suffer no punishment so dreadful, as that of losing him, by becoming unworthy of his virtue, and not knowing how to profit by his services. You ought certainly to avail yourself of worthy men, though it is not necessary that you should be blind to their faults: in these never implicitly acquiesce, but endeavour to correct them. Give merit, however, always a favourable hearing; and let the public see, that you at once distinguish and honour it; but, above all things, strive to be no longer what you have been. Princes, whose virtues, like yours, have suffered by the vices of others, generally content themselves with a speculative disapprobation of corrupt men; and at the same time employ them with the utmost confidence, and load them with riches and honour: on the other hand, they value themselves upon discerning and approving men of virtue; but they reward them only with empty praise, and want magnanimity to assign them employments, to admit them to their friendship, or distinguish them by their favour."

Idomeneus then confessed, that he was ashamed of having so long delayed to deliver innocence from oppression, and to punish those that had abused his confidence; and all scruples about recalling Philocles being removed, Mentor had no difficulty in persuading the king to dismiss his favourite: for when once an opposition to a favourite has so far succeeded, that he is suspected, and becomes troublesome, the prince, feeling himself perplexed and uneasy, thinks only how to get rid of him: all friendship vanishes, and all services are forgotten. The fall of a favourite

gives no pain to his master, if, as soon as he is undone, he is removed out of sight.

Idomeneus immediately gave private orders to Hegesippus, one of the principal officers of his household, to seize Protesilaus and Timocrates, and conduct them in safety to the isle of Samos; to leave them there; and to bring Philocles back to Salentum. Hegesippus, at the receipt of this order, burst into tears of surprise and joy: "You will now," said he to the king, "make every heart in your dominions glad; for these men were the cause of all the misfortunes that have befallen you and your people. Good men have now groaned twenty years under an oppression so severe, that they scarcely dared even to groan: to complain was impossible, for those who attempted to approach you, otherwise than by the favourites, were sure to be immediately crushed by their power."

Hegesippus then acquainted the king with innumerable instances of their treachery and inhumanity, of which he had never heard, because nobody dared to accuse them; and told him also, that he had discovered a conspiracy against the life of Mentor. The king was struck with horror at the relation.

Hegesippus, that he might seize Protesilaus without delay, went immediately to his house. It was not so large as the palace; but it was better designed, both for convenience and pleasure: the architecture was in a better taste, and it was decorated with a profusion of expense, which the most cruel oppression had supplied. He was then in a marble saloon that opened to his baths, reclining negligently upon a couch, that was covered with purple embroidered with gold: he appeared to be weary, and even exhausted with his labours: there was a gloom of discontent upon his brow, and his eye expressed a kind of agitation and ferocity not to be described. The principal persons of the kingdom sat round him upon carpets, watching his looks even to the slightest

glance of his eye, and reflecting every expression of his countenance from their own: if he opened his mouth, all was ecstacy and admiration; and, before he had uttered a word, they vied with each other, which should be loudest in the praise of what he had to say. One of them regaled him with an account of the services he had rendered to the king, heightened with the most ridiculous exaggeration: another declared, that his mother had conceived him by Jupiter in the likeness of her husband, and that he was son to the father of the gods. In some verses, that were recited by a poet, he was said to have been instructed by the Muses, and to have rivalled Apollo in all the works of imagination and wit; and another poet, still more servile and shameless, celebrated him as the inventor of the polite arts, and the father of a people, among whom he had scattered plenty and happiness, from the horn of Amalthea, with a liberal hand.

Protesilaus heard all this adulation with a cold, negligent, and disdainful air, as if he thought his merit was without bounds, and that he honoured those too much from whom he condescended to receive praise. Among other flatterers, there was one who took the liberty to whisper some jest upon the new regulations that were taking place under the direction of Mentor: the countenance of Protesilaus relaxed into a smile; and immoderate laughter immediately shook the whole company, though the greatest part knew nothing of what had been said. The countenance of Protesilaus became again haughty and severe, and every one immediately shrunk back into timidity and silence: all watched for the happy moment in which he would turn his eye upon them, and permit them to speak; and each, having some favour to ask, discovered the greatest agitation and perplexity: their supplicatory posture supplied the want of words; and they seemed to be impressed with the same humility and reverence, as a mother, who petitions the gods at their altar, for the life of an only

son : every countenance expressed a tender complacency and admiration ; but every heart concealed the most malignant envy, and implacable hatred.

At this moment, Hegesippus entered the saloon and, seizing the sword of Protesilaus, acquainted him, that he had the king's orders to carry him to Samos. At these dreadful words, all the arrogance of the favourite fell from him in a moment, like the fragment of a rock that is broken from the summit : he threw himself at the feet of Hegesippus ; he wept, hesitated, faltered, trembled, and embraced the knees of a man, upon whom, an hour before, he would have disdained to turn his eye. At the same time, his flatterers, who saw that his ruin was complete and irreparable, insulted him with a meanness and cruelty worthy of their adulation.

Hegesippus would not allow him time even to take leave of his family, or to secure his private papers, which were all seized, and put into the king's hands. Timocrates was also arrested at the same time, to his inexpressible surprise ; for being upon ill terms with Protesilaus he had not the least apprehension of being involved in his ruin ; and they were both carried on board a vessel, which had been prepared to receive them.

They arrived in safety at Samos, where Hegesippus left his prisoners ; and, to complete their misfortunes, he left them together. Here, with a rancour natural to their circumstances and disposition, they reproached each other with the crimes that had brought on their ruin : here they were condemned to live, without the least hope of returning to Salentum, at a distance from their wives and children, not to mention friends, for a friend they never had : with the country they were wholly unacquainted ; and had no means of subsistence, but by their labour ; a situation, of which the disadvantages were greatly aggravated by their luxury and splendour, which long habit had made almost as necessary to them as food and rest.

In this condition, like two wild beasts of the forest, they were always ready to tear each other to pieces.

In the mean time, Hegesippus inquired in what part of the island Philocles was to be found ; and he was told that he lived at a considerable distance from the city, upon a mountain, in which there was a cave that served him for a habitation. Every one spoke of him with the utmost admiration and esteem : “ He has never given offence,” said they, “ in a single instance, since he has been in the island : every heart is touched at the patience of his labour, and the cheerfulness of his indigence : he possesses nothing, yet is always content. Though he is remote both from the business and pleasures of the world, without property and without influence ; yet he can still find means to oblige merit, and has a thousand contrivances to gratify his neighbours.”

Hegesippus immediately repaired to the cave, which he found empty and open ; for the poverty of Philocles, and the simplicity of his manners, made it unnecessary for him to shut his door when he went out. A mat of coarse rushes served him for a bed : he rarely kindled a fire, because his food was generally such as needed no dressing : in summer he lived upon fruits fresh gathered, and upon dates and dried figs in winter, quenching his thirst at a clear spring, that fell in a natural cascade from the rock. His cave contained nothing but his tools, and some books that he read at certain hours, which he appropriated to that purpose, not to decorate his mind or gratify his curiosity, but that, while he rested from his labour, he might gain instruction, and avoid being idle by learning to be good ; and he employed himself in sculpture, not to procure reputation or wealth, but merely to keep his body in exercise, and procure the necessities of life without contracting obligations.

When Hegesippus entered the cave, he admired the pieces of art that were begun. He observed a Jupiter, in whose countenance there was a serene

majesty, by which he was immediately known to be the father of gods and men: he perceived also a Mars, well distinguished by a proud and menacing ferocity: but he was most struck with a Minerva, that was represented as encouraging the arts: the expression of her countenance was at once noble and gracious: her stature was tall, her shape easy, and her attitude so natural, that the spectator was almost persuaded she would move. Hegesippus, having viewed these statues with great pleasure, retired; and as he was coming out of the cave, saw Philocles at a distance, sitting upon the grass, under the shade of a large tree, and reading. He immediately advanced towards him, and Philocles, who perceived him, scarce knew what to think: "Is not that Hegesippus," said he to himself, "with whom I was so long familiar at Crete? But what can have brought him to an island so remote as Samos? Is he not dead, and is not this his shade which has returned from the banks of the Styx to revisit the earth?"

While he was thus doubting of what he saw, Hegesippus came so near, that his doubts were at an end. "Is it you, then," said he, embracing him, "my dear, my early friend? What accident, or what tempest, has thrown you upon this coast? Have you voluntarily deserted the island of Crete? or have you been driven from your country, by misfortune like mine?"

"It is not misfortune," said Hegesippus, "but the favour of the gods, that has brought me hither." He then gave his friend a particular account of the long tyranny of Protesilaus, of his intrigues with Timocrates, of the calamities which they had brought upon Idomeneus; of his expulsion from the throne, his flight to Hesperia, the founding of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wisdom which Mentor had diffused into the mind of the king, and the disgrace of the traitors by whom he had been abused. He added, that he had brought them in exile to Samos, whither they had banished Philocles;

and concluded, that he had orders to bring him back to Salentum, where the king, who was convinced of his integrity, intended to intrust him with the administration of his government, and distinguish him by rewards adequate to his merit."

"You see that cave," said Philocles, "which is more fit for the haunt of wild beasts, than the habitation of a man; and yet in that cave I have enjoyed more tranquillity and repose than in the gorgeous palaces of Crete. I am no more deceived by man; for with man I have no more connexion: I neither see, nor hear, nor need him: my own hard hands, which are now inured to labour, supply me with such simple food as nature has made necessary; and this slight stuff that you see, sufficing to cover me, I am without wants; and I enjoy a serene, perfect, and delightful freedom, of which the wisdom that is contained in my books teaches me the proper use. Why then should I again mix with mankind, and again suffer by their jealousy, fraud, and caprice? Envy not, my dear Hegesippus, the good fortune I possess. Protesilaus has betrayed the king, and would have murdered me: he is fallen into his own snare, but he has done me no hurt: he has eventually done me good, in the highest degree; he has delivered me from the tumult and slavery of public business; and to him I am indebted for this sweet solitude, and the pleasures I enjoy. Return, then, my friend, to your prince; assist him under the necessary infelicities of grandeur, and do for him whatever you wish should be done by me: and since his eyes, which were so long shut against truth, have been at last opened by the wisdom of a person whom you call Mentor, let him also keep that person about him. As for me, having once suffered shipwreck, it is by no means fit that I should forsake the port in which the tempest has so fortunately thrown me, and tempt again the caprice of the winds. Alas! how much are kings to be pitied! How worthy of compassion are those that

serve them! If they are wicked, what misery do they diffuse among others, what punishment do they treasure up for themselves! If they are good, what difficulties have they to surmount, what snares to avoid, what evils to suffer! Once more, my dear Hegesippus, leave me poor, that I may be happy."

Philocles expressed these sentiments with great vehemence, and Hegesippus looked upon him with astonishment. He had known him in Crete, when he conducted the business of the state; and he was then pale, languishing, and emaciated: the natural ardour of his temper, and his scrupulous regard to rectitude, made a public station fatal to his health. He could not see vice go unpunished without indignation; nor suffer even unavoidable irregularities, without regret; at Crete, therefore, he suffered a perpetual decay; but, at Samos, he was vigorous and lusty; and a new youth, in spite even of years, bloomed upon his countenance. A life of temperance, tranquillity, and exercise, seemed to have restored the constitution which nature had given him. "You are surprised to see me so altered," said Philocles, with a smile; "but I owe this freshness, this perfection of health, to my retirement: my enemies, therefore have given me more than fortune could bestow. Can you wish me to forsake substantial for imaginary good, and incur again the misfortunes from which it is now my happiness to be free? You would not, surely, be more cruel than Protesilaus: you cannot envy me the good fortune that he has bestowed."

Hegesippus then urged him from every motive that he thought likely to touch his sensibility, but without effect: "Would the sight of your family and friends, then," said he, "give you no pleasure; of those who languish for your return, and live but in the hope of once more pressing you to their bosom? And is it nothing in your estimation, who fear the gods and make conscience of your duty, to render service to your prince; to assist him in the exercise

of virtue, and the diffusion of happiness? Is it blameless to indulge an unsocial philosophy, to prefer your own interest to that of mankind, and choose rather to procure ease to yourself, than to give happiness to them? Besides, if you persist in your resolution not to return, it will be imputed to resentment against the king; and if he intended evil against you, it was only because he was a stranger to your merit. It was not Philocles the faithful, the just, the good, that he would have cut off, but a man of whom he had conceived a very different idea. He now knows you; and it being now impossible he should mistake you for another, his first friendship will revive with new force. He expects you with impatience: his arms are open to receive you: he numbers the days, and even the hours of your delay. Can you then be inexorable to your king? Can your heart resist the tender solitudes of friendship?"

Philocles, whom the first recollection of Hegesippus had melted into tenderness, now resumed a look of distance and severity; he remained immoveable as a rock, against which the tempest rages in vain, and the roaring surge dashes only to be broken; neither entreaty nor argument found any passage to his heart. But the piety of Philocles would not suffer him to indulge his inclination, however supported by his judgment, without consulting the gods; and he discovered by the flight of birds, by the entrails of victims, and by other presages, that it was their pleasure he should go with Hegesippus: he, therefore, resisted no more, but complied with the request of Hegesippus, and prepared for his departure. He did not, however, quit the solitude, in which he had lived so many years, without regret. "Must I, then," said he, "forsake this pleasing cell, where peaceful and obedient slumbers came every night to refresh me, after the labours of the day! where my easy life was a silken thread, which the sisters, notwithstanding my poverty, entwined with gold!" The tears then started

to his eyes, and prostrating himself to the earth, he adored the Naiad of the translucent spring that had quenched his thirst, and the Nymphs of the mountains that surrounded his retreat. Echo heard his expressions of tenderness and regret; and with a gentle and plaintive voice, repeated them to all the sylvan deities of the place.

Philocles then accompanied Hegesippus to the city, in order to embark. He thought that Protesilaus, overwhelmed with confusion, and burning with resentment, would be glad to avoid him; but he was mistaken: men without virtue are without shame, and always ready to stoop to any meanness. Philocles modestly concealed himself, for fear the unhappy wretch should see him; for he supposed, that, to see the prosperity of an enemy, which was founded on his ruin, would aggravate his misery: but Protesilaus sought him out with great eagerness, and endeavoured to excite his compassion, and engage him to solicit the king for permission to return to Salentum. Philocles, however, was too sincere to give him the least hope that he would comply; and he knew, better than any other, the mischiefs that his return would produce: but he soothed him with expressions of pity, offered him such consolation as his situation would admit, and exhorted him to propitiate the gods by purity of manners, and resignation to his sufferings. As he had heard that the king had taken from him all the wealth that he had unjustly acquired, he promised him two things, which he afterwards faithfully performed—to take his wife and children, who remained at Salentum, exposed to all the miseries of poverty, and all the dangers of popular resentment, under his protection; and to send him some supplies of money, to alleviate the distress he must suffer in a state of banishment so remote from his country.

The wind being fair, Hegesippus hastened the departure of his friend. **Protesilaus saw them embark:**

his eyes were directed invariably towards the sea; and pursued the vessel, as she made her way through the parting waves; and the wind every moment increased her distance. When his eye could distinguish it no more, its image was still impressed upon his mind: at last, seized with the frenzy of despair, he rolled himself in the sands, tore his hair, and reproached the gods for the severity of their justice: he called at last upon death, but even death rejected his petition to die, and disdained to deliver him from the misery from which he wanted courage to deliver himself.

In the mean time, the vessel, favoured by Neptune and the winds, soon arrived at Salentum. When the king was told that it was entering the port, he ran out with Mentor to meet Philocles, whom he tenderly embraced, and expressed the utmost regret at having so injuriously authorized an attempt upon his life. This acknowledgment was so far from degrading him in the opinion of his people, that every one considered it as the effort of an exalted mind, which, as it were, triumphed over its own failings, by confessing them with a view to reparation. The public joy at the return of Philocles, the friend of man, and at the wisdom and goodness expressed by the king, was so great, that it overflowed in tears.

Philocles received the caresses of his prince with the most respectful modesty, and was impatient to escape from the acclamations of the people. He followed Idomeneus to the palace; and though Mentor and he had never seen each other before, there was immediately the same confidence between them as if they had been familiar from their birth; as if the gods, who have withheld from the wicked the power of distinguishing the good, had imparted to the good a faculty of immediately distinguishing each other: those who have a love for virtue cannot be together without being united by that virtue which they love. Philocles, after a short time, requested the king to

dismiss him to some retirement near Salentum, where he might live in the same obscurity that he had enjoyed at Samos. The king granted his request; but went almost every day with Mentor to visit him in his retreat, where they consulted how the laws might best be established, and the government fixed upon a permanent foundation for the advantage of the people.

The two principal objects of their consideration were the education of children, and the manner of life to be prescribed during peace. As to the children, Mentor said that they belonged less to their parents than to the state; "They are the children of the community," said he: "and they are, at once, its hope, and its strength. It is too late to correct them, when habits of vice have been acquired; and it is doing little to exclude them from employments, when they are become unworthy of trust. It is always better to prevent evil than to punish it. The prince, who is the father of his people, is more particularly the father of the youth, who may be considered as the flower of the nation; and it is in the flower, that care should be taken of the fruit; a king, therefore, should not disdain to watch over the rising generation, nor to appoint others to watch with him. Let him enforce, with inflexible constancy, the laws of Minos, which ordain, that children shall be so educated as to endure pain without impatience, and expect death without terror: that the contempt of luxury and wealth shall be honour; and injustice, ingratitude, and voluptuous idleness, infamy; that children, from their tenderest youth, shall be taught to commemorate the achievements of heroes, the favourites of Heaven, who have sacrificed private interest to their country, and signalized their courage in battle, by joining in songs to their honour, at once to animate them by examples of heroic virtue, and harmonize their souls by music; that they should learn to be tender to their friends, faithful to their allies, and

equitable to all men, their enemies not excepted ; above all things, that they should be taught to dread the reproach of conscience, as an evil much greater than torture and death. If these maxims are impressed early upon the heart, with all the power of eloquence, and the charms of music, there will be few, indeed, in whom they will not kindle the love of virtue and of fame.

“ It is,” added Mentor, “ of the utmost importance to establish public schools for inuring youth to the most robust exercises, and preserving them from effeminaey and idleness, which render the most liberal endowments of nature useless.” He advised the institution of public games and shows, with as much variety as could be contrived, to rouse the attention, and interest the passions of the people ; but, above all, to render the body supple, vigorous, and active : and he thought it proper to excite emulation, by giving prizes to those that should excel. He wished also, as the most powerful preservative against general depravity of manners, that the people might marry early ; and that parents, without any views of interest, would leave the young men to the free choice of such wives as their inclination naturally led them to prefer.

But while these measures were concerted, to preserve a blameless simplicity among the rising generation, to render them laborious and tractable, and, at the same time, to give them a sense of honour, Philocles, whose military genius made him fond of war, observed to Mentor, that it would signify little to institute public exercises, if the youth were suffered to languish in perpetual peace, without bringing their courage to the test, or acquiring experience in the field : “ The nation,” says he, “ will be insensibly enfeebled ; courage will relax into effeminate softness ; and a general depravity, the necessary effect of uninterrupted abundance and tranquillity, will render them an easy prey to any warlike nation that shall

attack them; and to avoid the miseries of war, they will incur the most deplorable slavery."

"The calamities of war," said Mentor, "are more to be dreaded than you imagine. War never fails to exhaust the state, and endanger its destruction, with whatever success it is carried on. Though it may be commenced with advantage, it can never be finished without danger of the most fatal reverse of fortune: with whatever superiority of strength an engagement is begun, the least mistake, the slightest accident, may turn the scale, and give victory to the enemy. Nor can a nation, that should be always victorious, prosper; it would destroy itself by destroying others: the country would be depopulated, the soil untilled, and trade interrupted; and, what is still worse, the best laws would lose their force, and a corruption of manners insensibly take place. Literature will be neglected among the youth; the troops, conscious of their own importance, will indulge themselves in the most pernicious licentiousness with impunity, and the disorder will necessarily spread through all the branches of government. A prince who, in the acquisition of glory, would sacrifice the life of half his subjects, and the happiness of the rest, is unworthy of the glory he would acquire; and deserves to lose what he rightfully possesses, for endeavouring unjustly to usurp the possessions of another.

"It is, however, easy to exercise the courage of the people in a time of peace. We have already instituted public exercises, and assigned prizes to excite emulation: we have directed that the achievements of the brave shall be celebrated in songs to their honour, which will kindle, in the breasts even of children, a desire of glory, and animate them to the exercise of heroic virtue: we have also taken care that they shall be inured to sobriety and labour. But this is not all. When any of your allies shall be engaged in war, the flower of your youth, particularly those who appear to have a military genius, and will profit

most by experience, should be sent as auxiliaries into the service: you will thus stand high in the estimation of the states with which you are connected; your friendship will be sought, and your displeasure dreaded; and, without being engaged in war in your own country, and at your own expense, you will always have a numerous youth of habitual courage and experimental skill. Though you are at peace yourselves, you should treat, with great honour, those who have distinguished abilities for war: for the best way of keeping war at a distance is to encourage military knowledge, to honour those who excel in the profession of arms, and to have some of your people always in foreign service, who will know the strength and discipline of the neighbouring states, and the manner of their military operations; to be, at once, superior to the ambition that would court war, and to the effeminacy that would fear it. Thus being always prepared for war, when you are driven into it by necessity, you will find that the necessity of making war will seldom happen.

“When your allies are about to make war upon each other, you should always interfere as mediator. You will thus acquire a genuine and lasting glory, which sanguinary conquest can never give; you will gain the love and esteem of foreign nations, and become necessary to them all: you will rule other states by the confidence they place in you, as you govern your own by the authority of your station: you will be the common repository of their secrets, the arbiter of their differences, and the object of their love: your fame will then fly to the remotest regions of the earth; and your name, like incense from the altars of the gods, shall be wafted from clime to clime, as far as virtue can be known and loved. If, in possession of this influence and this honour, a neighbouring nation should, contrary to all the rules of justice, commence hostilities against you, it will find you disciplined and ready; and, which is yet

more effectual strength, beloved and succoured when you are in danger: your neighbours will be alarmed for themselves, and consider your preservation as essential to public safety. This will be your security, in comparison of which walls and ramparts are no defence: this is true glory; the bright reality, which few kings have distinguished and pursued; which few kings have not left unknown behind them, to follow an illusive phantom, still distant from the prize, in proportion to their speed!"

When Mentor had done speaking, Philocles fixed his eyes upon him with an astonishment that prevented reply: then, looking upon the king, he was delighted to perceive that he drank the wisdom which flowed from the lips of the stranger, as the traveller, thirsting in the desert, drinks of an unexpected spring.

Thus Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, established the best laws, and the wisest principles of government, at Salentum; not so much that the kingdom of Idomeneus might flourish, as to show Telemachus, at his return, by a striking example, what may be effected by a wise government, with respect to the happiness of the people, and the honour of the prince.

BOOK XV.

Telemachus, in the camp of the allies, gains the friendship of **Philoctetes**, who was not at first favourably disposed to him, on his father's account. **Philoctetes** relates his adventures; and introduces a particular account of the death of **Hercules**, by the poisoned garment which the centaur **Nessus** had given to **Deianira**: he relates how he obtained from that hero his poisoned arrows, without which the city of **Troy** could not be taken; how he was punished for betraying his secret, by various sufferings in the island of **Lemnos**; and how **Ulysses** employed **Neoptolemus** to engage him in the expedition against **Troy**, where he was cured of his wound.

TELEMACHUS, in the mean time, was displaying his courage among the perils of war. As soon as he had quitted **Salentum**, he applied himself with great diligence to gain the esteem of the old commanders, whose reputation and experience were

consummate. Nestor, who had before seen him at Pylos, and who had always loved Ulysses, treated him as if he had been his son: he gave him many lessons of instruction, and illustrated his precepts by examples. He related all the adventures of his youth, and told him the most remarkable achievements which he had seen performed by the heroes of the preceding age; for the memory of Nestor, who had lived to see three generations, contained the history of ancient times with the same fidelity as an inscription upon marble or brass.

Philoctetes did not at first regard Telemachus with the same kindness: the enmity which he had so long cherished in his breast against Ulysses, prejudiced him against his son, and he could not see, without pain, that the gods appeared to interest themselves in his fortunes, and to intend him a glory equal to that of the heroes by whom Troy had been overthrown. But the unaffected modesty of Telemachus at length surmounted his resentment, and he could not but love that virtue which appeared so amiable and sweet. He frequently took him aside, and talked to him with the most unreserved confidence: "My son," said he, "for I now make no scruple to call you so, I must confess that your father and I have been long enemies to each other. I acknowledge also that my enmity was not softened by mutual danger and mutual success, for it continued unabated after we had laid Troy in ruins; and when I saw you, I found it difficult to love even virtue in the son of Ulysses: I have often reproached myself for this reluctance, which, however, I still felt: but virtue, when it is gentle, placid, ingenuous, and unassuming, must at last compel affection and esteem." Philoctetes, in the course of these conversations, was insensibly led to acquaint Telemachus with what had given rise to the animosity between him and Ulysses.

"It is necessary," said he, "that I should tell my

story from the beginning. I was the inseparable companion of Hercules, the great example of divine virtue, the destroyer of monsters; whose prowess was a blessing to the earth; and compared with whom, all other heroes are but as reeds to the oak, or sparrows to the eagle. Love, a passion that has produced every species of calamity, was the cause of his misfortunes: and his misfortunes were the cause of mine. To this shameful passion the virtues of Hercules were opposed in vain; and, after all his conquests, he was himself the sport of Cupid. He never remembered, without a blush of ingenuous shame, his having laid by his dignity, to spin in the chamber of Omphale, like the most abject and effeminate of men: he has frequently deplored this part of his life, as having sullied his virtue, and obscured the glory of his labours; and yet, such is the weakness and inconsistency of man, who thinks himself all-sufficient, and yet yields without a struggle, the great Hercules was again taken in the snare of love, and sunk again into a captivity which he had so often remembered with indignation and contempt. He became enamoured of Deianira, and would have been happy if he had continued constant in his passion for this woman, whom he made his wife; but the youthful beauty of Iole, to whom the Graces had given all their charms, soon seduced him to a new passion. Deianira became jealous, and unhappily recollected the fatal garment, which had been given to her by Nessus, the centaur, when he was dying, as a certain means of reviving the love of Hercules, if he should ever neglect her for another. This garment had imbibed the blood of the centaur, to which the arrow that slew him had communicated its poison: for the arrows of Hercules were dipped in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra, which gave them a malignity so powerful, that the slightest wound they could make was mortal.

“As soon as Hercules had put on the garment, he

felt the poison burn even to the marrow in the bone: he cried out, in his agony, with a voice more than human: the sound was returned by mount Ceta, the echo deepened in the valleys, and the sea itself seemed to be moved. The roar of the most furious bulls when they fight, was not so dreadful as the cries of Hercules. Lycas, who brought him the garment from Deianira, happening unfortunately to approach him, he seized him in the distraction of his torments, and whirling him round, as a slinger whirls a stone that he would dismiss with all his strength, he threw him from the top of the mountain; and, falling into the sea, he was immediately transformed to a rock, which still retains the figure of a man, and which, still beaten by the surge, alarms the pilot, while he is yet distant from the shore.

“After the fate of Lycas, I thought I could trust Hercules no more: and, therefore, endeavoured to conceal myself in the caverns of the rock. From this retreat I saw him, with one hand, root up the lofty pines that towered to the sky, and oaks which had repelled the storms of successive generations; and, with the other, endeavour to tear off the fatal garments, which adhered like another skin, and seemed to be incorporated with his body: in proportion as he tore it off, he tore off also the flesh: his blood followed in a torrent, and the earth was impurpled round him. But his virtue at length surmounted his sense of pain, and he cried out, ‘Thou art witness, O Philoctetes! to the torments which the gods inflict upon me, and they are just: I have offended Heaven, and violated the vows of connubial love: after all my conquests, I have meanly given up my heart to forbidden beauty. I perish, and am content to perish, that Divine justice may be satisfied. But, alas! my dear friend, whither art thou fled? Transported by excess of pain, I have, indeed, destroyed unhappy Lycas, by an act of cruelty for which I abhor myself: he was a stranger to the poison that he brought me;

he committed no crime. he deserved no punishment. But could the sacred ties of friendship be forgotten? Could I attempt the life of Philoctetes? My love for him can cease only with my life: into his breast will I breathe my departing spirit, and to his care will I confide my ashes. Where art thou, then, my dear Philoctetes? Where art thou, Philoctetes, the only object of my hope upon earth?"

"Struck with this tender expostulation, I rushed towards him, and he stretched out his arms to embrace me: yet, before I reached him, he drew them back, lest he should kindle in my bosom the fatal fires that consumed his own.—'Alas,' said he, 'even this consolation is denied me!' He then turned from me; and collecting all the trees that he had rooted up, into a funeral pile, upon the summit of the mountain, he ascended it with a kind of dreadful tranquillity: he spread under him the skin of the Nemean lion, which, while he was traversing the earth from one extremity to the other, destroying monsters, and succouring distress, he had worn as a mantle; and reclining upon his club, he commanded me to set fire to the wood. This command, though I trembled with horror, I could not refuse to obey; for his misery was so great, that life was no longer a bounty of Heaven: and I feared that, in the extremity of his torment, he might do something unworthy of the virtue which had astonished the world."

"When he perceived that the pile had taken fire, 'Now,' said he, 'my dear Philoctetes, I know that thy friendship is sincere, for my honour is dearer to thee than my life. May thy reward be from Heaven! I give thee all I can bestow: these arrows, dipped in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra, I valued more than all that I possessed; and they are thine. Thou knowest that the wounds which they make are mortal: they rendered me invincible, and so they will render thee; nor will any man dare to lift up his

land against thee. Remember that I die faithful to our friendship, and forget not how close I held thee to my heart. If thou art, indeed, touched with my misfortunes, there is still one consolation in thy power: promise to acquaint no man with my death, and never to reveal the place where thou shalt hide my ashes. I promised, in an agony of tenderness and grief, and I consecrated my promise by an oath. A beam of joy sparkled in his eyes; but a sheet of flame immediately surrounded him, stifled his voice, and almost hid him from my sight: I caught, however, a glimpse of him through the flame, and I perceived that his countenance was as serene as if he had been surrounded with festivity and joy at the banquet of a friend, covered with perfume, and crowned with flowers."

"The flames quickly consumed his terrestrial and mortal part: of that nature which he had received from his mother Alcmena, there were no remains; but he preserved, by the decree of Jove, that pure and immortal essence, that celestial flame, the true principle of life which he had received from the father of the gods; with the gods therefore he drank immortality under the golden roofs of Olympus, and they gave him Hebe to wife; the lovely Hebe, the goddess of youth, who had filled the bowl of nectar to Jupiter, before that honour was bestowed upon Ganymede."

"In the mean time, the arrows that had been given me as a pledge of superior prowess and fame, proved an inexhaustible source of misfortune. When the confederate princes of Greece undertook to revenge the wrong done to Menelaus by Paris, who had basely stolen away Helen, and to lay the kingdom of Priam in ruins, they learned from the oracle of Apollo, that in this enterprise they would never succeed, if they did not take with them the arrows of Hercules."

"Your father Ulysses, whose penetration and

activity rendered him superior in every council, undertook to persuade me to accompany them to the siege of Troy ; and to take the arrows of Hercules, which he believed to be in my possession, with me. It was now long since Hercules had appeared in the world ; no exploits of the hero was related ; and monsters and robbers began to appear with impunity. The Greeks knew not what opinion to form concerning him : some affirmed that he was dead ; others, that he was gone to subdue the Scythians, under the frozen bear ; but Ulysses maintained that he was dead, and engaged to make me confess it. He came to me, while I was still lamenting the loss of my illustrious friend with inconsolable sorrow : he found it extremely difficult to speak to me, for I avoided the sight of mankind : I could not think of quitting the deserts of mount Cæta, where I had been witness to the death of Alcides ; and was wholly employed in forming his image in my mind, and weeping at the remembrance of his sufferings, which every view of these mournful places renewed. But, upon the lips of your father, there was a sweet and irresistible eloquence : he seemed to take an equal part in my affliction, and, when I wept, he wept with me : he gained upon my heart by an insensible approach, and he obtained my confidence even before I knew it. He interested my tenderness for the Grecian princes, who had undertaken a just war, in which, without me, they could not be successful : he could not, however, draw from me the secret that I had sworn to keep ; but though I did not confess it, he had sufficient evidence that Hercules was dead, and he pressed me to tell him where I had concealed his ashes.

“ I could not think of perjury without horror : and yet, alas ! I eluded the vow that I had made to Hercules and to Heaven. I discovered the place where I had deposited the remains of the hero by striking it with my foot ; and the gods have punished me for the fraud. I then joined the confederates,

who received me with as much joy as they would have received Hercules himself. When we were on shore at the island of Lemnos, I was willing to show the Greeks what my arrows would do ; and, therefore, prepared to shoot a deer, which I saw rush into the forest ; but, by some accident, I let the shaft slip out of my hand, and, falling on my foot, it gave me a wound, of which I still feel the effects. I was immediately seized with the same pains that had destroyed Hercules, and the echoes of the island repeated my complaints day and night. A black and corrupted blood flowed incessantly from my wound, infected the air, and filled the camp with an intolerable stench : the whole army was struck with horror at my condition, and concluded it to be the just punishment of the gods.

“ Ulysses, who had engaged me in the expedition, was the first to abandon me, as I have since learned, because he preferred victory and the common interest of Greece, to private friendship and the punctilios of decorum. The horror of my wound, the infection that it spread, and the dreadful cries that it forced from me, produced such an effect upon the army, that it was no longer possible to sacrifice in the camp. But when the Greeks abandoned me by the counsel of Ulysses, I considered his policy as the most aggravated inhumanity, and the basest breach of faith. I was blinded by prejudice and self-love ; and did not perceive that the wisest men were most against me, and that the gods themselves were become my enemies.

“ I remained, during almost the whole time that Troy was besieged, alone, without succour, without consolation, without hope ; the victim of intolerable anguish, in a desolate island, where I saw no object but the rude productions of uncultivated nature, and heard only the roaring of the surge that was broken against the rocks. In one of the mountains of this desert, I found a cavern : the summit, which towered

to the skies, was divided into a fork, and at the bottom, was a spring of clear water. This cavern, my only dwelling, was the retreat of wild beasts of various kinds, to whose fury I was exposed night and day. I gathered a few leaves into an heap for my bed; and my whole possessions were a wooden vessel of the rudest workmanship, and a few tattered garments, which I wrapped round my wound to staunch the blood, and used also to clean it. In this place, forsaken of man, and hateful to the gods, I sometimes endeavoured to suspend the sense of my misery by shooting at the pigeons and other birds that flew round the rock. When I had brought one to the ground, I crawled with great pain and difficulty to take it up, that it might serve me for food; and thus my own hands provided me subsistence.

“The Greeks, indeed, left me some provisions, when they quitted the island; but these were soon exhausted. I dressed such as I procured, at a fire which I kindled by striking a flint; and this kind of life, rude and forlorn as it was, would not have been unpleasing to me, the ingratitude and perfidy of man having reconciled me to solitude, if it had not been for the pain that I endured from my wound, and the perpetual review of my singular misfortunes. ‘What!’ said I to myself, ‘seduce a man from his country, upon pretence that he alone can avenge the cause of Greece; and then leave him in an uninhabited island, when he is asleep!’ for I was asleep when the Greeks deserted me: and you may judge in what an agony of consternation and grief I awaked, and saw their fleet standing from the shore. I looked round me, to find some gleam of comfort: but all was desolation and despair.

“This island had neither port nor commerce; and was not only without inhabitants but without visitors, except such as came by force. As no man set foot on the shore, but those who were driven there by tempest, I could hope for society only by ship-

wreck ; and I knew, that if distress should force any unfortunate mariners upon the island, they would not dare to take me with them when they left it, lest they should incur the resentment, not of the Greeks only, but the gods. I suffered remorse, and pain, and hunger, ten years : I languished with a wound that I could not cure ; and hope itself was extinguished in my breast.

“ One day, as I returned from seeking some medicinal herbs for my wound, I was surprised to find, at the entrance of my cave, a young man of a graceful appearance, but a lofty and heroic port. I took him, at the first glance, for Achilles, whom he greatly resembled in his features, aspect, and deportment ; and I was convinced of my mistake only by his age. I observed that his whole countenance expressed perplexity and compassion : he was touched to see with what pain and difficulty I crawled along ; and his heart melted at my complaints, which the echoes of the shore returned.

“ I called out, while I was yet at a distance, ‘ O stranger ! what misfortune has cast thee upon this island, forsaken of men ? I know thy habit to be Grecian ; a habit which, in spite of my wrongs, I love. O ! let me hear thy voice ; and once more find, upon thy lips, that language which I learned in infancy, and which this dreadful solitude has so long forbidden me to speak. Let not my appearance alarm you ; for the wretch whom you behold is not an object of fear, but of pity.’—The stranger had no sooner answered, ‘ I am a Greek,’ than I cried out, ‘ After such silence without associate, such pain without consolation how sweet is the sound ! O my son ! what misfortune, what tempest, or rather, what favourable gale, has brought thee hither, to put an end to my sufferings ?’ He replied, ‘ I am of the island of Scyros, whither I am about to return ; and it is said, that I am the son of Achilles : I have now answered your inqui-

ries.'—So brief a reply left my curiosity unsatisfied: 'O son of Achilles,' said I, 'the friend of my heart, who wert fostered by Lycomedes with the tenderness of a parent, whence art thou come, and what has brought thee to this place?'—'I come,' he replied, 'from the siege of Troy.'—'Thou wast not,' said I, 'in the first expedition.'—'Wast thou in it, then?' said he. 'I perceive,' said I, 'that thou knowest neither the name nor the misfortunes of Philoctetes. Wretch that I am! my persecutors insult me in my calamity. Greece is a stranger to my sufferings, which every moment increase. The Atrides have reduced me to this condition: may the gods reward them as they deserve!'

"I then related the manner in which I had been abandoned by the Greeks; and, as soon as Neoptolemus had heard my complaints, he made me the confidant of his own.—'After the death of Achilles,' said he.—'How!' said I, 'is Achilles dead? Forgive the tears that interrupt you, for I owe them to the memory of your father.'—'Such interruption,' replied Neoptolemus, 'is soothing to my sorrow: what can so much alleviate my loss as the tears of Philoctetes!'

"Neoptolemus then resumed the story.—'After the death of Achilles,' said he, 'Ulysses and Phenix came to me, and told me that Troy could not be taken till I came to the siege. I was easily persuaded to go with them; for my grief for the death of Achilles, and a desire of inheriting his glory in so celebrated a war, were inducements that almost made persuasion unnecessary. When I arrived at Sigeum, the whole army gathered round me: every one was ready to swear, that he beheld Achilles; but, alas! Achilles was no more. In the presumption of youth and inexperience, I thought I might hope every thing from those who were so liberal of praise: I therefore demanded my father's arms of the Atrides; but their answer was a cruel disap-

pointment of my expectations: 'You shall have,' said they, 'whatever else belonged to your father; but his arms are allotted to Ulysses.'

" 'This threw me into confusion, and tears, and rage. But Ulysses replied, without emotion, 'You have not endured with us the dangers of a tedious siege, you have not merited such arms; you have demanded them too proudly, and they shall never be yours.'—My right being thus unjustly wrested from me, I am returning to the isle of Scyros, yet more incensed against the Atrides than Ulysses: to all who are their enemies may the gods be friends! And now, Philoctetes, I have told thee all.'

"I then asked Neoptolemus, how it happened that Ajax, the son of Telamon, did not interpose to prevent so flagitious an injustice?—'Ajax,' said he, 'is dead.'—'Is Ajax dead,' said I, 'and Ulysses alive and prosperous?' I then inquired after Antilochus, the son of Nestor; and Patroclus, the favourite of Achilles: 'they also,' said he, 'are dead.' 'Alas!' said I, 'are Antilochus and Patroclus dead? How does war, with unrelenting and undistinguishing destruction, sweep away the righteous, and spare the wicked? Ulysses lives; and so, I doubt not, does Thersites. Such is the ordination of the gods! and yet we still honour them with praise.'

"While I was thus burning with resentment against your father, Neoptolemus continued to deceive me: 'I am going,' said he, with a mournful accent, 'to live content in the isle of Scyros; which, though uncultivated and obscure, is yet far from the armies of Greece, where evil prevails over good. Farewell! may the gods vouchsafe to restore thy health!' 'O my son!' said I, 'I conjure thee by the manes of thy father, by thy mother, and by all that is dear to thee upon earth, not to leave me alone in this extremity of pain and sorrow: I know I shall be a burden to you, but it would disgrace your

humanity to leave me here. Place me in the prow, the stern, or even the hold of your vessel, wherever I shall least offend you: in the estimation of a noble mind, there is glory in doing good. Do not abandon me in a desert, where there are no traces of men: take me with you to Scyros: or leave me at Eubœa, where I shall be near to mount Æta, to Trachin, and the pleasing banks of Thessalian Spercius; or send me back to my father! Alas! my tears suggest, that my father is dead: I sent to him for a vessel, which has never arrived; and it is, therefore, certain, either that he is dead, or that those who promised to acquaint him with my distresses have betrayed their trust. My last hope is in thee, O my son! Consider the uncertainty of all sublunary things. The prosperous should fear to abuse prosperity; and never fail to succour the distress which they are liable to feel!

“Such, in the intolerable anguish of my mind, was my address to Neoptolemus, and he promised to take me with him. My heart then leaped for joy: ‘O happy day!’ said I: ‘O amiable Neoptolemus! worthy to inherit the glory of thy father! Ye dear companions, with whom I shall return to the world of life, suffer me to bid this mournful retreat farewell: see where I have lived, and consider what I have endured! My sufferings have been more than another could sustain; but I was instructed by Necessity, and she teaches what otherwise could not be known: those who are without sufferings, are without knowledge: they distinguish neither good nor evil: and are alike strangers to mankind, and to themselves.’ After this effusion of my heart, I took my bow and arrows in my hand.

“Neoptolemus then requested that I would permit him to kiss the celebrated arms that had been consecrated by the invincible Alcides. ‘To you,’ said I, ‘all things are permitted: you, my son, restore me to light and life, to my country, my

father, my friends, and myself: you may touch these arms; and boast, that you are the only Greek that deserves to touch them.' Neoptolemus immediately came into my cell, to admire my arrows. At this moment a sudden pang totally suspended my faculties: I no longer knew what I did, but called for a sword, that I might cut off my foot. I cried out for death, and reproached him with delay: 'Burn me,' said I to Neoptolemus, 'this moment, as I burnt the son of Jove upon mount Cæta. O earth! receive a dying wretch, who shall never more rise from thy bosom.' I fell immediately to the ground without appearance of life, a state in which these fits of pain usually left me: a profuse sweat at length relieved me, and a black and corrupted ichor flowed from my wound. While I continued insensible, it would have been easy for Neoptolemus to have carried off my arms; but he was the son of Achilles, and his nature was superior to fraud.

"When I recovered, I perceived great confusion in his countenance; and he sighed like a man new to dissimulation, and practising it with violence to himself: 'What!' said I, 'do you meditate to take advantage of my infirmity?'—'You must go with me,' said he, 'to the siege of Troy.'—'What do I hear!' said I: 'I am betrayed. O my son! give me back the bow; to withhold it is to rob me of life. Alas! he answers me nothing: he looks steadily upon me, without emotion: over his heart I have no power! Ye winding shores! ye promontories, that overhang the deep! ye broken rocks! ye savage beasts, that prowl these scenes of desolation! I complain to you; for, beside you, there are none to whom I can complain: to you my groans are familiar. Must I be thus betrayed by the son of Achilles! He robs me of the bow, which the hand of Hercules has made sacred; he would compel me to the camp of Greece, as a trophy of the war; nor sees, that his victory is not over the living,

but the dead, a shade, a phantom, that exists only in idea! O that he had assailed me when my vigour was unimpaired! but even now he has taken me by surprise. What expedient shall I try! Restore what thou hast taken: restore my arms, O my son! and let thy conduct be worthy of thy father and thyself. What dost thou answer? Thou art inexorably silent. To thee, thou barren rock, I once more return, naked and miserable, forlorn and destitute! In this cave I shall perish alone; for having no weapon to destroy the beasts, the beasts will inevitably devour me; and why should I desire to live! But as to thee, my son, the mark of wickedness is not upon thee: thou art surely the instrument of another's hand? Restore my arms, and leave me to my fate!"

"Neoptolemus was touched with my distress: the tear started in his eye, and he sighed to himself, 'Would to God that I had still continued at Scyros!' At this moment I cried out, 'What do I see! surely that is Ulysses!' Immediately the voice of Ulysses confirmed it, and he answered, 'It is I.' If the gloomy dominions of Pluto had been disclosed before me, and I had suddenly beheld the shades of Tartarus, which the gods themselves cannot see without dread, I should not have been seized with greater horror. I then cried out again, 'I attest thee, O earth of Lemnos! O sun! dost thou behold and suffer this?' Ulysses answered without emotion, 'This is ordained by Jupiter, and I but execute his will.'—'Darest thou,' said I, 'profane the name of Jove, with unhallowed lips? Hast thou not compelled this youth to practise a fraud, which his soul abhors?'—'We come,' replied Ulysses, 'neither to deceive nor injure you: we come to deliver you from solitude and misery, to heal your wound, and to give you the glory of subverting Troy, and restore you in safety to your native country. It is thyself, and not Ulysses, that is the enemy of Philoctetes.'

“I answered only by reproaches and insult: ‘Since thou hast abandoned me upon this inhospitable coast,’ said I, ‘why hast thou interrupted such rest as it can give? Go, and secure to thyself the glory of battle and the delights of peace: enjoy the sweets of prosperity with the Atrides, and leave pain and sorrow to me. Why shouldst thou compel me to go with thee? I am sunk into nothing: I am dead already. Thou wast once of opinion, that I ought to be left here; that my complaints, and the infection of my wound, would interrupt the sacrifices of the gods: and why is not this thy opinion now? Thou author of all my misery! May the gods——But the gods hear me not: they take part with my enemy! O my country! these eyes shall behold thee no more! O ye gods! if there is yet one among you, so just as to compassionate my wrongs, avenge them! punish Ulysses, and I shall believe that I am whole!’

“While I was thus indulging an impotent rage, your father looked upon me with a calm compassion, which, instead of resenting the intemperate sallies of a wretch distracted by misfortune, makes allowance for his infirmity, and bears with his excess: he stood silent and unmoved, in the stability of his wisdom, till my passion should be exhausted by its own violence, as the summit of a rock stands unshaken while it is beaten by the winds, which at length, wearied by their idle fury, are heard no more. He knew that all attempts to reduce the passions to reason are ineffectual, till their violence is past: when I paused, therefore, and not before, he said, ‘Where are now, O Philoctetes! thy reason and thy courage? This is the moment in which they can most avail thee! If thou shalt refuse to follow us, and to concur with the great design which Jupiter has formed for thee, farewell: thou art not worthy to achieve the deliverance of Greece, or the destruction of Troy. Live still an exile in Lemnos: these

arms, which I have secured, will obtain a glory for Ulysses, that was designed for thee. Let us depart, Neoptolemus! Argument is lost upon him; and compassion for an individual should not make us give up the common interest of Greece.'

"This threw me into a new transport of rage; and I was like a lioness, when she is robbed of her young, and makes the woods echo with her roar. 'O cave!' said I, 'thou shalt not henceforth be forsaken: I will enter thee as my grave for ever: receive me, O mansion of sorrow! receive me to famine and despair! O for a sword that I might die at once! O that the birds of prey would devour me! My arrows shall pierce them no more. O inestimable bow, consecrated by the hand of the son of Jove! O Hercules! if thou art still conscious to what passeth upon earth, does not thy breast burn with indignation? This bow is no longer in the possession of thy friend, but in the profane and faithless hands of Ulysses! Come, without fear, ye birds of prey, and ye beasts of the desert, to your ancient dwelling! there are now no fatal arrows in my hand. Wretch that I am! I can wound you no more: come, then, and devour me. Or rather, inexorable Jove! let thy thunders crush me to nothing.'

"Your father, having tried every other art of persuasion in vain, thought it best to return me my arms: he therefore made a sign to Neoptolemus for that purpose, who instantly put the arrows and the bow into my hand. 'Thou art, indeed,' said I, 'the son of Achilles, and worthy of his blood! but stand aside, that I may pierce my enemy to the heart.' I then drew an arrow against your father, but Neoptolemus held my hand: 'Your anger,' says he, 'distracts you: you are not conscious of the enormity you would commit.'

"But Ulysses stood equally unmoved, against danger and reproach; and his patience and intrepidity struck me with reverence and admiration: I

was ashamed of the transport which hurried me to use, for his destruction, the arms that he had restored: my resentment, however, was not yet wholly appeased; and I was grieved, beyond comfort, to have received weapons from a man whom I could not love. But my attention was now engaged by Neoptolemus: ‘Know,’ said he, ‘that the divine Helenus, the son of Priam, came to us from the city, impelled by the command and inspiration of the gods, and disclosed to us the secrets of futurity. ‘Unhappy Troy,’ said he, ‘must fall; but not till he who bears the shafts of Hercules shall come against her. Under the walls of Troy only he can be cured: the sons of Æsculapius shall give him health.’

“At this moment I felt my heart divided: I was touched with the ingenuous simplicity of Neoptolemus, and the honesty with which he had restored my bow; but I could not bear the thought of submitting to Ulysses, and a false shame held me some time in suspense. ‘Will not the world,’ said I, ‘despise me, if I become, at last, the associate of Ulysses and the Atrides?’

“While I stood thus torpid in suspense, I was suddenly roused by a voice that was more than human; and, looking up, I saw Hercules: he descended in a shining cloud, and was surrounded with rays of glory. He was easily distinguished by his strong features, his robust form, and the graceful simplicity of his gesture; but, in his present appearance, there was a loftiness and dignity, not equally conspicuous, when he was destroying monsters upon earth. ‘Thou hearest,’ said he, ‘and thou beholdest Hercules. I am descended from Olympus, to acquaint thee with the commands of Jove. Thou knowest by what labours I acquired immortality; and if thou wouldst follow me in the path of glory, the son of Achilles must be now thy guide. Thy wound shall be healed: Paris, who has filled the world with calamity, shall fall by my

arrows from thy hand. When Troy shall be taken, thou shalt send costly spoils to Pæas, thy father, upon mount Cæta: and he shall place them upon my tomb, as a monument of the victory which my arrows obtained. Thou canst not, O son of Achilles! conquer without Philoctetes; nor can Philoctetes conquer without thee: go, then, like two lions, who chase their prey together. Thou, Philoctetes, shall be healed by the skill of Æsculapius at Troy. But, above all things, keep alive in your hearts the love and reverence of the gods: all other passions and pleasures shall perish with their objects: these only are immortal and divine.'

"At these words I cried out, in a transport of joy, 'The night is past; the dawn breaks upon me! O cheering light! after these years of darkness, art thou again returned? I feel thy influence, and I follow thy guiding ray. I quit these scenes, and stay only to bid them farewell. Farewell, my grotto! Ye nymphs that haunt these dewy fields, farewell! I shall hear the sullen sound of these inexorable waves no more. Farewell, ye cliffs, where I have shivered in the tempest, and been drenched in the rain! Farewell, ye rocks, whose echoes have so often repeated my complaints! Farewell, ye sweet fountains, which my sufferings embittered to me! And thou uncultivated soil, farewell! I leave you; but to my departure be propitious, since I follow the voice of friendship and the gods!'

"We then set sail from the coast, and arrived in the Grecian army before the walls of Troy. Machaon and Podalirius, by the sacred science of their father Æsculapius, healed my wound; at least restored me to the state you see. I am free from pain, and I have recovered my strength: but I am still somewhat lame. I brought Paris to the ground, like a timid fawn that is pierced by the arrows of the huntsman; and the towers of Ilium were soon in

ashes. All that followed, you know already. But the remembrance of my sufferings, notwithstanding the success and glory that followed, still left upon my mind an aversion to Ulysses, which all his virtues could not surmount: but, loving irresistibly his resemblance in a son, my enmity to the father insensibly relents."

BOOK XVI.

Telemachus quarrels with **Phalanthus** about some prisoners to which each of them lays claim: he fights and vanquishes **Hippias**, who, despising his youth, had seized the prisoners in question for his brother; but being afterwards ashamed of his victory, he laments in secret his rashness and indiscretion, for which he is very desirous to atone. At the same time **Adrastus**, king of the **Daunians**, being informed that the allies were wholly taken up in reconciling **Telemachus** and **Hippias**, marches to attack them by surprise. After having seized an hundred of their vessels to transport his own troops to their camp, he first sets it on fire, and then falls upon **Phalanthus's** quarters. **Phalanthus** himself is desperately wounded, and his brother **Hippias** slain.

WHILE **Philoctetes** was thus relating his adventures, **Telemachus** stood suspended and immovable: his eyes were fixed upon the hero that spoke; and all the passions which had agitated **Hercules**, **Philoctetes**, **Ulysses**, and **Neoptolemus**, appeared by turns in his countenance, as they were successively described in the series of the narration. Sometimes he interrupted **Philoctetes**, by a sudden and involuntary exclamation; and sometimes he appeared to be absorbed in thought, like a man who reasons deeply from causes to effects. When **Philoctetes** described the confusion of **Neoptolemus**, in his first attempt at dissimulation, the same confusion appeared in **Telemachus**, and he might, in that moment, have been taken for **Neoptolemus** himself.

The allied army marched in good order against **Adrastus**, the tyrant of **Daunia**, a contemner of the gods, and a deceiver of men. **Telemachus** found it very difficult to behave, without offence, among so many princes who were jealous of each other: it was necessary that he should give cause of suspicion to none; and that he should conciliate the good will of

all. There was great goodness and sincerity in his disposition; but he was not naturally obliging, and gave himself little trouble to please others: he was not fond of money, yet he knew not how to give it away: and thus, with an elevated mind, and a general disposition to do good, he appeared to be neither kind nor liberal, to be neither sensible of friendship, nor grateful for favours, nor attentive to merit. He indulged his humour, without the least regard to the opinion of others; for his mother Penelope, notwithstanding the care of Mentor, had encouraged a pride of birth and lofty demeanour, which cast a shade over all his good qualities: he considered himself as participating a nature superior to the rest of men, whom, he seemed to think, the gods had placed upon the earth, merely for his pleasure and convenience, to prevent his wishes, and refer all to him as a visible divinity. To serve him was, in his opinion, a happiness that sufficiently recompensed the service: nothing that he required was to be supposed impossible; and, at the least delay, the impetuous ardour of his temper burst into a flame. Those who should have seen him thus, unguarded and unrestrained, would have concluded him incapable of loving any thing but himself, and sensible only to the gratification of his own appetites and vanity; but this indifference for others, and perpetual attention to himself, was merely the effect of the continual agitation that he suffered from the violence of his passions. He had been flattered and humoured by his mother from the cradle, and was a striking example of the disadvantages of high birth. Misfortune had not yet abated either his haughtiness or impetuosity; in every state of dereliction and distress, he had still looked round him with disdain; and his pride, like the palm, still rose under every depression.

While he was with Mentor, his faults were scarcely visible; and they became insensibly less

and less every day. Like a fiery steed, that, in his course, disdains the rock, the precipice, and the torrent, and is obedient only to one commanding voice, and one guiding hand, Telemachus, impelled by a noble ardour, could be restrained only by Mentor. But Mentor could arrest him with a look, in the midst of his career: he knew, he felt, the meaning of his eye, the moment that it glanced upon him; his heart became sensible to virtue, and his countenance softened into serenity and complaisance; the rebellious tempest is not more suddenly rebuked into peace, when Neptune lifts his trident, and frowns upon the deep.

When Telemachus was left to himself, all his passions, which had been restrained like the course of a torrent by a mound, burst away with yet greater violence. He could not suffer the arrogance of the Lacedæmonians, nor of Phalanthus their commander. This colony, which had founded Tarentum, consisted of young men, who, having been born during the siege of Troy, had received no education; their illegitimate birth, the dissoluteness of their mothers, and the licentiousness in which they had been brought up, gave them an air of savage barbarity; they resembled rather a band of robbers, than a Grecian colony.

Phalanthus took every opportunity to show his contempt of Telemachus: he frequently interrupted him in their public councils, and treated his advice as the crude notions of puerile inexperience: he also frequently made him the subject of his raillery, as a feeble and effeminate youth: he pointed out his slightest failings to the chiefs; and was perpetually busy in fomenting jealousies, and rendering the haughty manner of Telemachus odious to the allies.

Telemachus having one day taken some Daunians prisoners, Phalanthus pretended that they belonged to him, because, as he said, he had defeated the party at the head of his Lacedæmonians; and Telemachus, finding them already vanquished and put

to flight, had nothing to do but to give quarter to those that threw down their arms, and lead them to the camp: Telemachus, on the contrary, insisted, that he had prevented Phalanthus from being defeated by that very party, and had turned the scale in his favour. This question was disputed before an assembly of all the princes of the alliance; and Telemachus being so far provoked as to threaten Phalanthus, they would immediately have fought, if the assembly had not interposed.

Phalanthus had a brother whose name was Hippias, and who was much celebrated for his courage, strength, and dexterity: "Pollux," said the Tarentines, "could not wield the cestus better; nor could Castor surpass him in the management of a horse." He had almost the stature and the strength of Hercules; and he was the terror of the whole army, for he was yet more petulant and brutal, than courageous and strong.

Hippias, having remarked the haughtiness with which Telemachus had menaced his brother, went, in great haste, to carry off the prisoners to Tarentum, without waiting for the determination of the assembly; and Telemachus, who was privately informed of it, rushed out after him, burning with rage. He ran eagerly from one part of the camp to the other like a boar, who, being wounded in the chase, turns enraged upon the hunter. His eye looked round for his enemy, and his hand shook the spear, which he was impatient to launch against him. He found him at length; and at the sight of him, he was transported with new fury.

He was no longer Telemachus, a noble youth, whose mind Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had enriched with wisdom; but an enraged lion, or a lunatic, urged on by desperate frenzy. "Stay," said he to Hippias, "thou basest of mankind! stay; and let us see if thou canst wrest from me the spoils of those whom I have overcome. Thou shalt not carry them to Tarentum. Thou shalt, this moment descend to

the gloomy borders of the Styx!" His spear instantly followed his words; but he threw it with so much fury, that he could take no aim, and it fell to the ground, wide of Ilipias. He then drew his sword, of which the guard was gold; and which had been given him by Laertes, when he departed from Ithaca, as a pledge of his affection. Laertes had used it with glory, when he himself was young; and it had been stained with the blood of many chiefs of Epirus, during a war in which Laertes had been victorious.

The sword was scarcely drawn by Telemachus, when Ilipias, willing to avail himself of his superior strength, rushed upon him, and endeavoured to force it from his hand: the weapon broke in the contest. They then seized each other, and were in a moment locked together; they appeared like two savage beasts, striving to tear each other in pieces: fire sparkled in their eyes: their bodies are now contracted, and now extended; they now stoop, and now rise; they spring furiously upon each other, and pant with the thirst of blood. Thus they engaged, foot to foot, and hand to hand; and their limbs were so entwined with each other, that they seemed to belong to one body. The advantage, at last, inclined to Ilipias; to whom a full maturity of years had given firmness and strength, which, to the tender age of Telemachus, was wanting. His breath now failed him, and his knees trembled: Ilipias perceived his weakness; and doubling his efforts, the fate of Telemachus would now have been decided, and he would have suffered the punishment due to his passion and temerity, if Minerva, who still watched over him from afar, and suffered him to fall into this extremity of danger only for his instruction, had not determined the victory in his favour.

She did not herself quit the palace of Salentum; but sent Iris, the swift messenger of the gods, who, spreading her light wings in the air, divided the pure and unbounded space above, leaving behind her a

long train of light, which diversified the silver clouds with a thousand dyes. She descended not to the earth, till she came to the sea shore, where the innumerable army of the allies were encamped. She saw the contest at a distance, and marked the violence and fury of the combatants; she perceived the danger of Telemachus, and trembled with apprehension; she approached in a thin vapour, which she had condensed into a cloud; and, at the moment when Hippias, conscious of his superior strength, believed his victory to be secure, she covered the young charge of Minerva with the shield of the goddess, which, for this purpose, had been confided to her care. Telemachus, who was exhausted and fainting, instantly became sensible of new vigour; and, in proportion as he revived, the strength and courage of Hippias declined: he was conscious to something invisible and divine, which overwhelmed and confounded him. Telemachus now pressed him closer; and assailed him sometimes in one posture, and sometimes in another: he perceived him stagger; and leaving him not a moment's respite to recover, he at length threw him down, and fell upon him. An oak of mount Ida, which at last yields to a thousand strokes, that have made the depths of the forest resound, falls not with a more dreadful noise than Hippias; the earth groaned beneath him, and all that was around him shook.

But the ægis of Minerva infused into Telemachus wisdom as well as strength; and at the moment that Hippias fell under him, he was touched with a sense of the fault he had committed, by attacking the brother of one of the confederate princes whom he had taken arms to assist. He recollected the counsels of Mentor, and they covered him with confusion: he was ashamed of his victory, and conscious that he ought to have been vanquished. In the mean time, Phalanthus, transported with rage, ran to the succour of his brother; and would have pierced Telemachus with the spear that he carried in his hand, if he

had not feared to pierce Hippias also, whom Telemachus held under him in the dust. The son of Ulysses might then easily have taken the life of his enemy: but his anger was appeased; and he thought only of atoning for his rashness by showing his moderation. Getting up, therefore, from his antagonist, he said, "I am satisfied, O Hippias! with having taught thee not to despise my youth: I give thee life; and I admire thy valour and thy strength. The gods have protected me: yield, therefore, to the power of the gods. Henceforth, let us think only of uniting our strength against the common enemy."

While Telemachus was speaking, Hippias rose from the ground, covered with dust and blood, and burning with shame and indignation. Phalanthus did not dare to take the life of him who had so generously given life to his brother; yet he was confused, and scarcely knew what he would do. All the princes of the alliance ran to the place, and carried off Telemachus on one side, and on the other Phalanthus with Hippias, who, having lost all his arrogance, kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. The whole army was struck with astonishment, to find that Telemachus, a youth of so tender an age, who had not yet acquired the full strength of a man, had been able to prevail against Hippias; who, in strength and stature, resembled the giants, those children of the earth, who once attempted to dispossess the gods of Olympus.

Telemachus, however, was far from enjoying his victory; and, while the camp was resounding with his praise, he retired to his tent, overwhelmed with the sense of his fault, and wishing to escape from himself. He bewailed the impetuosity of his temper; and abhorred himself for the injurious extravagances which his passions hurried him to commit: he was conscious to something of vanity and meanness in his unbounded pride; and he felt that true greatness consists in moderation, justice, modesty, and humility. He saw his defects; but he did not dare to

hope, that, after being so often betrayed into the same faults, he should be ever able to correct them. He was at war with himself: and, in the anguish of the conflict, his complaints were like the roaring of a lion.

Two days he remained alone in his tent, tormented by self-reproach, and ashamed to return back to society: "How can I," said he, "again dare to look Mentor in the face? Am I the son of Ulysses, the wisest and most patient of men: and have I filled the camp of the allies with dissension and disorder? Is it their blood, or that of their enemies, the Daunians, that I ought to spill? I have been rash, even to madness, so that I knew not even how to launch a spear: I exposed myself to danger and disgrace, by engaging Hippias with inferior strength; and had reason to expect nothing less than death, with the dishonour of being vanquished. And what if I had thus died? My faults would have perished with me; and the turbulent pride, the thoughtless presumption of Telemachus would no longer have disgraced the name of Ulysses, or the counsels of Mentor. O that I could but hope never more to do, what now, with unutterable anguish, I repent having done! I should then, indeed, be happy: but alas! before the sun that is now risen shall descend, I shall, with the full consent of my will, repeat the very same faults, that I now regret with shame and horror. O fatal victory! O mortifying praise! at once the memorial and reproach of my folly!"

While he was thus alone and inconsolable, he was visited by Nestor and Philoctetes. Nestor had intended to convince him of his fault; but instantly perceiving his distress and contrition, he changed his remonstrances into consolation; and, instead of reproving his misconduct, endeavoured to soothe his despair.

This quarrel retarded the confederates in their expedition; for they could not march against their ene-

mies, till they had reconciled Telemachus to Phalanthus and his brother. They were in continual dread, lest the Tarentines should fall upon the company of young Cretans, who had followed Telemachus to the war. Every thing was thrown into confusion, merely by the folly of Telemachus; and Telemachus, who saw how much mischief he had caused already, and how much more might follow from his indiscretion, gave himself up to remorse and sorrow. The princes were extremely embarrassed: they did not dare to put the army in motion, lest the Tarentines and Cretans should fall upon each other in their march; for it was with great difficulty that they were restrained even in the camp, where a strict watch was kept over them. Nestor and Philoctetes were continually passing and repassing, between the tents of Telemachus and Phalanthus. Phalanthus was implacable; he had an obdurate ferocity in his nature; and being perpetually stimulated to revenge by Hippias, whose discourse was full of rage and indignation, he was neither moved by the eloquence of Nestor nor the authority of Philoctetes. Telemachus was more gentle: but he was overwhelmed with grief, and refused all consolation.

While the princes were in this perplexity, the troops were struck with consternation; and the camp appeared like a house, in which the father of the family, the support of his relations, and the hope of his children, is just dead. In the midst of this distress and disorder, the army was suddenly alarmed by a confused and dreadful noise, the rattling of chariots, the clash of arms, the neighing of horses, and the cries of men: some victorious, and urging the slaughter; some flying and terrified; some wounded and dying. The dust rose, as in a whirlwind; and formed a cloud that obscured the sky, and surrounded the camp. In a few moments this dust was mixed with a thick smoke, which polluted the air, and prevented respiration: soon after was heard a hollow noise, like

the roaring of mount *Ætna*, when her fires are urged by *Vulcan* and the *Cyclops*, who forge thunder for the father of the gods: every knee trembled, and every countenance was pale.

Adrastus, vigilant and indefatigable, had surprised the allies in their camp. He had concealed his own march; and, perfectly acquainted with theirs, he had, with incredible expedition and labour, marched round a mountain of very difficult access, the passes of which had been secured by the allies. Not dreaming that he would march round it, and knowing that the defiles, by which alone it could be passed, were in their hands; they not only imagined themselves to be in perfect security, but had formed a design to march through these defiles, and fall upon their enemy behind the mountain, when some auxiliaries, which they expected, should come up.

Of this design, *Adrastus*, who spared no money to discover the secrets of an enemy, had gained intelligence; for *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*, notwithstanding their wisdom and experience, were not sufficiently careful to conceal their undertakings. *Nestor*, who was in a declining age, took too much pleasure in telling what he thought would procure him applause. *Philoctetes* was naturally less talkative; but he was hasty; and the slightest provocation would betray him into the discovery of what he had determined to conceal: artful people, therefore, soon found the way to unlock his breast, and get possession of whatever it contained. Nothing more was necessary than to make him angry: he would then lose all command of himself, express his resentment by menaces, and boast that he had certain means to accomplish his purposes: if this was ever so slightly doubted, he would immediately disclose his project, and give up the dearest secret of his heart. Thus did this great commander resemble a cracked vessel, which, however precious its materials, suffers the liquors that are intrusted with it to drain away.

Those who had been corrupted by the money of Adrastus, did not fail to take advantage of the weakness both of Nestor and Philoctetes. They flattered Nestor with excessive and perpetual praise, they related the victories he had won, and expatiated upon his foresight, in ecstasies of admiration. On the other side, they were continually laying snares for the impatience of Philoctetes: they talked to him of nothing but difficulties, crosses, dangers, inconveniences, and irremediable mistakes; and the moment his natural impetuosity was moved, his wisdom forsook him, and he was no longer the same man.

Telemachus, notwithstanding his faults, was much better qualified to keep a secret: he had acquired habit of secrecy by his misfortunes, and the necessity he had been under of concealing his thoughts from the suitors of Penelope, even in his infancy. He had the art of keeping a secret without falsehood, and even without appearing to have a secret kept, by that reserved and mysterious air, which generally distinguishes close people. A secret did not appear to lay him under the least difficulty or restraint; he seemed to be always unconstrained, easy, and open, as if his heart was upon his lips; he said all that might be said safely, with the utmost freedom and unconcern; but he knew, with the utmost precision, where to stop, and could, without the least appearance of design, avoid whatever glanced, however obliquely, at that which he would conceal. His heart, therefore, was wholly inaccessible, and his best friends knew only what he thought was necessary to enable them to give him advice, except only Mentor, from whom he concealed nothing. In other friends, he placed different degrees of confidence, in proportion as he experienced their fidelity and wisdom.

Telemachus had often observed, that the resolutions of the council were too generally known in the camp; and had complained of it to Nestor and Philoctetes, who did not treat it with the attention it

deserved. Old men are too often inflexible, for long habit scarce leaves them the power of choice. The faults of age are hopeless: as the trunk of an old knotty tree, if it is crooked, must be crooked for ever; so men, after a certain age, lose their pliancy, and become fixed in habits which have grown old with them, and become, as it were, part of their constitution. They are sometimes sensible of these habits; but, at the same time, are also sensible that they cannot be broken, and sigh over their infirmity in vain; youth is the only season in which human nature can be corrected; and, in youth, the power of correction is without limits.

There was in the allied army, a Dolopian, whose name was Eurymachus, an insinuating sycophant, who paid his court to all the princes, and could accommodate himself to every one's taste and inclination. His invention and diligence were continually upon the stretch, to render himself agreeable. If Eurymachus might be believed, nothing was difficult; if his advice was asked, he guessed immediately what answer would be most pleasing, and gave it. He had a talent at humour, which he indulged, in raillery, against those from whom he had nothing to fear; but to others he was respectful and complaisant; and had the art of rendering flattery so delicate, that the most modest received it without disgust. He was grave with the sober, and with the jovial he was gay; he could assume all characters, however different, with equal facility: men of sincerity appear always in their own; and their conduct, being regulated by the unalterable laws of virtue, is steady and uniform; they are, therefore, much less agreeable to princes, than those who assimilate themselves to their predominant passions. Eurymachus had considerable military skill, and was very able in business: he was a soldier of fortune, who, having attached himself to Nestor, had entirely gained his confidence; and could, by flattering that vanity and fondness for

praise which a little sullied the lustre of his character, draw out of him whatever he wanted to know.

Philoctetes, though he never trusted him, was not less in his power; for, in him, irascibility and impatience produced the same effect that an ill-placed confidence produced in Nestor. Eurymachus had nothing to do, but to contradict him; for when once he was provoked, all his secrets were discovered. This man had been bribed, with large sums of money, to betray the councils of the allies to Adrastus, who had, in his army, a certain number of chosen men, who went over to the allies as deserters, and came back, one by one, with intelligence from Eurymachus, as often as he had any thing of importance to communicate: this treachery was practised, without much danger of detection; for these messengers carried no letters, and therefore, if they happened to be seized, nothing was found upon them that could render Eurymachus suspected. Every project of the allies, therefore, was constantly defeated by Adrastus; for an enterprise was scarcely resolved upon in council, before the Daunians made the very dispositions which alone could prevent its success. Telemachus was indefatigable to discover the cause; and endeavoured to put Nestor and Philoctetes upon their guard, by alarming their suspicion: but his care was ineffectual, and their blindness desperate.

It had been resolved, in council, to wait for a considerable reinforcement that was expected; and an hundred vessels were dispatched secretly by night, to convey these troops from that part of the coast, whither they had been ordered to repair, to the place where the army was encamped, with greater speed and facility; the ground over which they would otherwise have been obliged to march being in some places very difficult to pass. In the mean time, they thought themselves in perfect security, having taken possession of the passes of the neighbouring mountain, which was a part of the Appenine, most difficult

of access. The camp was upon the banks of the river Galesus, not far from the sea, in a delightful country, abounding with forage, and whatever else was necessary for the subsistence of an army. Adrastus was on the other side of the mountain, which it was thought impossible for him to pass; but as he knew the allies to be then weak, that a large reinforcement was expected to join them, that vessels were waiting to receive them on board, and that dissension and animosity had been produced in the army by the quarrel between Telemachus and Phalanthus, he undertook to march round without delay. He proceeded with the utmost expedition, advancing, night and day, along the borders of the sea, through ways which had always been thought impassable: thus courage and labour surmount all obstacles; and, to those who can dare and suffer, nothing is impossible; and those, who, slumbering in idleness and timidity, dream that every thing is impossible that appears to be difficult, deserve to be surprised and subdued.

Adrastus fell, unexpectedly, upon the hundred vessels of the allies, at break of day. As they were not prepared for defence, and those on board had not the least suspicion of an attack, they were seized without resistance, and served to transport his troops, with the greatest expedition, to the mouth of the Galesus: he then proceeded, without delay, up the river. The advanced guard of the allies on that side, believing that these vessels brought the reinforcement they expected, received them with shouts of joy: and Adrastus and his men got on shore before they discovered their mistake. He fell upon them, when they had no suspicion of danger; and he found the camp open, without order, without chief, and without arms.

The quarter of the camp which he first attacked, was that of the Tarentines, commanded by Phalanthus. The Daunians entered so suddenly, and with so much vigour, that the surprise of the Lacedæmonians rendered them incapable of resistance; and

while they were seeking their arms, with a confusion that made them embarrass and impede each other, Adrastus set fire to the camp. The flames immediately rose from the tents to the sky ; and the noise of the fire was like that of a torrent, which rolls over a whole country, bearing down trees of the deepest root, and sweeping away the treasured harvest with the barn, and flocks and herds with the fold and the stall. The flames were driven by the wind, from tent to tent ; and the whole camp had soon the appearance of an ancient forest, which some accidental spark had set on fire.

Phalanthus, though he was nearest to the danger, could apply no remedy. He saw that all his troops must perish in the conflagration, if they did not immediately abandon the camp ; yet he was sensible, that a sudden retreat before a victorious enemy, might produce a final and a fatal disorder. He began, however, to draw up his Lacedæmonian youth, before they were half armed : but Adrastus gave him no time to breathe ; a band of expert archers killed many of them on one side, and a company of slingers threw stones as thick as hail on the other. Adrastus himself, sword in hand, at the head of a chosen number of Daunians, pursued the fugitives by the light of the flames, and put all that escaped the fire to the sword. Blood flowed round him in a deluge ; yet he was still insatiable of blood : his fury exceeded that of lions and tigers, when they tear in pieces the shepherd with the flock. The troops of Phalanthus stood torpid in despair ; death appeared before them like a spectre led by an infernal fury, and their blood froze in their veins ; their limbs would no longer obey their will, and their trembling knees deprived them even of the hopes of flight.

Phalanthus, whose faculties were in some degree roused by shame and despair, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven : he saw his brother Ippias fall at his feet, under the hand of Adrastus. He was

stretched upon the earth, and rolled in the dust: the blood gushed from a deep wound in his side, like a river; his eyes closed against the light; and his soul, furious and indignant, issued with the torrent of his blood. Phalanthus himself, covered with the vital effusion from his brother's wound, and unable to afford him succour, was instantly surrounded by a crowd of enemies, who pressed him with all their power: his shield was pierced by a thousand arrows, and he was wounded in many parts of his body: his troops fled, without a possibility of being brought back to the charge; and the gods looked down upon his sufferings without pity.

BOOK XVII.

Telemachus, having put on his divine armour, runs to the assistance of Phalanthus: he kills Iphicles, the son of Adrastus, repulses the victorious enemy, and would have put an end to the war, if a tempest had not intervened. Telemachus orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes great care of them, particularly of Phalanthus. He performs the solemnities at the funeral of Hippias himself, and having collected his ashes in a golden urn, presents them to his brother.

JUPITER, surrounded by the celestial deities, surveyed the slaughter of the allies from the summit of Olympus; and, looking into futurity, he beheld the chiefs, whose thread of life was that day to be divided by the fates. Every eye, in the divine assembly, was fixed upon the countenance of Jupiter, to discover his will: but the father of gods and men thus addressed them, with a voice in which majesty was tempered with sweetness: "You see the distress of the allies, and the triumph of Adrastus; but the scene is deceitful: the prosperity and honour of the wicked are short; the victory of Adrastus, the impious and perfidious, shall not be complete. The allies are punished by this misfortune, only that they may correct their faults, and learn better to conceal their councils: Minerva is preparing new laurels for Telemachus, whom she delights to honour." Jupiter ceased to speak, and the gods continued in silence to behold the battle.

In the mean time, Nestor and Philoctetes received an account, that one part of the camp was already burned, and that the wind was spreading the flames to the rest; that the troops were in disorder; and that Phalanthus, with his Lacedæmonians, had given way. At this dreadful intelligence they ran to arms, assembled the leaders, and gave orders for the camp to be immediately abandoned, that the men might not perish in the conflagration.

Telemachus, who had been pining with inconsolable dejection, forgot his anguish in a moment, and resumed his arms. His arms were the gift of Minerva, who, under the figure of Mentor, pretended to have received them from an excellent artificer of Salentum; but they were, indeed, the work of Vulcan, who, at her request, had forged them in the smoking caverns of mount *Ætna*.

These arms had a polish like glass, and were effulgent as the rays of the sun. On the cuirass was the representation of Neptune and Pallas, disputing which of them should give name to a rising city. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and a horse sprung out at the blow; his eyes had the appearance of living fire, and the foam of his mouth sparkled like light; his mane floated in the wind: and his legs, at once nervous and supple, played under him with equal agility and vigour; his motion could not be reduced to any pace; but he seemed to bound along with a swiftness and elasticity that left no trace of his foot, and the spectator could scarcely believe but that he heard him neigh. In another compartment, Minerva appeared to be giving the branch of an olive, a tree of her own planting, to the inhabitants of her new city: the branch, with its fruit, represented that plenty and peace, which wisdom cannot fail to prefer before the disorders of war, of which the horse was an emblem. This simple and useful gift decided the contest in favour of the goddess; and Athens, the pride of Greece, was distin-

guished by her name.* Minerva was also represented as assembling round her the liberal arts, under the symbols of little children with wings; they appeared to fly to her for protection, terrified at the brutal fury of Mars, who marks his way with desolation, as lambs gather round their dam at the sight of an hungry wolf who has already opened his mouth to devour them. The goddess, with a look of disdain and anger, confounded, by the excellence of her works, the presumptuous folly of Arachne, who vied with her in the labours of the loom: Arachne herself was also to be seen in the piece; her limbs attenuated and disfigured, and her whole form changed into that of a spider. At a little distance, Minerva was again represented as giving counsel to Jupiter, when the giants made war upon heaven, and encouraging the inferior deities in their terror and consternation. She was also represented with her spear and ægis, upon the borders of Simois and Scamander, leading Ulysses by the hand, animating the flying Greeks with new courage, and sustaining them against the heroes of Troy, and the prowess even of Hector himself. She was last represented as introducing Ulysses into the fatal machine, by which, in one night, the whole empire of Priam was subverted.

Another part of the shield represented Ceres in the fruitful plains of Enna, the centre of Sicily. The goddess appeared to be collecting together a scattered multitude, who were seeking subsistence by the chase, or gathering up the wild fruit that fell from the trees. To these ignorant barbarians she seemed to teach the art of meliorating the earth, and deriving sustenance from its fertility. She presented them a plough, and showed them how oxen were to be yoked: the earth was then seen to part in furrows under the share, and a golden harvest waved upon the plain: the reaper put in his sickle, and was rewarded for all his labour. Steel, which in other

* The Greek name of Minerva is Ἀθήνη, Athene.

places was devoted to works of destruction, was here employed only to produce plenty, and provide for delight. The nymphs of the meadows, crowned with flowers, were dancing on the borders of the river, with a grove not far distant : Pan gave the music of his pipe ; and the fauns and satyrs were seen frolicking together, in a less conspicuous portion of the compartment. Bacchus was also represented crowned with ivy, leaning with one hand on his thyrsis, and holding the branch of a vine, laden with grapes, in the other. The beauty of the god was effeminate, but mingled with something noble, impassioned, and languishing, that cannot be expressed. He appeared upon the shield as he did to the unfortunate Ariadne, when he found her alone, forsaken, and overwhelmed with grief, a stranger upon a foreign shore.

Numbers of people were seen crowding from all parts : old men carrying the first fruits of their labour as an offering to the gods ; young men returning weary with the labour of the day, to their wives, who were come out to meet them, leading their children in their hands, and interrupting their walk with caresses. There were also shepherds, some of whom appeared to be singing, while others danced to the music of the reed. The whole was a representation of peace, plenty, and delight : every thing was smiling and happy ; wolves were sporting with the sheep in the pastures ; and the lion and tiger, quitting their ferocities, grazed peaceably with the lamb ; a shepherd, that was still a child, led them, obedient to his crook, in one flock, and imagination recalled the pleasures of the golden age.

Telemachus, having put on this divine armour, took, instead of his own shield, the dreadful ægis of Minerva, which had been sent him by Iris, the speedy messenger of the gods. Iris had, unperceived, taken away his shield ; and had left, in its stead, this ægis at the sight of which the gods themselves are impressed with dread.

When he was thus armed, he ran out of the camp to avoid the flames, and called to him all the chiefs of the army: he called with a voice that restored the courage they had lost, and his eyes sparkled with a brightness that was more than human. His aspect was placid, and his manner easy and composed: he gave orders with the same quiet attention as that of an old man who regulates his family, and instructs his children. But, in action, he was sudden and impetuous: he resembled a torrent, which not only rolls on its own waves with irresistible rapidity, but carries with it the heaviest vessel that floats upon its surface.

Philoctetes and Nestor, the chiefs of the Mandurians, and the leaders of other nations, felt themselves influenced by an irresistible authority: age appeared to be no longer conscious of experience; and every commander seemed to give up implicitly all pretensions to counsel and wisdom! Even jealousy, a passion so natural to man, was suspended; every tongue was silent, and every eye was fixed with admiration upon Telemachus: all stand ready to obey him without reflection, as if they had always been under his command. He advanced to an eminence, from which the disposition of the enemy might be discovered; and, at the first glance, he saw, that not a moment was to be lost; that the burning the camp had thrown the Daunians into disorder; and that they might now be surprised in their turn. He, therefore, took a circuit with the utmost expedition, followed by the most experienced commanders, and fell upon them in the rear, when they believed the whole army of the allies to be surrounded by the conflagration.

This unexpected attack threw them into confusion; and they fell under the hand of Telemachus, as leaves fall from the trees in the declining year, when the northern tempest, the harbinger of winter, makes the veterans of the forest groan, and bends the branches to the trunk. Telemachus strewed the earth with

the victims of his prowess, and his spear pierced the heart of Iphicles, the youngest son of Adrastus: Iphicles rashly presented himself before him in battle, to preserve the life of his father, whom Telemachus was about to attack by surprise. Telemachus and Iphicles were equal in beauty, vigour, dexterity, and courage; they were of the same stature, had the same sweetness of disposition, and were both tenderly beloved by their parents: but Iphicles fell like a flower of the field, which, in the full pride of its beauty, is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Telemachus then overthrew Euphion, the most celebrated of all the Lydians that came from Etruria; and his sword at last pierced the breast of Cleomenes, who had just plighted his faith in marriage, and had promised rich spoils to the wife whom he was destined to see no more.

Adrastus beheld the fall of his son and of his captains, and saw his victory wrested from him when he thought it secure, in a transport of rage, which shook him like the hand of death. Phalanthus, almost prostrate at his feet, was like a victim, wounded but not slain, that starts from the sacred knife, and flies terrified from the altar; in one moment more, his life would have been the prize of Adrastus. But in this crisis of his fate, he heard the shout of Telemachus, rushing to his assistance, and looked upward: his life was now given him back, and the cloud which was settling over his eyes vanished. The Daunians, alarmed at this unexpected attack, abandoned Phalanthus, to repress a more formidable enemy: and Adrastus was stung with new rage, like a tiger, from whom the shepherds, with united force, snatch the prey that he was ready to devour. Telemachus sought him in the throng, and would have finished the war at a stroke, by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy: but Jupiter would not vouchsafe him so sudden and easy a victory: and even Minerva, that he might better learn to govern, was

willing that he should longer continue to suffer. The impious Adrastus, therefore, was preserved by the father of the gods, that Telemachus might acquire new virtue, and be distinguished by greater glory. A thick cloud was interposed, by Jupiter, between the Daunians and their enemies: the will of the gods was declared in thunders, that shook the plain, and threatened to crush the reptiles of the earth under the ruins of Olympus; the lightning divided the firmament from pole to pole: and the light, which, this moment, dazzled the eye, left it, the next, in total darkness: an impetuous shower, that immediately followed, contributed to separate the two armies.

Adrastus availed himself of the succour of the gods, without any secret acknowledgment of their power; an instance of ingratitude, which made him worthy of more signal vengeance! He possessed himself of a situation, between the ruins of the camp and a morass which extended to the river, with such promptness and expedition as made even his retreat an honour; and at once showed his readiness at expedients, and perfect possession of himself. The allies, animated by Telemachus, would have pursued him; but he escaped, by favour of the storm, like a bird from the snare of the fowler.

The allies had now nothing to do, but to return to the camp, and repair the damages it had suffered: but the scene, as they entered it, exhibited the miseries of war in their utmost horror. The sick and wounded, not having strength to quit their tents, became a prey to the flames: and many, that appeared to be half burnt, were still able to express their misery in a plaintive and dying voice, calling upon the gods, and looking upward. At these sights, and these sounds, Telemachus was pierced to the heart, and burst into tears: he was seized, at once, with horror and compassion; and involuntarily turned away his eyes from objects which he trembled to behold: wretches, whose death was inevitable, but painful and slow;

whose bodies, in part devoured by the fire, had the appearance of the flesh of victims that is burnt upon the altar, and mixes the savour of sacrifices with the air.

“Alas!” said Telemachus, “how various and how dreadful are the miseries of war! What horrid infatuation impels mankind! Their days upon the earth are few, and those few are evil; why then should they precipitate death, which is already near? why should they add bitterness to life, that is already bitter? All men are brothers, and yet they hunt each other as prey. The wild beasts of the desert are less cruel: lions wage not war against lions; and, to the tiger, the tiger is peaceable; the only objects of their ferocity are animals of a different species: man does, in opposition to his reason, what, by animals that are without reason, is never done. And for what are these wars undertaken? Is there not land enough in the world, for every man to appropriate more than he can cultivate? Are there no deserts, which the whole race could never people? What then is the motive for war? Some tyrant sighs for a new appellation: he would be called a conqueror; and, for this, he kindles a flame that desolates the earth. Thus a wretched individual, who would not have been born but for the anger of the gods, brutally sacrifices his species to his vanity: ruin must spread, blood must flow, fire must consume; and he who escapes from the flame and the sword, must perish by famine with yet more anguish and horror; that one man, to whom the misery of a world is sport, may, from this general destruction, obtain a fanciful possession of what he calls glory. How vile the perversion of so sacred a name! how worthy, above all others, of indignation and contempt, those who have so far forgotten humanity! Let those who fancy they are demi-gods, henceforth remember that they are less than men: and let every succeeding age, by which they hoped to be admired,

hold them in execration. With what caution should princes undertake a war! Wars, indeed, ought always to be just: but that is not sufficient; they ought, also, to be necessary to the general good. The blood of a nation ought never to be shed, except for its own preservation in the utmost extremity. But the perfidious counsels of flattery, false notions of glory, groundless jealousies, insatiable ambition, disguised under specious appearances and connexions insensibly formed, seldom fail to engage princes in a war which renders them unhappy; in which every thing is put in hazard without necessity; and which produces as much mischief to their subjects as to their enemies." Such were the reflections of Telemachus. But he did not content himself with deploring the evils of war; he endeavoured to mitigate them. He went himself from tent to tent, affording to the sick, and even to the dying, such assistance and comfort as they could receive; he distributed among them not only medicine, but money: he soothed and consoled them by expressions of tenderness and friendship, and sent others on the same errand to those whom he could not visit himself.

Among the Cretans that had accompanied him from Salentum, were two old men, whose names were Traumatophilus and Nosophugus. Traumatophilus had been at the siege of Troy with Idomeneus, and had learned the art of healing wounds from the sons of Æsculapius. He poured into the deepest and most malignant sores, an odoriferous liquor, which removed the dead and mortified flesh, without the assistance of the knife, and facilitated the formation of a new substance, of a fairer and better texture than the first. Nosophugus had never seen the sons of Æsculapius; but by the assistance of Merion, he had procured a sacred and mysterious book, which was written by Æsculapius for their instruction. Nosophugus was also beloved by the gods: he had composed hymns in honour of the offspring of Latona;

and he offered, every day, a lamb, white and spotless, to Apollo, by whom he was frequently inspired.

As soon as he saw the sick, he knew by the appearance of the eyes, the colour of the skin, the temperament of the body, and the state of respiration, what was the cause of the disease. Sometimes he administered medicines, that operated by perspiration; and the success showed how much the increase or diminution of that secretion can influence the mechanism of the body, for its hurt or advantage. To those that were languishing under a gradual decay, he gave infusions of certain salutary herbs, that by degrees fortified the noble parts, and, by purifying the blood, brought back the vigour and the freshness of youth. But he frequently declared, that if it were not for criminal excesses, and idle fears, there would be but little employment for the physician. “The number of diseases,” says he, “is a disgrace to mankind; for virtue produces health. Intemperance converts the very food that should sustain life, into a poison that destroys it; and pleasure, indulged to excess, shortens our days more than they can be lengthened by medicine. The poor are more rarely sick for want of nourishment, than the rich by taking too much: high seasoned meats, that stimulate appetite after nature is sufficed, are rather poison than food. Medicines themselves offer violence to nature: and should never be used, but in the most pressing necessity. The great remedy, which is always innocent, and always useful, is temperance, a moderate use of pleasure, tranquillity of mind, and exercise of the body: these produce a pure and well tempered blood, and throw off superfluous humours that would corrupt it.” Thus was Nosophugus yet less honoured for the medicines by which he cured diseases, than for the rules he prescribed to prevent them, and render medicine unnecessary.

These excellent persons were sent by Telemachus, visit the sick of the army; many of whom they

recovered by their remedies, but yet more by the care which they took to have them properly attended, to keep their persons clean, and the air about them pure; at the same time confining the convalescent to an exact regimen, as well with respect to the quality as the quantity of their food. The soldiers, touched with gratitude at this seasonable and important relief, gave thanks to the gods, for having sent Telemachus among them. "He is not," said they, "a mere mortal like ourselves: he is certainly some beneficent deity, in a human shape; or, if he is, indeed, a mortal, he bears less resemblance to the rest of men than to the gods. He is an inhabitant of the earth, only to diffuse good; his affability and benevolence recommend him still more than his valour. O! that we might have him for our king! but the gods reserve him for some more favoured and happy people; among whom they design to restore the golden age!"

These encomiums were overheard by Telemachus, while he was going about the camp in the night, to guard against the stratagems of Adrastus; and, therefore, could not be suspected of flattery, like those which designing sycophants often bestow upon princes to their face; insolently presuming, that they have neither modesty nor delicacy, and that nothing more is necessary to secure their favour than to load them with extravagant praise. To Telemachus, that only was pleasing which was true: he could bear no praise, but that which, being given when he was supposed to be absent, he might reasonably conclude to be just. To such praise he was not insensible; but tasted the pure and serene delight which the gods have decreed alone to virtue, and which vice can neither enjoy nor conceive. He did not, however, give himself up to this pleasure: his faults immediately rushed into his mind; he remembered his excessive regard for himself, and indifference to others; he felt a

secret shame at having received from nature a disposition which made him appear to want the feelings of humanity; and he referred to Minerva all the praise that he had received, as having grafted excellence upon him, which he thought he had no right to appropriate to himself. "It is thy bounty," said he, "O goddess! which has given me Mentor, to fill my mind with knowledge, and correct the infirmities of my nature. Thou hast vouchsafed me wisdom to profit by my faults, and mistrust myself. It is thy power that restrains the impetuosity of my passions; and the pleasure that I feel in comforting the afflicted, is thy gift. Men would hate me but for thee; and without thee, I should deserve hatred; I should be guilty of irreparable faults; and resemble an infant, who, not conscious of its own weakness, quits the side of its mother, and falls at the next step."

Nestor and Philoctetes were astonished to see Telemachus so affable, so attentive to oblige, so ready to supply the wants of others, and so diligent to prevent them. They were struck with the difference of his behaviour, but could not conceive the cause; and what surprised them most was, the care that he took about the funeral of Hippias. He went himself and drew the body, bloody and disfigured, from the spot where it lay hidden under a heap of the slain; he was touched with a pious sorrow, and wept over it. "O mighty shade!" said he, "thou art not now ignorant of my reverence for thy valour. Thy haughtiness, indeed, provoked me: but thy fault was from the ardour of youth. Alas! I know but too well how much youth has need of pardon. We were in the way to be united by friendship: O why have the gods snatched thee from me, before I had an opportunity to compel thy esteem!"

Telemachus caused the body to be washed with odoriferous liquors; and, by his orders, a funeral pile was prepared. The lofty pines groaned under the

strokes of the axe, and, as they fell, rolled down the declivity of the mountain. Oaks, those ancient children of the earth, which seemed to threaten heaven, and elms and poplars, adorned with thick foliage of vivid green, with the spreading beech, the glory of the forest, strewed the borders of the river Galesus; and a pile was there raised, with such order, that it resembled a regular building: the flame began to sparkle among the wood, and a cloud of smoke ascended in volumes to the sky.

The Lacedæmonians advanced with a slow and mournful pace, holding their lances reversed, and fixing their eyes upon the ground; the ferocity of their countenances was softened into grief; and the silent tear dropt, unbidden, from their eyes. These Lacedæmonians were followed by Phericides, an old man, not less depressed by the weight of years, than by sorrow to have survived Hippias, whom he had educated from his earliest youth. He raised his hands and his eyes that were drowned in tears, to heaven: since the death of Hippias he had refused to eat, and the lenient hand of sleep had not once closed his eyes, or suspended the anguish of his mind. He walked on with trembling steps, implicitly following the crowd, and scarce knowing whither he went: his heart was too full for speech; and his silence was that of dejection and despair: but when he saw the pile kindled, a sudden transport seized him, and he cried out, “O Hippias, Hippias! I shall see thee no more. Hippias is dead, and I am still living. O my dear Hippias! it was I that taught thee, cruel and unrelenting; it was I that taught thee the contempt of death. I hoped that my dying eyes would have been closed by thy hand, and that I should have breathed the last sigh into thy bosom. Ye have prolonged my life, ye gods! in your displeasure, that I might see the life of Hippias at an end. O my child, thou dear object of my care and hope, I shall see thee no more! But I shall see thy mother, who,

dying of grief, will reproach me with thy death; and I shall see thy wife, fading in the bloom of youth, and agonized with despair and sorrow, of which I am the cause! O call me from these scenes, to the borders of the Styx, which have received thy shade: the light is hateful to my eyes; and there is none but thee whom I desire to behold! I live, O my dear Hippias, only to pay the last duty to thy ashes."

The body of the hero appeared stretched upon a bier, that was decorated with purple and gold. His eyes were extinguished in death, but his beauty was not totally effaced, nor had the graces faded wholly from his countenance, however pale. Around his neck, that was whiter than snow, but reclined upon the shoulder, floated his long black hair, still more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, but in a few moments to be reduced to ashes; and on his side appeared the wound through which, issuing with the torrent of his blood, his spirit had been dismissed to the gloomy regions of the dead.

Telemachus followed the body sorrowful and dejected, and scattered flowers upon it; and when it was laid upon the pile, he could not see the flames catch the linen, that was wrapped about it, without again bursting into tears: "Farewell," said he, "O magnanimous youth, for I must not presume to call thee friend. Let thy shade be appeased, since thy glory is full, and my envy is precluded only by my love. Thou art delivered from the miseries that we continue to suffer, and hast entered a better region, by the most glorious path! How happy should I be to follow thee by the same way! May the Styx yield a passage to thy shade, and the fields of Elysium lie open before thee! May thy name be preserved, with honour, to the latest generation; and thy ashes rest for ever in peace!"

As soon as Telemachus, who had uttered these words in a broken and interrupted voice, was silent, the whole army sent up a general cry: the fate of

Hippias, whose exploits they recounted, melted them into tenderness; and grief at once revived his good qualities, and buried in oblivion all the failings which the impetuosity of youth and a bad education had concurred to produce. They were, however, yet more touched by the tender sentiments of Telemachus: "Is this," said they, "the young Greek that was so proud, so contemptuous, and intractable? He is now affable, humane, and tender. Minerva, who had distinguished his father by her favour, is also, certainly, propitious to him. She has, undoubtedly, bestowed upon him the most valuable gift which the gods themselves can bestow upon man; a heart that is at once replete with wisdom and sensible to friendship."

The body was now consumed by the flames; and Telemachus himself sprinkled the still smoking ashes with water, which gums and spices had perfumed: he then deposited them in a golden urn, which he crowned with flowers; and he carried the urn to Phalanthus. Phalanthus was stretched out upon a couch, his body being pierced with many wounds; and life was so far exhausted, that he saw, not far distant, the irremovable gates of death.

Traumatophilus and Nosophugus, whom Telemachus sent to his assistance, had exerted all their art: they had brought back his fleeting spirit by degrees, and he was insensibly animated with new strength: a gentle, but penetrating power, a new principle of life gliding from vein to vein, reached even to the heart; and a genial warmth relaxing the frozen hand of death, the tyrant remitted his grasp. But the insensibility of a dying languor was immediately succeeded by an agony of grief; and he felt the loss of his brother, which before he was not in a condition to feel. "Alas!" said he, "why all this assiduity to preserve my life! it would be better, that I should follow Hippias to the grave! my dear Hippias! whom I saw perish at my side. O my brother, thou art lost for ever; and with thee all the comforts of life! I shal

ee thee, I shall hear thee, I shall embrace thee no more! I shall no more unburden my breast of its troubles, to thee; and my friendship shall participate of thy sorrows no more! And is Hippias thus lost, for ever? O ye gods, that delight in the calamities of men! can it be? or is it not a dream, from which I shall awake? Ah! no! it is a dreadful reality! I have, indeed, lost thee, O Hippias! I saw thee expire in the dust; and I must, at least, live till I have avenged thee; till I have offered up, to thy manes, the merciless Adrastus, whose hands are stained with thy blood!"

While Philanthus was uttering these passionate exclamations, and the divine dispensers of health were endeavouring to soothe him into peace, lest the perturbation of his mind should increase his malady, and render their medicines ineffectual, he suddenly beheld Telemachus, who had approached him unperceived. At the first sight of him, he felt the conflict of two opposite passions in his bosom: his mind still glowed with resentment at the remembrance of what had passed between Telemachus and Hippias; and the grief that he felt for the loss of his brother gave this resentment new force; but he was also conscious, that he was himself indebted for his life to Telemachus, who had rescued him, bleeding and exhausted, from the hands of Adrastus. During this struggle, he remarked the golden urn, that contained the dear remains of his brother; and the sight instantly melted him into tears: he embraced Telemachus, at first, without power to speak; but at length he said, in a feeble and interrupted voice, "Thy virtue, O son of Ulysses! has compelled my love: I am indebted to thee for my life; I am indebted to thee also, for something yet more precious than life itself! The limbs of my brother would have been a prey to the vulture, but for thee: and but for thee the rites of sepulture had been denied him! His shade would have wandered, forlorn and wretched, upon the borders of the Styx, still repulsed by Charon with inexo-

nable severity ! Must I lie under such obligations to a man whom I have so bitterly hated ? May the gods reward thee, and dismiss me from life and misery together ! Render to me, O Telemachus ! the last duties that you have rendered to my brother, and your glory shall be complete." Phalanthus then fell back, fainting and overwhelmed with grief: Telemachus continued near him, but, not daring to speak, waited, in silence, till his spirits should return. He revived after a short time ; and, taking the urn out of the hands of Telemachus, he kissed it many times, and wept over it : " O precious dust," said he, " when shall mine be mingled with you, in the same urn ? O my brother ! I will follow thee to the regions of the dead ! There is no need that I should avenge thee, for Telemachus will avenge us both !"

By the skill of the two sages who practised the science of *Æsculapius*, Phalanthus gradually recovered. Telemachus was continually with them, at the couch of the sick, that they might exert themselves with more diligence to hasten the cure ; and the whole army was more struck with admiration at the tenderness with which he succoured his most inveterate enemy, than at the wisdom and valour with which he had preserved the armies of the allies. He was, however, at the same time, indefatigable in the ruder labours of war : he slept but little ; and his sleep was often interrupted, sometimes by the intelligence which was brought him at every hour of the night, as well as of the day ; and sometimes by examining every quarter of the camp, which he never visited twice together at the same hour, that he might be more sure to surprise those that were negligent of their duty. Though his sleep was short, and his labour great, yet his diet was plain : he fared, in every respect, like the common soldiers, that he might give them an example of patience and sobriety ; and provisions becoming scarce in the camp, he thought it necessary, to prevent murmurings and dis-

content, by suffering voluntarily the same inconveniences which they suffered by necessity. But this labour and temperance, however severe, were so far from impairing his vigour, that he became every day more hardy and robust: he began to lose the softer graces, which may be considered as the flower of youth: his complexion became browner and less delicate, and his limbs more muscular and firm.

BOOK XVIII.

Telemachus being persuaed, by several dreams, that his father Ulysses was no longer alive, executes his design of seeking him among the dead: he retires from the camp, and is followed by two Cretans as far as a temple near the celebrated cavern of Acherontia: he enters it, and descends through the gloom to the borders of the Styx, where Charon takes him into his boat: he presents himself before Pluto, who, in obedience to superior powers, permits him to seek his father: he passes through Tartarus, and is witness to the torments that are inflicted upon ingratitude, perjury, impiety, hypocrisy, and, above all, upon bad kings.

ADRASTUS, whose troops had been considerably diminished by the battle, retired behind mount Aulon; where he expected a reinforcement, and watched for another opportunity of surprising the allies. Thus, a hungry lion, who has been repulsed from the fold, retires into the gloomy forest, enters again into his den, and waits for some favourable moment, when he may destroy the whole flock.

Telemachus having established an exact discipline among the troops, turned his mind entirely to the execution of a design, which, though he had formed a considerable time, he had wholly concealed from the commanders of the army. He had been long disturbed in the night by dreams, in which he saw his father Ulysses. The vision never failed to return at the end of the night; just before the approach of Aurora, with her prevailing fires, to chase from heaven the doubtful radiance of the stars, and from earth the pleasing delusions of sleep. Sometimes he thought he saw Ulysses naked upon the banks of a river, in a flowery meadow of some blissful island, surrounded by nymphs, who threw clothes

to cover him, within his reach : sometimes he thought he saw him in a palace, that shone with ivory and gold ; where a numerous audience, crowned with flowers, listened to his eloquence with delight and admiration : he sometimes appeared suddenly among the guests at a magnificent banquet, where joy shone upon every countenance ; and the soft melody of a voice, accompanied by the lyre, gave sweeter music than the lyre of Apollo, and the voices of the Nine.

From these pleasing dreams Telemachus always awaked dejected and sorrowful ; and while one of them was recent upon his mind, he cried out, “ O my father ! O my dear father Ulysses ! the most frightful dreams would be more welcome to me than these. These representations of felicity convince me, that thou art already descended to the abodes of those happy spirits whom the gods reward, for their virtue, with everlasting rest. I think I behold the fields of Elysium ! How dreadful is the loss of hope ! Must I then, O my father, see thee no more for ever ? Must I no more embrace him, to whom I was so dear, and whom I seek with such tender solicitude and persevering labour ? Shall I no more drink wisdom from his lips ? Shall I kiss those hands, those dear, those victorious hands, which have subdued so many enemies, no more ? Shall they never punish the presumptuous suitors of Penelope ? And shall the glory of Ithaca be never restored ?

“ You, ye gods, who are unpropitious to Ulysses, have sent these dreams, to expel the last hope from my breast, and leave me to despair and death ! I can no longer endure this dreadful suspense. Alas ! what have I said ? Of the death of my father I am but too certain. I will then seek his shade in the world below. To those awful regions, Theseus descended in safety ; yet Theseus, with the most horrid impiety, sought only to violate the deities of the place : my motive, the love of my father, is consistent with my duty to the gods. Hercules also de-

scended and returned: I pretend not, indeed, to his prowess; but, without it, I dare to imitate his example. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, softened into pity that deity, who was thought to be inexorable; and obtained permission for the return of Eurydice to the world of life: I am more worthy of compassion than Orpheus: the loss that I have sustained is greater than his; for what is a youthful beauty, to whom a thousand youthful beauties are equal, in comparison of the great Ulysses, unrivalled and alone, the admiration and the pride of Greece! The attempt shall be made; and if I perish, I perish. Why should death be dreadful, when life is wretched? I come, then, O Pluto! O Proserpine! to prove, whether ye are, indeed, without pity. O my father! having traversed the earth and the seas, in vain, to find thee; I will now seek thee among the gloomy dwellings of the dead. If the gods will not permit me to possess thee upon the earth, and enjoy with thee the light of heaven; they may, perhaps, vouchsafe me the sight of thy shade, by the dim twilight of the realms of darkness!"

He immediately rose from the bed, which he had bedewed with his tears: and hoped that the cheerful light of the morning would have dissipated the melancholy that he suffered from the dreams of the night: he found, however, that the shaft which had pierced him, was still in the wound, and that he carried it with him, whithersoever he went. He determined, therefore, to descend into hell, by a celebrated avenue not far from the camp. This avenue was near a city called Acherontia, from a dreadful cavern that led down to the banks of Acheron, an infernal river, which the gods themselves attest with reverence and dread. The city was built upon the summit of a rock, like a nest upon the top of a tree. At the foot of the rock was the cavern, which no man ventured to approach: the shepherds were always careful to turn their flocks

another way : and the sulphureous vapour that exhaled by this aperture, from the Stygian fens, contaminated the air with a pestilential malignity : the neighbouring soil produced neither herb nor flower ; and in this place, the gentle gales of the zephyr, the rising beauties of the spring, and the rich gifts of autumn, were alike unknown. The ground was thirsty and sterile, and presented nothing to the eye but a few naked shrubs, and the cypress clothed with a funereal green. In the fields that surrounded it, even at a distance, Ceres denied her golden harvests to the plough : Bacchus never gave the delicious fruit which he seemed to promise ; for the grapes withered, instead of ripening, upon the tree. The Naiads mourned : and the waters of their urn flowed not with a gentle and translucent wave, but were bitter to the taste, and impenetrable to the eye. Thorns and brambles here covered the ground ; and as there was no grove for shelter, there were no birds to sing : their strains of love were warbled beneath a milder sky : and here nothing was to be heard but the hoarse croaking of the raven, and the boding screams of the owl. The very herbage of the field was bitter ; and the flocks of these joyless pastures felt not the pleasing impulse that makes them bound upon the green : the bull turned from the heifer, and the dejected shepherd forgot the music of his pipe. A thick black smoke frequently issued from the cavern, in a cloud that covered the earth with untimely darkness in the midst of the day : at these seasons, the neighbouring people doubled their sacrifices, to propitiate the infernal gods ; yet the infernal gods were frequently inexorable ; and would accept no sacrifice, but youth in its sweetest bloom, and manhood in its ripest vigour, which they cut off by a fatal contagion.

In this place, Telemachus resolved to seek the way that led down to the dark dominions of Pluto. Minerva, who watched over him with incessant

care, and covered him with her ægis, had rendered Pluto propitious: and at her request, Jupiter himself had commissioned Mercury, who descends daily to the infernal regions, to deliver a certain number of the dead to Charon, to tell the sovereign of the shades it was his pleasure that Telemachus should be permitted to enter his dominions.

Telemachus withdrew, secretly, from the camp in the night; and going on by the light of the moon, he invoked that powerful divinity, who, in heaven, is the radiant planet of the night, upon earth the chaste Diana, and the tremendous Hecate in hell: the goddess heard his prayer, and accepted it; for she knew that his heart was upright, and his intention pious.

As he drew near to the cavern, he heard the subterraneous empire roar: the earth trembled under his feet, and the heavens seemed to rain down fire upon his head. A secret horror thrilled to his heart, and his limbs were covered with a cold sweat: yet his fortitude sustained him; and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, "Great gods," said he, "I accept these omens, and believe them to be happy: fulfil them, and confirm my hope!" His breast glowed with new ardour as he spoke, and he rushed forward to the mouth of the pit.

The thick smoke which rendered it fatal to all that approached it, immediately disappeared; and the pestilential stench was, for a while, suspended. He entered the cavern alone; for who would have dared to follow him? Two Cretans, to whom he had communicated his design, and who accompanied him part of the way, remained, pale and trembling, in a temple at some distance, putting up prayers for his deliverance, but despairing of his return.

Telemachus, in the mean time, plunged into the tremendous darkness before him, having his sword drawn in his hand. In a few minutes he perceived a feeble and dusky light, like that which is seen at

midnight upon the earth : he could also distinguish airy shades that fluttered round him, which he dispersed with his sword : and soon after he discovered the mournful banks of the Styx, whose waters, polluted by the marsh they cover, move slowly in a sullen stream, that returns in perpetual eddies upon itself. Here he perceived an innumerable multitude of those, who, having been denied the rites of sepulture, presented themselves to inexorable Charon in vain. Charon, whose old age, though vigorous and immortal, is always gloomy and severe, kept them back with menaces and reproach ; but he admitted the young Greek into his bark, as soon as he came up.

The ear of Telemachus, the moment he entered, was struck with the groans of inconsolable grief. “ Who art thou,” said he to the complaining ghost, “ and what is thy misfortune ? ” — “ I was,” replied the phantom, “ Nabopharzan, the king of Babylon the Great. All the nations of the east trembled at the sound of my name ; and I compelled the Babylonians to worship me in a temple of marble, where I was represented by a statue of gold, before which the most costly perfumes of Ethiopia were burnt night and day. No man contradicted me without instant punishment ; and every invention was upon the stretch, to discover some new pleasure, that might heighten the luxury of my life. I was then in the full bloom and vigour of youth ; and life, with all its pomp and pleasures, was still before me. But alas ! a woman whom I loved with a passion that she did not return, too soon convinced me that I was not a god : she gave me poison, and I now am nothing. Yesterday they deposited my ashes, with great solemnity, in a golden urn : they wept, they tore their hair, and seemed ready to throw themselves on the funeral pile, that they might perish with me : they are now surrounding the superb mausoleum in which they

placed my remains, with all the external parade of sorrow. But secretly, and in sincerity, I am regretted by none. Even my family hold my memory in abhorrence; and here I have been already treated with the most mortifying indignity!"

An object so deplorable touched the breast of Telemachus with pity. "And was you then truly happy," said he, "during your reign? Did you taste that sweet tranquillity, without which the heart shrinks and withers like a blighted flower; nor, even in prosperity, can expand to delight?"—"Far from it," replied the monarch; "I knew it not, even in idea. A peace like this, indeed, has been extolled by the sages, as the only good; but it never made my felicity: my heart was perpetually agitated by new desires, and throbbing with fear and hope: I wished that passion should perpetually succeed to passion, with a tumultuous rapidity which excluded thought; and practised every artifice to effect it: this was my expedient to avoid the pangs of reflection; such was the peace I procured; I thought all other a fable and a dream; and such were the pleasures I regret!"

During this relation, Nabopharzau wept with the effeminate pusillanimity of a man enervated by good fortune; unacquainted with adversity, and, therefore, a stranger to fortitude. There were with him some slaves who had been put to death to honour his funeral, and whom Mercury had delivered to Charon with their king; giving them, at the same time, an absolute power over him, who had been their tyrant upon earth. The shades of these slaves no longer feared the shade of Nabopharzan: they held him in a chain, and treated him with the most cruel indignity. "As men," said one of them, "had we not the same nature with thee? How couldst thou be so stupid as to imagine thyself a god, and forget that thy parents were mortal?"—"His unwillingness to be taken

for a man," said another, "was right; for he was a monster, without humanity."—"Well," said another, "what are become of your flatterers now? Poor wretch! there is now nothing that thou canst either give or take away: thou art now become the slave even of thy slaves. The justice of the gods is slow; but the criminal is, at last, certainly overtaken!"

Nabopharzan, stung with these insults, threw himself upon his face in an agony of rage and despair; but Charon bid the slaves pull him up by his chain: "He must not," said he, "be allowed the consolation even of hiding his shame; of which all the ghosts that throng the borders of the Styx must be witnesses; that the gods, who so long suffered this impious tyrant to oppress the earth, may at last be justified. Yet this, O scourge of Babylon, is but the beginning of sorrows: the judgment of Minos, impartial and inexorable, is at hand!"

The bark now touched the dominions of Pluto; and the ghosts ran down in crowds to the shore, gazing with the utmost curiosity and wonder, at the living mortal, who stood distinguished among the dead in the boat: but, the moment Telemachus set his foot on the shore, they vanished, like the shades of the night before the first beams of the morning. Then Charon, turning towards him, with a brow less contracted into frowns, and a look less severe than usual, "O favoured of Heaven," said he, "since thou art permitted to enter the realms of darkness, which to all the living, besides thyself, are interdicted; make haste to push forward, whithersoever the Fates have called thee. Proceed, by this gloomy path, to the palace of Pluto, whom thou wilt find sitting upon his throne, and who will permit thee to enter those recesses of his dominion, the secrets of which I am not permitted to reveal!"

Telemachus, immediately pressing forward with a hasty step, discovered the shades gliding about

on every side, more numerous than the sands upon the sea shore; and he was struck with a religious dread, to perceive that, in the midst of the tumult and hurry of this incredible multitude, all was silent as the grave. He sees, at length, the gloomy residence of unrelenting Pluto: his hair stands erect, his legs tremble, and his voice fails him. "Tremendous power!" said he, with faltering and interrupted speech, "the son of unhappy Ulysses now stands before thee. I come to inquire, whether my father is descended into your dominions, or whether he is still a wanderer upon the earth?"

Pluto was seated upon a throne of ebony: his countenance was pale and severe, his eyes hollow and ardent, and his brow contracted and menacing. The sight of a mortal still breathing the breath of life was hateful to his eyes: as the day is hateful to those animals that leave their recesses only by night. At his side sat Proserpine, who seemed to be the only object of his attention; and to soften him into some degree of complacency, she enjoyed a beauty that was perpetually renewed: but there was mingled with her immortal charms, something of her lord's inflexible severity.

At the foot of the throne sat the pale father of destruction, Death, incessantly whetting a scythe which he held in his hand. Around this horrid spectre, hovered ripening Cares, and injurious Suspicions; Vengeance, distained with blood, and covered with wounds; causeless Hatred; Avarice, gnawing her own flesh; and Despair, the victim of her own rage; Ambition, whose fury overturns all things, like a whirlwind; and Treason, thirsting for blood, and not able to enjoy the mischief she produces; Envy, shedding round her the venom that corrodes her heart, and sickening with rage at the impotence of her malice; and Impiety, that opens for herself a gulf without bottom, in which she shall plunge at last without hope. Besides these, were

nameless spectres without number, all hideous to behold ! phantoms that represent the dead, to terrify the living ; frightful dreams ; and the horrid vigils of disease and pain ! By these images of woe was Pluto surrounded ; and such were the attendants that filled his palace. He replied, to the son of Ulysses, in a hollow tone ; and the depths of Erebus murmured to the sound.

“ If it is by fate, O mortal ! that thou hast violated this sacred asylum of the dead ; that fate, which has thus distinguished thee, fulfil ! Of thy father, I will tell thee nothing : it is enough that here thou art permitted to seek him. As upon the earth he was a king, thy search may be confined, on one side, to that part of Tartarus where wicked kings are consigned to punishment ; and, on the other, to that part of Elysium, where the good receive their reward : but, from hence, thou canst not enter the fields of Elysium, till thou hast passed through Tartarus. Make haste thither ; and linger not in my dominions ! ”

Telemachus instantly obeyed, and passed through the dreary vacuity that surrounded him with such speed, that he seemed almost to fly ; such was his impatience to behold his father, and to quit the presence of a tyrant, equally the terror of the living and the dead ! He soon perceived the gloomy tract of Tartarus, at a small distance before him : from this place ascended a black cloud of pestilential smoke, which would have been fatal in the realms of life. This smoke hovered over a river of fire ; the flames of which, returning upon themselves, roared in a burning vortex, with a noise like that of an impetuous torrent, precipitated from the highest rock ; so that in this region of woe no other sound could be distinctly heard.

Telemachus, secretly animated by Minerva, entered the gulf without fear. The first object that presented, was a great number of men, who.

born in a mean condition, were now punished for having sought to acquire riches by fraud, treachery, and violence. Among them, he remarked many of those impious hypocrites, who, affecting a zeal for religion, played upon the credulity of others, and gratified their own ambition. These wretches, who had abused virtue herself, the best gift of Heaven, to dishonest purposes, were punished as the most criminal of men: the child who had murdered his parents, the wife who had imbrued her hands in a husband's blood, and the traitor who had sold his country in violation of every tie, were punished with less severity than these. Such was the decree pronounced by the judges of the dead; because hypocrites are not content to be wicked upon the common terms: they would be vicious, with the reputation of virtue; and by an appearance of virtue, which at length is found to be false, they prevent mankind from putting confidence in the true. The gods, whose omniscience they mock, and whose honour they degrade, take pleasure in the exertion of all their power to avenge the insult.

After these appeared others, to whom the world scarce imputes guilt, but whom the Divine vengeance pursues without pity; the liar; the ungrateful; the parasite, who lavishes adulation upon vice; and the slanderer, who falsely detracts from virtue; all who judge rashly of what they know but in part, and thus injure the reputation of the innocent.

But, among all who suffered for ingratitude, those were punished with the most severity, who had been ungrateful to the gods. "What!" said Minos, "is he considered as a monster, who is guilty of ingratitude to his father or his friend, from whom he has received some such benefits as mortals can bestow; and shall the wretch glory in his crime, who is ungrateful to God, the giver of life, and of every blessing it includes? Does he not owe his existence rather to the Author of Nature, than to

the parents through whom his existence was derived? The less these crimes are censured and punished upon earth, the more are they obnoxious, in hell, to implacable vengeance, which no force can resist, and no subtilty elude."

Telemachus, seeing a man condemned by the judges, whom he found sitting, ventured to ask them what was his crime: he was immediately answered by the offender himself. "I have done," said he, "no evil: my pleasure consisted wholly in doing good. I have been just, munificent, liberal, and compassionate: of what crime then, can I be accused?"—"With respect to man," replied Minos, "thou art accused of none; but didst thou not owe less to man than to the gods? If so, what are thy pretensions to justice? Thou hast punctually fulfilled thy duty to men, who are but dust: thou hast been virtuous; but thy virtue terminated wholly in thyself, without reference to the gods who gave it: thy virtue was to be thy own felicity; and, so thyself, thou wast all in all. Thou hast, indeed, been thy own deity. But the gods, by whom all things have been created, and who have created all things for themselves, cannot give up their rights: thou hast forgotten them, and they will forget thee. Since thou hast desired to exist for thyself, and not for them; to thyself they will deliver thee up: seek, then, thy consolation in thine own heart. Thou art separated, for ever, from man, whom, for thine own sake, thou hast desired to please: and left to thyself alone, that idol of thy heart! Learn, now at least, that piety is that virtue of which the gods are objects; and that, without this, no virtue can deserve the name. The false lustre of that with which thou hast long dazzled the eyes of men, who are easily deceived, will deceive no more: men distinguish that only from which they derive pain or pleasure, into virtue and vice; and are, therefore, alike ignorant both of good and evil: but here the

perspicacity of Divine wisdom discerns all things as they are: the judgment of men, from external appearances, is reversed: what they have admired, is frequently condemned; and what they have condemned, approved.

These words, to the boaster of philosophic virtue, were like a stroke of thunder; and he was unable to sustain the shock. The self-complacence with which he had been used to contemplate his moderation, his fortitude, his generosity, was now changed to anguish and regret: the view of his own heart, at enmity with the gods, became his punishment: he now saw, and was doomed, for ever, to see himself by the light of truth: he perceived, that the approbation of men, which all his actions had been directed to acquire, was erroneous and vain. When he looked inward he found every thing totally changed; he was no longer the same being; and all comfort was eradicated from his heart. His conscience, which had hitherto witnessed in his favour, now rose up against him, and reproached him even with his virtues; which, not having Deity for their principle and end, were erroneous and illusive. He was overwhelmed with consternation and trouble; with shame, remorse, and despair. The furies, indeed, forbore to torment him; he was delivered over to himself, and they were satisfied: his own heart was the avenger of the gods whom he had despised. As he could not escape from himself, he retired to the most gloomy recesses, that he might be concealed from others: he sought for darkness, but he found it not; light still persecuted and pursued him: the light of truth which he had not followed, now punished him for the neglect; and all that he had beheld with pleasure became odious in his eyes, as the source of misery that could never end. “Dreadful situation!” said he: “I have known neither the gods, mankind, nor myself: I have, indeed, known nothing; since I have not distinguished, from specious evil, that only which is truly good. All my

steps have deviated from the path I should have trodden; all my wisdom was folly, and all my virtue was pride, which sacrificed, with a blind impiety, only to that vile idol myself.

The next objects that Telemachus perceived, as he went on, were kings that had abused their power. An avenging fury held up, before them, a mirror, which reflected their vices in all their deformity: in this they beheld their undistinguishing vanity, that was gratified by the grossest adulation; their want of feeling for mankind, whose happiness should have been the first object of their attention; their insensibility to virtue, their dread of truth, their partiality to flatterers, their dissipation, effeminacy, and indolence; their causeless suspicions; their vain parade and ostentatious splendour—an idle blaze, in which the public welfare is consumed; their ambition of false honour, procured at the expense of blood; and their inhuman luxury, which extorted a perpetual supply of superfluous delicacies, from the wretched victims of grief and anguish. When they looked into this mirror, they saw themselves faithfully represented; and they found the picture more monstrous and horrid than the chimera vanquished by Bellerophon, the Lernæan hydra slain by Hercules, and even Cerberus himself, though from three infernal mouths he disgorges a stream of pestilential fire, the fumes of which are sufficient to destroy the whole race of man that breathe upon the earth. At the same time another fury tauntingly repeated all the praises which sycophants had lavished upon them in their lives; and held up another mirror, in which they appeared as flattery had represented them. The contrast of these pictures, widely different, was the punishment of their vanity; and it was remarkable that the most wicked were the objects of the most extravagant praise; because the most wicked are most to be feared, and because they exact with less shame the servile adulation of the poets and orators of their time.

Their groans perpetually ascended from this dreadful abyss, where they saw nothing but the derision and insult, of which they were themselves the objects; where every thing repulsed, opposed, and confounded them. As they sported with the lives of mankind upon the earth, and pretended that the whole species was created for their use; they were, in Tartarus, delivered over to the capricious tyranny of slaves, who made them taste all the bitterness of servitude in their turn: they obeyed with unutterable anguish; and without hope that the iron hand of oppression would lie lighter upon them. Under the strokes of these slaves, now their merciless tyrants, they lay passive and impotent, like an anvil under the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges their labour at the flaming furnaces of mount *Ætna*.

Telemachus observed the countenance of these criminals to be pale and ghastly, strongly expressive of the torment they suffered at the heart. They looked inward with a self-aborrence, now inseparable from their existence; their crimes themselves were become their punishment, and it was not necessary that greater should be inflicted; they haunted them like hideous spectres, and continually started up before them in all their deformity. They wished for a second death, that might separate them from these ministers of vengeance, as the first had separated their spirits from the body; a death, that might at once extinguish all consciousness and sensibility: they called upon the depths of hell to hide them, from the persecuting beams of truth, in impenetrable darkness: but they are reserved for the cup of vengeance, which, though they drink of it for ever, shall be ever full! The truth, from which they fled, has overtaken them, an invincible and unrelenting enemy! The ray, which once might have illuminated them, like the mild radiance of the day, now pierces them like lightning: a fierce and fatal fire, that, without injury to the external parts, infixes a burning torment

at the heart ! By truth, now an avenging flame, the very soul is melted, like metal in a furnace : it dissolves all, but destroys nothing ; it disunites the first elements of life, yet the sufferer can never die : he is, as it were, divided against himself, without rest, and without comfort ; animated by no vital principle, but the rage that kindles at his own misconduct, and the dreadful madness that results from despair ! Among these objects, at the sight of which the hair of Telemachus stood erect, he beheld many of the ancient kings of Lydia ; who were punished for having preferred the selfish gratification of an idle and voluptuous life, to that labour for the good of others, which, to royalty, is a duty of indispensable obligation.

These kings mutually reproached each other with their folly. “ Did I not often recommend to you,” said one of them to his son, “ during the last years of my life, when old age had given weight to my counsel, the reparation of the mischiefs that my negligence had produced ? ” — “ Unhappy wretch ! ” replied the son ; “ thou art the cause of my perdition : it was thy example that made me vain-glorious, proud, voluptuous, and cruel. While I saw thee surrounded with flattery, and relaxed into luxury and sloth, I also insensibly acquired the love of pleasure and adulation. I thought the rest of men were, to kings, what horses and other beasts of burden are to men ; animals wholly unworthy of regard, except for the drudgery they perform, and the conveniences they procure : this was my opinion, and I learnt it of thee. I followed thy example, and share thy misery ! ” These reproaches were mingled with the most horrid execrations : and mutual rage and indignation aggravated the torments of hell.

Around these wretched princes there still hovered, like owls in the twilight, causeless Jealousies and vain Alarms ; Mistrust and Dread, which revenge,

upon kings, their disregard of mankind ; Avarice, insatiable of wealth ; False Honour, ever tyrannical and oppressive ; and effeminate luxury, a deceitful demon, that aggravates every evil, and bestows only imaginary good.

Many kings were also severely punished, not for the mischief they had done, but for the good they had neglected to do. Every crime which is committed by the subject, in consequence of laws not enforced, is the crime of the king ; for kings reign only as ministers of the law. To kings also are imputed all the disorders that arise from pomp, luxury, and every other excess, which excites irregular and impetuous passions, that cannot be gratified but by the violation of the common rights of mankind. But the princes, who, instead of watching over their people, as a shepherd watches over his flock, worried and devoured them like the wolf, were punished with the most exemplary severity. In this abyss of darkness and misery, Telemachus beheld, with yet greater astonishment, many kings, who had been honoured for their personal virtues upon earth, but were, notwithstanding, condemned to the pains of Tartarus, for implicitly leaving the administration of government to wicked and crafty men : they were punished for mischiefs which they had suffered to be perpetrated under the sanction of their authority. The greater part of them, indeed, had been, by principle, neither virtuous nor vicious ; supinely taking the colour impressed upon them from without : they did not shun the truth when it presented itself ; but they had no relish for virtue, no delight in doing good.

BOOK XIX.

Telemachus enters the fields of Elysium, where he is known by his great grandfather Arcesius, who assures him that Ulysses is still alive; that he shall see him in Ithaca, and succeed to his throne. Arcesius describes the felicity of the just, especially of good kings, who have revered the gods, and given happiness to their people: he makes Telemachus observe, that heroes, those who have excelled only in the arts of destruction, have a much less glorious reward, and are allotted a separate district by themselves: Telemachus receives some general instructions, and then returns back to the camp.

WHEN Telemachus quitted this place, he felt himself relieved, as if a mountain had been removed from his breast. This relief, so sudden and so great, impressed him with a strong sense of the misery of those who are confined in it without hope of deliverance. He was terrified at having seen so many kings punished with much greater severity than any other offenders: "Have kings, then," said he, "so many duties to fulfil, so many difficulties to surmount, and so many dangers to avoid? Is the knowledge that is necessary to put them upon their guard, as well against themselves as others, so difficult to be acquired? And, after all the envy, tumult, and opposition of a transitory life, are they consigned to the intolerable and eternal pains of hell? What folly, then, to wish for royalty! How happy the peaceful private station, in which the practice of virtue is comparatively easy!"

These reflections filled him with confusion and trouble: his knees trembled, his heart throbbed with perturbation, and he felt something like that hopeless misery of which he had just been a spectator; but, in proportion as he advanced, and the realms of darkness, despair, and horror, became more remote, he felt new courage gradually spring up in his breast; he breathed with greater freedom; and perceived, at a distance, the pure and blissful light, which brightens the residence of heroic virtue.

In this place resided all the good kings, who had governed mankind from the beginning of time. They were separated from the rest of the just; for, as

wicked princes suffer more dreadful punishment than other offenders in Tartarus, so good kings enjoy infinitely greater felicity than other lovers of virtue, in the fields of Elysium.

Telemachus advanced towards these happy and illustrious beings, whom he found in groves of delightful fragrance, reclining upon the downy turf, where the flowers and herbage were perpetually renewed: a thousand rills wandered through these scenes of delight, and refreshed the soil with a gentle and unpolluted wave: the song of innumerable birds echoed in the grove; and while spring strewed the ground with her flowers, Autumn loaded the trees with her fruit. In this place the burning heat of the dog-star was never felt: and the stormy north was forbidden to scatter over it the frosts of winter. Neither War, that is athirst for blood; nor Envy, that wounds with an envenomed tooth, like the vipers that are wreathed round her arms and fostered in her bosom; nor Jealousy, nor Distrust, nor Fears, nor vain Desires, invade these sacred domains of peace; the day is here without end, and the shades of night are unknown. Here the bodies of the blessed are clothed with a pure and lambent light, as with a garment; a light, not resembling that vouchsafed to mortals upon earth, which is rather darkness visible; but a celestial radiance, without a name: an emanation that penetrates the grossest body, with more subtilty than the rays of the sun penetrate the purest crystal, which rather strengthens than dazzles the sight, and diffuses through the soul a serenity which no language can express. By this ethereal essence, the blessed are sustained in everlasting life; it pervades them; it incorporates with them, as food incorporates with the mortal body; they see it, they feel it, they breathe it, and it produces in them an inexhaustible source of serenity and joy. It is a fountain of delight, in which they are absorbed, as fishes are absorbed in the sea: they wish for nothing, and,

having nothing, they possess all things. This celestial light satiates the hunger of the soul : every desire is precluded ; and they have a fulness of joy which sets them above all that mortals seek with such restless ardour, to fill the vacuity that aches for ever in their breast. All the delightful objects that surround them are disregarded ; for their felicity springs up within, and, being perfect, can derive nothing from without : so the gods, satiated with nectar and ambrosia, disdain, as gross and impure, all the dainties of the most luxurious table upon earth. From these seats of tranquillity, all evils fly to a remote distance : death, disease, poverty, and pain ; regret, and remorse ; fear, and even hope, which is sometimes not less painful than fear itself ; animosity, disgust, and resentment, are for ever denied access.

The lofty mountains of Thrace, whose summits, hoary with everlasting snows, have pierced the clouds from the beginning of time, might sooner be overturned from their foundations, though deep as the centre, than the peace of these happy beings be interrupted for a moment. They are, indeed, touched with pity at the miseries of life ; but it is a soothing and tender passion, that takes nothing from their immutable felicity. Their countenances shine with a divine glory ; with the bloom of unfading youth, the brightness of everlasting joy : of joy, which, superior to the wanton levity of mirth, is calm, silent, and solemn, the sublime fruition of truth and virtue. They feel, every moment, what a mother feels at the return of an only son, whom she believed to be dead : but the pleasure, which in the breast of the mother is transient, is permanent in theirs ; it can neither languish nor cease : they have all the gladness that is inspired by wine, without either the tumult or the folly ; they converse together concerning what they see, and what they enjoy ; they despise the opprobrious luxury and idle pomp of their former condition, which they review with disgust and regret ; they en-

joy the remembrance of their difficulties and distress during the short period in which, to maintain their integrity, it was necessary they should strive, not only against others, but themselves; and they acknowledge the guidance and protection of the gods, who conducted them in safety through so many dangers, with gratitude and admiration. Something ineffable and divine is continually poured into their hearts; something like an efflux of divinity itself, which incorporates with their own nature. They see, they feel, that they are happy; and are secretly conscious that they shall be happy for ever. They sing the praises of the gods, as with one voice: in the whole assembly there is but one mind, and one heart, and the same stream of divine felicity circulates through every breast.

In this sacred and supreme delight, whole ages glide away unperceived, and seem shorter than the happiest hours upon earth; but gliding ages still leave their happiness entire. They reign together, not upon thrones which the hand of man can overturn, but in themselves, with a power that is absolute and immutable, not derived from without, or dependent upon a despicable and wretched multitude. They are not distinguished by the crowns that so often conceal, under a false lustre, the mournful gloom of anxiety and terror. The gods themselves have placed upon their heads diadems of everlasting splendour, the symbols and the pledge of happiness and immortality.

Telemachus, who looked round these happy fields for his father in vain, was so struck with the calm but sublime enjoyments of the place, that he was now grieved not to find him among the dead, and lamented the necessity he was under himself of returning back to the living: "It is here alone," said he, "that there is life: the shadow only, and not the reality, is to be found upon earth." He observed, however, with astonishment, that the number of kings that

were punished in Tartarus was great, and the number of those that were rewarded in Elysium was small: from this disproportion, he inferred that there were but few princes whose fortitude could effectually resist their own power, and the flattery by which their passions were continually excited: he perceived that good kings were, for this reason, rare; and that the greater number are so wicked, that if the gods, after having suffered them to abuse their power during life, were not to punish them among the dead, they would cease to be just.

Telemachus, not seeing his father Ulysses among these happy few, looked round for his grandfather, the divine Laertes. While his eyes were ineffectually employed in this search, an old man advanced towards him, whose appearance was, in the highest degree, venerable and majestic: his old age did not resemble that of men, who bend under the weight of years, upon earth: it was a kind of nameless indication, that he had been old before he died; it was something that blended all the dignity of age with all the graces of youth; for to those who enter the fields of Elysium, however old and decrepit, the graces of youth are immediately restored. This venerable figure came up hastily to Telemachus; and looking upon him with a familiar complacency, as one whom he knew and loved, the youth, to whom he was wholly a stranger, stood silent, in confusion and suspense. "I perceive, my son," said the shade, "that thou dost not recollect me; but I am not offended. I am Arcesius, the father of Laertes; and my days upon earth were accomplished, a little before Ulysses, my grandson, went from Ithaca to the siege of Troy: thou wast yet an infant in the arms of thy nurse: but I had then conceived hopes of thee, which are now justified; since thou hast descended into the dominions of Pluto, in search of thy father, and the gods have sustained thee in the attempt. The gods, O fortunate youth! regard thee with peculiar love,

and will distinguish thee by glory equal to that of Ulysses. I am happy once more to behold thee ; but search for Ulysses no more among the dead : he still lives, and is reserved to render my line illustrious, by new honours at Ithaca. Laertes himself, though the hand of time is now heavy upon him, still draws the breath of life, and expects that his son shall return to close his eyes. Thus transitory is man, like the flower that blows in the morning, and in the evening is withered, and trodden under foot. One generation passes away after another, like the waves of a rapid river ; and Time, rushing on with silent but irresistible speed, carries with him all that can best pretend to permanence and stability. Even thou, O my son ! alas ! even thou, who art now happy in the vigour, the vivacity, and the bloom of youth, shalt find this lovely season, so fruitful of delight, a transient flower, that fades as soon as it is blown : without having been conscious that thou wert changing, thou wilt perceive thyself changed : the train of graces and pleasures that now sport around thee, health, vigour, and joy, shall vanish like the phantoms of a dream, and leave thee nothing but a mournful remembrance that they once were thine. Old age shall insensibly steal upon thee : that enemy to joy shall diffuse through thee his own languors ; shall contract thy brow into wrinkles, incline thy body to the earth, enfeeble every limb, and dry up, for ever, that fountain of delight which now springs in thy breast : thou shalt look round upon all that is present with disgust ; anticipate all that is future with dread ; and retain thy sensibility only for pain and anguish. This time appears to thee to be far distant ; but, alas ! thou art deceived ; it approaches with irresistible rapidity, and is, therefore, at hand : that which draws near so fast, can never be remote ; and the present, for ever flying, is remote already : even while we speak it is past, and it returns no more. Let the present, therefore, be light in thy

estimation: tread the path of virtue, however rugged, with perseverance; and fix thine eye upon futurity: let purity of manners, and a love of justice, secure thee a place in this happy residence of peace. Thou shalt soon see thy father resume his authority in Ithaca; and it is decreed that thou shalt succeed him on the throne. But royalty, O my son! is a deceitful thing: those who behold it at a distance see nothing but greatness, splendour, and delight: those who examine it near, find only toil, perplexity, solicitude, and fear. In a private station, a life of ease and obscurity is no reproach: but a king cannot prefer ease and leisure to the painful labours of government, without infamy: he must live, not for himself, but for those he governs: the least fault he commits produces infinite mischief; for it diffuses misery through a whole people, and sometimes for many generations. It is his duty to humble the insolence of guilt, to support innocence, and repress calumny. It is not enough to abstain from doing evil: he must exert himself to the uttermost in doing good: neither will it suffice to do good as an individual; he must prevent the mischief that others would do, if they were not restrained. Think, then, of royalty, O my son! as a state not of ease and security, but of difficulty and danger, and call up all thy courage to resist thyself, to control thy passions, and disappoint flattery."

While Arcesius was yet speaking, he seemed to glow with the divine ardour of inspiration: and when he displayed the miseries of royalty, Telemachus perceived in his countenance strong expressions of pity. "Royalty," said he, "when it is assumed to procure selfish indulgences, degenerates into tyranny: when it is assumed to fulfil its duties, to govern, cherish and protect, an innumerable people, as a father protects, cherishes, and governs his children, it is a servitude most laborious and painful, and requires the fortitude and patience of

heroic virtue. It is, however, certain, that those who fulfil the duties of government with diligence and integrity, shall here possess all that the power of the gods can bestow, to render happiness complete!"

While Telemachus listened to this discourse, it sunk deep into his heart: it was engraven upon that living tablet, as a sculptor engraves upon brass, the characters which he would transmit to the latest generation. It was an emanation of truth and wisdom, that, like a subtle flame, pervaded the most secret recesses of his soul: it at once moved and warmed him; and he felt his heart, as it were, dissolved by a divine energy, not to be expressed; by something that exhausted the fountain of life: his emotion was a kind of desire, that could not be satisfied; an impulse, that he could neither support nor resist; a sensation exquisitely pleasing, and yet mixed with such pain, as it was impossible long to endure and live. After some time its violence abated, he breathed with more freedom, and he discovered in the countenance of Arcesius a strong likeness of Laertes: he had also a confused remembrance of something similar in the features of Ulysses, when he set out for the siege of Troy. This remembrance melted him into tears of tenderness and joy: he wished to embrace a person whom he now regarded with reverence and affection, and attempted it many times in vain: the shade, light and unsubstantial, eluded his grasp, as the flattering images of a dream deceive those who expect to enjoy them: the thirsty lip is sometimes in pursuit of water, that recedes before it; sometimes the imagination forms words, which the tongue refuses to utter; and sometimes the hand is eagerly stretched out, but can grasp nothing: so the tender wish of Telemachus could not be gratified; he beheld Arcesius, he heard him speak, and he spoke to him; but to touch him was impossible. At length he inquired who the persons were that he saw around him.

“You see,” said the hoary sage, “those who were the ornament of their age, and the glory and happiness of mankind; the few kings who have been worthy of dominion, and filled the character of deities upon earth. Those whom you see not far distant, but separated from them by that small cloud, are allotted to much inferior glory: they were heroes, indeed; but the reward of courage and prowess is much less than that of wisdom, integrity, and benevolence.

“Among those heroes you see Theseus, whose countenance is not perfectly cheerful: some sense of his misfortune, in placing too much confidence in a false and designing woman, still remains; and he still regrets his having unjustly demanded the death of his son Hippolytus, at the hands of Neptune: how happy had it been for Theseus, if he had been less liable to sudden anger! You see also Achilles, who having been mortally wounded in the heel by Paris, supports himself upon a spear: if he had been as eminent for wisdom, justice, and moderation, as for courage, the gods would have granted him a long reign; but they had compassion for the nations whom he would have governed by a natural succession, after the death of Peleus his father; and would not leave them at the mercy of rashness and presumption; of a man more easily irritated than the sea by a tempest. The thread of his life was cut short by the fates; and he fell as a flower, scarcely blown, falls under the ploughshare, and withers before the day is past in which it sprang up. They made use of him only as they do of torrents and tempests, to punish mankind for their crimes: he was the instrument by which they overthrew the walls of Troy, to punish the perjury of Laomedon, and the criminal desires of Paris. When this was done they were appeased; and they were implored in vain, even by the tears of Thetis, to suffer a young hero to remain longer upon the earth, who was fit only

to destroy cities, to subvert kingdoms, and to fill the world with confusion and trouble.

“ You see another, remarkable for the ferocity of his countenance ; that is Ajax, the son of Telamon, and the cousin of Achilles : you cannot be ignorant of his glory in battle. After the death of Achilles, he laid claim to his arms, which, he said, ought not to be given to another ; but they were claimed also by your father, who insisted upon his right : the Greeks determined in favour of Ulysses, and Ajax slew himself in despair. The marks of rage and indignation are still visible in his countenance : approach him not, my son, for he will think you come to insult the misfortune that you ought to pity : he has discovered us already, and he rushes into the thick shade of the wood that is behind him, to avoid a sight that is hateful to his eyes. On the other side you see Hector, who would have been invincible, if the son of Thetis had lived in another age. That gliding shade is Agamemnon, whose countenance still expresses a sense of the perfidy of Clytemnestra. O my son ! the misfortunes that have avenged the impiety of Tantalus in his family, still make me tremble : the mutual enmity of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, filled the house of their father with horror and death. Alas ! how is one crime, by a kind of dreadful necessity, the cause of more ! Agamemnon returned in triumph from the siege of Troy ; but no time was allowed him to enjoy, in peace, the glory he had acquired in war. Such is the fate of almost all conquerors ! All that you see have been great in battle, but they have neither been amiable nor virtuous ; and they enjoy only the second place in the fields of Elysium.

“ Those who have reigned with justice, and loved their people, are considered as the friends of the gods ; while Achilles and Agamemnon, still full of their quarrels and combats, are not perfect even here, but retain their natural defects, and suffer the

infelicity they produce. These heroes regret, in vain, the life that they have lost ; and grieve at their change from a substance to a shade. But the kings who, with an equal hand, have dispensed justice and mercy, being purified by the divine light which perpetually renovates their being, feel their wishes anticipated, and their happiness complete. They look back upon the vain solicitude of mankind with compassion, and despise the great affairs that busy ambition, as the play of an infant : they drink of truth and virtue at the fountain head, and are satisfied they can suffer nothing, either from themselves or others ; they have no wants, no wishes, no fears : with respect to them, all is finished, except their joy, which shall have no end.

“ The venerable figure you see yonder, is Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos. The character of old age is tempered with ineffable sweetness and majesty : he moves with a light and gliding pace, that resembles the flight of a bird, and may be traced by the flowers that spring up under his feet ; he holds a lyre of ivory in his hand ; and an eternal rapture impels him to celebrate the wonders of the gods with eternal praise : his breath is a gale of fragrance, like the breath of the morning in spring ; and the harmony of his voice and his lyre might add to the felicity, not of Elysium only, but Olympus. This is the reward of his paternal affection to the people, whom he surrounded with the walls of a new city, and secured in the blessings of society by legislation.

“ Among those myrtles, at a little distance, you see also Cecrops the Egyptian, the first sovereign of Athens, a city dedicated to the goddess of wisdom, whose name it bears. Cecrops, by bringing excellent laws from Egypt, the great source from which learning and good morals have flowed through all Greece, softened the natural ferocity of the people that he found in the scattered villages of Attica, and united them by the bands of society. He was just,

humane, and compassionate: he left his people in affluence, and his family in a modest mediocrity; for he was not willing that his children should succeed to his power, because there were others whom he judged more worthy of the trust.

“ But I must now show you Ericthon: you see him in that little valley. Ericthon was the first who introduced the use of silver as money, in order to facilitate commerce among the islands of Greece; but he foresaw the inconveniences which would naturally result from this expedient: ‘Apply yourselves,’ says he to the people among whom he circulated his new coin, ‘to accumulate natural riches; for they only deserve the name. Cultivate the earth, that you may have wealth in corn and wine, and oil and fruit: multiply your flocks to the utmost, that you may be nourished by their milk, and clothed with their wool; and it will then be impossible that you should be poor. The increase, even of your children, will be the increase of your wealth, if you inure them early to diligence and labour; for the earth is inexhaustible; and will be more fruitful in proportion as it is cultivated by more hands: it will reward labour with boundless liberality; but, to idleness, it will be parsimonious and severe. Seek principally, therefore, for that which is truly wealth, as it supplies that which is truly want. Make no account of money, but as it is useful either to support necessary wars abroad, or for the purchase of such commodities as are wanted at home; and, indeed, it is to be wished, that no commerce should be carried on in articles that can only support and gratify luxury, vanity, and sloth.

“ ‘My children,’ said the wise Ericthon, who thought frequent admonition necessary, ‘I greatly fear that I have made you a fatal present: I foresee that this money will excite avarice and ambition, the lust of the eye and the pride of life; that it will produce innumerable arts, which can only corrupt

virtue and gratify idleness; that it will destroy your relish for that happy simplicity, which is at once the blessing and the security of life; and make you look with contempt upon agriculture, the support of your existence, and the source of every valuable possession. But I call the gods to witness, that I made you acquainted with money, a thing useful in itself, in the integrity of my heart !' Ericthon, however, having lived to see the mischiefs that he dreaded come to pass, retired, overwhelmed with grief, to a desert mountain; where he lived to an extreme old age, in poverty and solitude, disgusted with government, and deploring the folly of mankind.

“ Not long afterwards, Greece beheld a new wonder in Triptolemus, to whom Ceres had taught the art of cultivating the earth, and of covering it every year with a golden harvest. Mankind were, indeed, already acquainted with corn, and the manner of multiplying it by seed; but they knew only the first rudiments of tillage; and Triptolemus, being sent by Ceres, came, with the plough in his hand, to offer the bounty of that goddess to all who had spirit to surmount the natural love of rest, and apply themselves diligently to labour. The Greeks soon learned of Triptolemus to part the earth into furrows, and render it fertile by breaking up its surface. The yellow corn soon strewed the fields under the sickle of the reapers; and the wandering barbarians, that were dispersed in the forests of Epirus and Etolia, seeking acorns for their subsistence, when they had learnt to sow corn and make bread, threw off their ferocity, and submitted to the laws of civil society. Triptolemus made the Greeks sensible of the pleasure that is to be found in that independent wealth which a man derives from his own labour; and in the possession of all the necessities and conveniences of life, the genuine produce of his own field. This abundance, so simple, and so blameless, arising from agriculture, recalled to their minds the counsel of Ericthon. They

held money in contempt; and all other factitious wealth, which has no value but in the vain imaginations of men! which tempts them to pleasures that are neither sincere nor safe; and diverts them from that labour, which alone supplies all that is of real value, with innocence and liberty. They were now convinced, that a paternal field, with a kindly soil and diligent cultivation, was the best inheritance for those that were wisely content with the simple plenty that contented their fathers; who, wanting nothing that was useful, desired nothing that was vain. Happy would it have been for the Greeks, if they had steadily adhered to these maxims, so fit to render them free, powerful, and happy; and to inspire and maintain an uniform and active virtue, which would have made them worthy of such blessings! But, alas! they began to admire false riches: by degrees, they neglected the true; and they degenerated from this admirable simplicity! O my son! the sceptre of thy father shall, one day, descend to thee: in that day, remember to lead thy people back to agriculture, to honour the art, to encourage those that practise it, and to suffer no man either to live in idleness, or employ himself only to propagate luxury and sloth. These men who govern with such benevolence and wisdom upon earth, are here the favourites of Heaven! They were, in comparison with Achilles and other heroes, who excelled only in war, what the gentle and genial gales of spring are to the desolating storms of winter; and they now as far surpass them in glory, as the sun, that gives the day, surpasses, in splendour, the moon that can only lessen the darkness of the night."

While Arcesius was thus speaking, he perceived that Telemachus had fixed his eyes upon a little grove of laurels, and a rivulet of pure water, that was bordered with roses, violets, lilies, and a thousand other odoriferous flowers, the vivid colours of which resembled those of Iris, when she descends upon earth,

with some message from the gods to man. He saw, in this delightful spot, an inhabitant of Elysium, whom he knew to be Sesostris. There was, now, a majesty in the appearance of this great prince, infinitely superior to that which distinguished him upon the throne of Egypt: his eyes sparkled with a divine adiance, that Telemachus could not steadfastly behold: and he appeared to have drank, even to excess, of immortality and joy: such was the rapture, beyond all that mortals have the power to feel, which the divine Spirit, as the reward of his virtue, had poured into his breast!

“O my father!” said Telemachus to Arcesius, “I know him: it is Sesostris, the wise and good, whom I beheld, not long since, upon his throne in Egypt!”—“It is he,” replied Arcesius; “and in him you have an example of the boundless liberality with which good kings are rewarded by the gods; yet all the felicity, which now overflows his bosom and sparkles in his eye, is nothing, in comparison of what he would have enjoyed, if, in the excess of prosperity, he had been still moderate and just. An ardent desire to abase the pride and insolence of the Tyrians, impelled him to take their city. This acquisition kindled a desire of more, and he was seduced by the vainglory of a conqueror; he subdued, or rather he ravaged, all Asia. At his return into Egypt, he found the throne usurped by his brother, who had rendered the best laws of the country ineffectual, by an iniquitous administration. His conquest of other kingdoms, therefore, served only to throw his own into confusion: yet he was so intoxicated with the vanity of conquest, that he harnessed the princes, whom he had subdued, to his chariot. This was less excusable than all the rest: but he became, at length, sensible of his fault, and ashamed of his inhumanity. Such was the fruit of his victories; and the great Sesostris has left an example of the injury done by a conqueror to his country and himself, when he

usurps the dominions of others: this degraded the character of a prince, in other respects so just and beneficent; and this has diminished the glory which the gods intended for his reward."

"But seest thou not another shade, my son, distinguished by a wound, and a lambent light that plays round it like a glory? That is Diocles, a king of Caria, who voluntarily gave up his life in battle, because an oracle had foretold, that, in a war between the Carians and Lycians, the nation, whose king should be slain, would be victorious."

"Observe yet another: that is a wise legislator, who, having instituted such laws as could not fail to render his people virtuous and happy, and bound them by a solemn oath not to violate them in his absence, immediately disappeared, became a voluntary exile from his country, and died poor and unnoticed, on a foreign shore, that his people might, by that oath, be obliged to keep his laws inviolate for ever."

"He, whom thou seest not far off from these, is Eunesimus, a king of Pylos, and an ancestor of Nestor. During a pestilence, that desolated the earth, and crowded the banks of Acheron with shades newly dismissed from above, he requested of the gods that he might be permitted to redeem the lives of his people with his own: the gods granted his request; and have here rewarded it with felicity and honour, in comparison of which all that royalty upon earth can bestow, is vain and unsubstantial, like a shadow or a dream."

"That old man, whom you see crowned with flowers, is Belus. He reigned in Egypt, and espoused Anchinoë, the daughter of the god Nilus, who fertilizes the earth with a flood that he pours over it from a secret source. He had two sons; Danaus, whose history you know; and Ægyptus, from whom that mighty kingdom derives its name. Belus thought himself more enriched by the plenty which he diffused among his people, and the love that he acquired in return, than by all the levies he could have raised, if

he had taxed them to their utmost ability. These, my son, whom you believe to be dead; these only are the living: those are the dead who languish upon earth, the victims of disease and sorrow! the terms are inverted, and should be restored to their proper place. May the gods vouchsafe thee such a virtue as this life shall reward; a life which nothing shall embitter or destroy! But haste, now, from this world, to which thou art yet unborn: it is time the search for thy father should be renewed. Alas, what scenes of blood shalt thou behold, before he is found! What glory awaits thee in the fields of Hesperia! Remember the counsels of Mentor; let these be the guide of thy life: and thy name shall be great to the utmost limits of the earth, and the remotest period of time!"

Such was the admonition of Arcesius; and he immediately conducted Telemachus to the ivory gate that leads from the gloomy dominions of Pluto. Telemachus parted from him, with tears in his eyes; but it was not possible to embrace him; and leaving behind him the shades of everlasting night, he made haste back to the camp of the allies; having joined the two young Cretans in his way, who had accompanied him to the mouth of the cavern, and despaired of his return.

BOOK XX.

Venusium having been left as a deposit by both parties in the hands of the Lucanians, Telemachus declares against seizing it, in an assembly of the chiefs, and persuades them to be of his opinion; he discovers great penetration and sagacity with respect to two deserters, one of whom, Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him; and the other, Dioscorus, had offered to bring him Adrastus's head. In the battle which soon follows, Telemachus strews the field with dead in search of Adrastus: Adrastus, who is also in search of Telemachus, engages and kills Pisistratus, the son of Nestor; Philoctetes comes up, and at the moment when he is about to pierce Adrastus, is himself wounded, and obliged to retire: Telemachus, alarmed by the cry of his friends, among whom Adrastus is making a terrible slaughter, rushes to their assistance: he engages Adrastus, and prescribes conditions, upon which he gives him his life: Adrastus, rising from the ground, attempts treacherously to kill his conqueror by surprise, who engages him a second time, and kills him.

IN the mean time, the chiefs of the army assembled,

to consider whether it was expedient to possess themselves of Venusium, a strong town, which Adrastus had formerly taken from a neighbouring people, the Peucesian Apulians. They had entered into the alliance that was formed against him, to obtain satisfaction for the injury; and Adrastus, to soften their resentment, had put the town as a deposit into the hands of the Lucanians: he had, however, at the same time, corrupted the Lucanian garrison and its commander, with money; so that he had still more authority in Venusium, than the Lucanians; and the Apulians, who had consented that Venusium should be garrisoned with Lucanian forces, were thus defrauded in the negotiation.

A citizen of Venusium, whose name was Demophantes, had secretly offered to put the allies in possession of one of the gates by night; an advantage which was of the greater importance, as Adrastus had placed his magazine of military stores and provisions in a neighbouring castle, which could not hold out against an enemy that was in possession of Venusium. Philoctetes and Nestor had already given their opinion, that this offer should be accepted; and the rest of the chiefs, influenced by their authority, and struck with the facility of the enterprise, and its immediate advantages, applaud their determination: but Telemachus, as soon as he returned, exerted his utmost abilities to set it aside.

“I confess,” said he, “that if any man can deserve to be surprised and deceived, it is Adrastus, who has practised fraud against all mankind; and I am sensible that the surprise of Venusium will only put you in possession of a town, which, by right, is yours already; because it belongs to the Apulians, who are confederates in your expedition: I also acknowledge that you may improve this opportunity with the greater appearance of justice, as Adrastus, who has made a deposit of the town in our nation, has, at the same time, corrupted the

commander and the garrison, to suffer him to enter it, whenever he shall think fit; and I am convinced, as well as you, that if you should take possession of Venusium to-day, you would to-morrow, be masters of the neighbouring castle, in which Adrastus has formed his magazine; and that the day following, this formidable war would be at an end. But is it not better to perish, than to conquer by means like these? Must fraud be counteracted by fraud? Shall it be said, that so many kings, who united to punish the perfidy of Adrastus, were themselves perfidious? If we can adopt the practices of Adrastus without guilt, Adrastus himself is innocent; and our attempt to punish him injurious. Has all Hesperia, sustained by so many colonies of Greece, by so many heroes returned from the siege of Troy, no other arms to oppose the fraud and treachery of Adrastus than treachery and fraud? You have sworn by all that is most sacred, to leave Venusium a deposit in the hands of the Lucanians: the Lucanian garrison, you say, is corrupted by Adrastus, and I believe it to be true: but this garrison is still Lucanian; it receives the pay of the Lucanians, and has not yet refused to obey them: it has preserved, at least, an appearance of neutrality; neither Adrastus nor his people have yet entered it; the treaty is still subsisting; and the gods have not forgotten your oath. Is a promise never to be kept, but when a plausible pretence to break it is wanting? Shall an oath be sacred, only when nothing is to be gained by its violation? If you are insensible to the love of virtue, and fear of the gods, have you no regard to your interest and reputation? If you give so pernicious an example to mankind, by breaking your promise and violating your oath, in order to put an end to a war, how many wars will this impious conduct excite? By which of your neighbours will you not be at once dreaded and abhorred; and by whom will you afterwards be trusted in the most

pressing necessity? What security can you give for your faith, when you design to keep it; and how will you convince your neighbours that you intend no fraud, even when you are sincere? Shall this security be a solemn treaty? You have trodden treaties under foot. Shall it be an oath? Will they not know that you set the gods at defiance when you can derive any advantage from perjury? With respect to you, peace will be a state of no greater security than war; for whatever you do, will be considered as the operations of war, either secret or avowed. You will be the constant enemies of all, who have the misfortune to be your neighbours. Every affair, which requires reputation, probity, or confidence, will, to you, become impracticable; and you will never be able to make any promise that can be believed. But there is yet another interest, yet nearer and more pressing, which must strike you, if you are not lost to all sense of probity, and wholly blind to your advantage: a conduct so perfidious, will be a canker in the very heart of your alliance, which it must finally destroy. The fraud that you are about to practise against Adrastus, will inevitably render him victorious."

At these words, the assembly demanded, with great emotion, how he could take upon him to affirm that the alliance would be ruined by a measure that would procure them certain and immediate victory. "How can you," said he, "confide in each other, if you violate the only bond of society and confidence, your plighted faith? After you have admitted this maxim, that the laws of honesty and truth may be violated, to secure a considerable advantage; who, among you would confide in another, when that other may secure a considerable advantage, by breaking his promise and defrauding you? And when this is the case, what will be your situation? Which of you would not practise fraud, to preclude the fraudulent practices of his neighbour? What ~~can~~ not become

of an alliance consisting of so many nations, each of which has a separate interest, when it is agreed among them, in a public deliberation, that every one is at liberty to circumvent his neighbour, and violate his engagements? Will not the immediate consequence be distrust and dissension; an impatience to destroy each other, excited by the dread of being destroyed? Adrastus will have no need to attack you: you will effect his purpose upon yourselves, and justify the perfidy you combined to punish.

“Ye mighty chiefs! renowned for magnanimity and wisdom, who govern innumerable people with experienced command, despise not the counsel of a youth. Whatever is your danger or distress, your resources should be diligence and virtue. True fortitude can never despair: but if once you pass the barrier of integrity and honour, your retreat is cut off, and your ruin inevitable: you can never more establish that confidence, without which no affair of importance can succeed: you can never make those hold virtue sacred, whom you have once taught to despise it. And, after all, what have you to fear? Will not your courage conquer, without so base an auxiliary as fraud? Are not your own powers, and the strength of united nations, sufficient? Let us fight, and, if we must, let us die: but let us not conquer with the loss of virtue and of fame. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, is in our power; and nothing can deliver him, but our participation of the crimes that expose him to the wrath of Heaven.”

When Telemachus had done speaking, he perceived that his words had carried conviction to the heart. He observed, that, of all who were present, not one offered to reply: their thoughts were fixed, not, indeed, upon him, nor the graces of his elocution, but upon the truths that he had displayed. At first, all was silent astonishment, expressed only by the countenance; but, after a short time, a confused murmur spread by degrees through the whole assembly: they

looked upon each other; and all were impatient to declare their sentiments, though every one was afraid to speak first. It was expected that the chiefs of the army should give their opinion; and the venerable Nestor, at length, spoke as follows:

“The gods, O son of Ulysses! have spoken by thy voice: Minerva, who has so often inspired thy father, has suggested to thee the wise and generous counsel which thou hast given to us. I think not of thy youth: for when I hear thee, Pallas only is present to my mind. Thou hast been the advocate of virtue. The greatest advantage, without virtue, is lost: without virtue, men are suddenly overtaken by the vengeance of their enemies, they are distrusted by their friends, abhorred by good men, and obnoxious to the righteous anger of the gods. Let us then leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think of defeating Adrastus only by our own magnanimity.”

Thus Nestor spoke, and the whole assembly applauded: but their eyes were fixed upon Telemachus; and every one thought he saw the wisdom of the goddess that inspired him lighten in his countenance.

This question being determined, the council began immediately to debate another, in which Telemachus acquired equal reputation. Adrastus, with a perfidy and cruelty natural to his character, had sent one Acanthus into the camp as a deserter, who had undertaken to destroy the principal commanders of the army by poison; and had a particular charge not to spare Telemachus, who was already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who was too generous and brave easily to entertain suspicion, readily admitted this wretch to his presence, and treated him with great kindness; for having seen Ulysses in Sicily, he recommended himself by relating his adventures. Telemachus took him under his immediate protection, and consoled him under his misfortunes; for he pretended

to have been defrauded, and treated with indignity, by Adrastus. Telemachus, however, was warming and cherishing a viper in his bosom, which his kindness only could enable to destroy him. Acanthus had dispatched another deserter, whose name was Arion, from the camp of the allies to Adrastus, with particular intelligence of its situation; and assurances, that he would give poison to the chief commanders, and in particular to Telemachus, the next day, at an entertainment, to which he had been invited as a guest. It happened that this man was detected and seized, as he was escaping from the camp; and, in the terror and confusion of conscious guilt, he confessed his treachery. Acanthus was suspected to have been his accomplice, because a remarkable intimacy had been observed between them; but Acanthus, who had great courage, and was profoundly skilled in dissimulation, made so artful a defence, that nothing could be proved against him, nor could the conspiracy be traced to its source.

Many of the princes were of opinion, that he ought certainly to be sacrificed to the public safety. "He must, at all events," said they, "be put to death; for the life of a private individual is nothing in competition with the lives of so many kings. It is possible he may die innocent; but that consideration should have no weight, when the vicegerents of the gods are to be secured from danger."

"This horrid maxim," said Telemachus, "this barbarous policy, is a disgrace to human nature. Is the blood of men to be so lightly spilt; and are they to be thus wantonly destroyed by those that are set over them only for their preservation? The gods have made you to mankind, what the shepherd is to his flock; and will you degrade yourselves into wolves, and worry and devour those whom you ought to cherish and protect? Upon your principles, to be accused, and to be guilty, is the same thing; and every one that is suspected must die. Envy and

calumny will destroy innocence at pleasure; the oppressed will be sacrificed to the oppressor; and, in proportion as tyranny makes kings distrustful, judicial murders will depopulate the state."

Telemachus uttered this remonstrance with a vehemence and authority that gave it invincible force, and covered those who gave the counsel he had reproved with confusion. He perceived it, and softened his voice: "As for myself," said he, "I am not so fond of life as to secure it upon such terms. I had rather Acanthus should be wicked, than Telemachus; and would more willingly perish by his treason, than destroy him unjustly, while I doubt only of his crime. A king is, by his office, the judge of his people; and his decision should be directed by wisdom, justice, and moderation: let me, then, examine Acanthus in your presence."

Every one acquiesced, and Telemachus immediately questioned him concerning his connexion with Arion: he pressed him with a great variety of particulars; and he frequently took occasion to intimate a design of sending him back to Adrastus, as a deserter: this, if he had really deserted, would have alarmed him; for Adrastus would certainly have punished him with death: but Telemachus, who watched the effect of this experiment with great attention, perceived not the least token of fear, either in his countenance or his voice; and, therefore, thought it probable that he was guilty of the conspiracy.

Not being able, however, fully to convict him, he demanded his ring: "I will send it," said he, "to Adrastus." At the demand of his ring, Acanthus turned pale; and Telemachus, who kept his eyes fixed upon him, perceived that he was in great confusion. The ring being delivered, "I will send Polytropus," said Telemachus, "a Lucanian, whom you well know, to Adrastus, as a messenger dispatched with private intelligence from you; and he

shall produce this ring as a token. If it is acknowledged by Adrastus, and, by this means, we discover that you are his emissary, you shall be put to death by torture; but if you will now voluntarily confess your guilt, we will remit the punishment it deserves, and only banish you to some remote island, where every thing shall be provided for your subsistence." Acanthus, being now urged both by fear and hope, made a full confession; and Telemachus prevailed with the kings to give him his life, as he had promised it; and he was sent into one of the Echinadian islands, where he passed his days in security and peace.

Not long afterwards, a Daunian, of obscure birth, but of a daring and violent spirit, whose name was Dioscorus, came into the camp of the allies by night, and offered to assassinate Adrastus in his tent: this offer it was in his power to make good; for whoever despises his own life, can command that of another. Dioscorus had no wish but for revenge: Adrastus had forcibly taken away his wife, whom he loved to distraction, and who was equal in beauty to Venus herself; and he had determined either to kill the tyrant, and recover his wife, or perish in the attempt. He had received secret instructions how to enter the tent in the night; and had learnt, that this enterprise would be favoured by many officers in the service: but he thought it would also be necessary that the allies should attack the camp at the same time; as the confusion would facilitate his escape, and afford him a fairer opportunity to carry off his wife.

As soon as this man had made the confederate princes acquainted with his design, they turned towards Telemachus, as referring implicitly to his decision. "The gods," said he, "who have preserved us from traitors, forbid us to employ them. It would be our interest to reject treachery, if we had not sufficient virtue to detest it: if we should

once practise it against others, our example would justify others in the practice of it against us: and then, who among us will be safe? If Adrastus should avoid the mischief that threatens him, it will recoil upon ourselves; the nature of war will be changed; military skill and heroic virtue will have no object; and we shall see nothing but perfidy, treason, and assassination: we shall ourselves experience their fatal effects, and deserve to suffer every evil to which we have given sanction by our practice. I am, therefore, of opinion, that we ought to send back this traitor to Adrastus; not for his sake, indeed; but the eyes of all Hesperia, and of all Greece, are upon us: and we owe this testimony of our abhorrence of perfidy to them and to ourselves; we owe it also to the gods, for the gods are just."

Dioscorus was accordingly sent away to Adrastus, who trembled at the review of his danger, and was beyond expression amazed at the generosity of his enemies; for the wicked have no idea of disinterested virtue: he contemplated what had happened with admiration, and a secret and involuntary praise; but he did not dare to applaud it openly, being conscious that it would condemn himself: it brought into his mind the fraud and cruelty he had practised, with a painful sense both of guilt and shame. He endeavoured to account for appearances, without imputing to his enemies such virtue as he could not emulate: and, while he felt himself indebted to them for his life, he could not think of ingratitude without compunction; but, in those who are habitually wicked, remorse is of short duration.

Adrastus, who saw the reputation of the allies perpetually increase, thought it absolutely necessary to attempt something of importance against them immediately: as he found they must of necessity foil him in virtue, he could only hope to gain the advantage of them in arms; and therefore prepared to give them battle without delay.

The day of action arrived; and Aurora had scarce strewed her roses in the path of the sun, and thrown open the gates of the east before him, when Telemachus, anticipating the vigilance of experience and age, broke from the soft embraces of sleep, and put all the commanders in motion. His morion, covered with horse-hair, that floated in the wind, already glittered upon his head: his cuirass diffused a new sunshine upon the plain; and his shield, the work of Vulcan, besides its natural beauty, shone with a divine effulgence, which it derived from the ægis of Minerva that was concealed under it: in one hand he held a lance, and, with the other, he pointed out the posts which the several divisions of the army were to occupy. Minerva had given a fire to his eye that was more than human, and animated his countenance with an expression of awful majesty, that seemed to be an earnest of victory. He marched, and all the princes of the confederacy, forgetting their dignity and their age, followed him by an irresistible impulse: their hearts were inaccessible even to envy; and every one yielded, with a spontaneous obedience, to him, who was under the immediate but invisible conduct of Minerva. There was now nothing impetuous or precipitate in his deportment: he possessed himself, with the most placid tranquillity and condescending patience; he was ready to hear every opinion, and to improve every hint; but he showed also the greatest activity, vigilance, and foresight: he provided against the remotest contingencies; he was neither disconcerted himself, nor disconcerted others; he excused all mistakes, regulated all that was amiss, and obviated difficulties even in their causes, before they could take effect: he exacted no unreasonable service, he left every man at liberty, and enjoyed every man's confidence. When he gave an order, he expressed himself with the greatest plainness and perspicuity; he repeated it, to assist the appre-

hension and memory of those that were to execute it; he consulted their looks while he was speaking, to know whether he was perfectly understood, and he made them express their sense of his orders in their own words. When he had satisfied himself of the abilities of the persons he employed, and perceived that they perfectly entered into his views, he never dismissed them without some mark of his esteem and confidence: every one, therefore, that was engaged in the execution of his designs, was interested in the success, from a principle of love to their commander, whom they wished, more than all things, to please. Nor was their activity restrained, by the fear of having misfortune imputed to them as a fault; for he blamed none that were unsuccessful, even by mistake, if their intentions appeared to have been good.

The first rays of the sun now tinged the horizon with a glowing red, and the sea sparkled with the reflected fires of the rising day: the plain was thronged with men and arms, and horses and chariots were every where in motion. An almost infinite variety of sounds produced a loud but hoarse noise, like that of the sea, when a mighty tempest, at the command of Neptune, moves the world of waters to its foundation; and Mars, by the din of arms and the dreadful apparatus of war, began to scatter the seeds of rage in every breast. Spears stood erect in the field as thick as corn, that hides the furrows of the plough in autumn; a cloud of dust rose in the air, which hid both heaven and earth, by degrees, from the sight of man; and inexorable Death advanced, with confusion, horror, and carnage in his train.

The moment the first flight of arrows was discharged, Telemachus, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, pronounced these words: "O Jupiter, father both of gods and men! thou seest justice on **our** side; and peace, which we have not been

ashamed to seek: we draw the sword with reluctance, and would spare the blood of man. Against even this enemy, however cruel, perfidious, and profane, we have no malice. Judge, therefore, between him and us. If we must die, it is thy hand that resumes the life it has given! If Hesperia is to be delivered, and the tyrant abased, it is thy power, and the wisdom of Minerva, that shall give us the victory! The glory will be due to thee, for the fate of battle is weighed in thy balance. We fight in thy behalf, for thou art righteous; and Adrastus is, therefore, more thy enemy than ours. If, in thy behalf, we conquer, the blood of a whole hecatomb shall smoke upon thy altars, before the day is past!"

Then shaking the reins over the fiery and foaming coursers of his chariot, he rushed into the thickest rank of the enemy. The first that opposed him was Periander the Locrian: he was covered with the skin of a lion, which he had slain when he was travelling in Cilicia; and he was armed, like Hercules, with a club of enormous size: he had the stature and the strength of a giant; and, as soon as he saw Telemachus, he despised his youth, and the beauty of his countenance: "Is it for thee," said he, "effeminate boy! to dispute the glory of arms with us? Hence! and seek thy father in the dominions of the dead!" He spoke, and lifted up his ponderous and knotted mace against him: it was studded with spikes of steel, and had the appearance of a mast. All that were near trembled at its descent; but Telemachus avoided the blow, and rushed upon his enemy, with a rapidity equal to the flight of an eagle. The mace falling upon the wheel of a chariot that was near him, dashed it to pieces; and, before Periander could recover it, Telemachus pierced his neck with a dart. The blood which gushed in a torrent from the wound instantly stifled his voice; his hand relaxed; and the reins falling upon the neck of his coursers, they

started away with ungoverned fury. He fell from the chariot ; his eyes were suffused with everlasting darkness ; and his countenance, pale and disfigured, was still impressed with the agonies of death. Telemachus was touched with pity at the sight, and immediately gave the body to his attendants ; reserving to himself the lion's skin and mace as trophies of victory.

He then sought Adrastus in the thickest of the battle, and overturned a crowd of heroes in his way : Hileus, who had harnessed to his chariot two coursers, fired in the vast plains that are watered by the Aëdus, and scarcely inferior to those of the sun ; Demoleon, who, in Sicily, had almost rivalled Eryx in combats with the cestus ; Crantor, who had been the host and the friend of Hercules, when he passed through Hesperia, to punish the villanies of Cacus with death ; Menecrates, who, in wrestling, was said to have rivalled Pollux ; Hypocoön the Salapian, who, in managing the horse, had the grace and dexterity of Castor ; the mighty hunter Eurymedes, who was always stained with the blood of bears and wild boars, that he slew upon the frozen summits of the Appenine, and who was said to have been so great a favourite of Diana, that she taught him the use of the bow herself : Nicostrates, who had conquered a giant, among the rocks of mount Garanus, that vomited fire ; and Eleanthus, who was betrothed to Pholoe, a youthful beauty, the daughter of the god that pours the river Liris from his urn.

She had been promised, by her father, to him who should deliver her from a winged serpent, which was bred on the borders of the stream, and which an oracle had predicted should, in a few days, devour her. Eleanthus, for the love of Pholoe, undertook to destroy the monster, and succeeded ; but the fates withheld him from the fruits of his victory ; and, while Pholoe was preparing for their union, and expecting the return of her hero with a tender and

timid joy, she learned that he had followed **Adrastus** to the war, and that his life was cut off by an untimely stroke. Her sighs were wafted to the surrounding woods and mountains, upon every gale: her eyes overflowed with tears: and the flowers which she had been wreathing into garlands were neglected: in the distraction of her grief, she accused Heaven of injustice; but the gods beheld her with compassion, and accepting the prayers of her father, put an end to her distress. Her tears flowed in such abundance, that she was suddenly changed into a fountain, which at length mingled with the parent stream: but the waters are still bitter: no herbage blossoms upon its banks: and no tree, but the cypress, refreshes them with the shade.

In the mean time **Adrastus**, who had learnt that **Telemachus** was spreading terror on every side, went in search of him with the utmost ardour and impatience. He hoped to find him an easy conquest, as he had yet scarcely acquired the full strength of a man: the tyrant did not, however, trust wholly to this advantage, but took with him thirty **Daunians**, of uncommon boldness, dexterity, and strength, to whom he had promised great rewards for killing **Telemachus** in any manner. If, at this time, they had met, and the thirty **Daunians** had surrounded the chariot of the young hero while **Adrastus** had attacked him in front, he would certainly have been cut off without difficulty: but **Minerva** turned this formidable band another way.

Adrastus, thinking he distinguished the voice and figure of **Telemachus** among a crowd of combatants, that were engaged in a small hollow at the foot of a hill, rushed to the spot, that he might satiate his revenge: but, instead of **Telemachus**, he found **Nestor**, who, with a feeble hand, threw some random shafts, that did no execution. **Adrastus**, in the rage of disappointment, would instantly have slain him, if a troop of **Pylians** had not surrounded

their king. And now, a multitude of arrows obscured the day, and covered the contending armies like a cloud: nothing was to be heard but the groans of death, and the clashing armour of those that fell: the ground was loaded with mountains of slain, and deluged with rivers of blood. Mars and Bellona, attended by the infernal furies, and clothed in garments that dropped with gore, enjoyed the horrors of the battle, and animated the combatants with new fury. By these relentless deities, enemies to man, pity, generous valour, and mild humanity, were driven from the field: and slaughter, revenge, despair, and cruelty, raged amidst the tumult without control. Minerva, the wise and invincible, shuddered, and turned with horror from the scene.

Philoctetes, in the mean time, though he walked with difficulty, with the shafts of Hercules, limped to the assistance of Nestor with all his might: Adrastus, not being able to penetrate the guard of Pylians that surrounded him, laid many of them in the dust. He slew Etesilaus, who was so light of foot, that he scarcely imprinted the sand; and, in his own country, left the rapid waves of Eurotas and Alpheus behind him: he overthrew also Eutiphron, who exceeded Hylas in beauty, and Hyppolitus in the chase; Pterelaus, who had followed Nestor to the siege of Troy, and was beloved by Achilles for his prowess and valour; Aristogiton, who, having bathed in the river Achelous, was said to have received from the deity of the stream the secret gift of assuming whatever form he desired, and who had, indeed, a suppleness and agility, that eluded the strongest grasp; but Adrastus, by one stroke of his lance, rendered him motionless for ever, and his soul rushed from the wound with his blood.

Nestor, who saw the bravest of his commanders fall under the cruel hand of Adrastus, as ears of corn, ripened into a golden harvest, fall before the sickle

of the reaper, forgot the danger to which, tremulous and feeble with age, he exposed himself in vain: his attention was wholly fixed upon his son Pisistratus, whom he followed with his eye, as he was bravely sustaining the party that defended his father. But now the fatal moment was come, when Nestor was once more to feel the infelicity of having lived too long.

Pisistratus made a stroke against Adrastus with his lance, so violent, that if the Daunian had not avoided it, it must have been fatal. The assailant having missed his blow, staggered with its force; and before he could recover his position, Adrastus wounded him with a javelin in the belly: his bowels, in a torrent of blood, followed the weapon; his colour faded like a flower that is broken from its root; his eyes became dim, and his voice faltered. Alcæus, his governor, who fought near him, sustained him as he fell; and had just time to place him in the arms of his father, before he expired. He looked up, and made an effort to give the last token of his tenderness; but having opened his lips to speak, the spirit issued with his breath.

Nestor, now defended against Adrastus, by Philoctetes, who spread carnage and horror round him, still supported the body of his son, and pressed it in agony to his bosom. The light was now hateful to his eyes; and his passion burst out into exclamation and complaint: "Wretched man," said he, "to have been once a father, and to have lived so long! Wherefore, O inexorable fates! would ye not take my life when I was chasing the Calydonian boar, sailing in the expedition to Colchis, or courting danger in the first siege of Troy? I should then have died with glory, and tasted no bitterness in death. I now languish with age and sorrow! I am now feeble and despised; I live only to suffer, and have sensibility only for affliction! O my son! O my dear son, Pisistratus! when I lost thy brother Antilochus. I had still thee to

comfort me, but I now have thee no more ! I possess nothing, and can receive no comfort ! With me all is at an end ; and even in hope, that only solace of human misery, I have no portion ! O my children ! Antilochus and Pisistratus ! I feel, this day, as if this day I had lost ye both ; and the first wound in my heart now bleeds afresh. Alas ! I shall see you no more ! Who shall close my eyes when I die, and who shall collect my ashes for the urn ! Thou hast died, O my dear Pisistratus ! like thy brother, the death of a hero ; and to die is forbidden only to me !”

In this transport of grief, he would have killed himself with a javelin that he held in his hand : but he was prevented by those that stood by. The body of his son was forced from his arms ; and sinking under the conflict, he fainted : he was carried, in a state of insensibility, to his tent ; where soon after reviving, he would have returned to the combat, if he had not, by a gentle force, been restrained.

In the mean time Adrastus and Philoctetes were mutually in search of each other. Their eyes sparkled like those of the leopard and the lion, when they fight in the plains that are watered by the Caister : their looks were savage, and expressed hostile fury and unrelenting vengeance ; every lance that they dismissed, was fatal ; and the surrounding warriors gazed at them with terror. At last they got sight of each other ; and Philoctetes applied one of those dreadful arrows to his bow, which, from his hand, never missed the mark, and which inflicted a wound that no medicine could cure. But Mars, who favoured the fearless cruelty of Adrastus, would not yet suffer him to perish : it was the pleasure of the god, that he should prolong the horrors of the war, and increase the number of the dead : and he was still necessary to divine justice, for the punishment of man.

Philoctetes, at the very moment when he was fitting the shaft against Adrastus, was himself wounded with a lance ; the blow was given by Amphinachus,

a young Lucanian, more beautiful than Nireus, who, among all the commanders at the siege of Troy, was excelled in person only by Achilles. Philoctetes, the moment he received the wound, discharged the arrow at Amphinachus. The weapon transfixed his heart: the lustre of his eyes, so beautifully black, was extinguished, and they were covered with the shades of death: his lips, in comparison of which, the roses, that Aurora scattered in the horizon, are pale, lost their colour; and his countenance, so blooming and lovely, became ghastly and disfigured. Philoctetes himself was touched with compassion: and, when his body lay weltering in his blood, and his tresses, which might have been mistaken for Apollo's, were trailed in the dust, every one lamented his fall.

Philoctetes, having slain Amphinachus, was himself obliged to retire from the field: he became feeble by the loss of blood: and he had exerted himself so much in the battle, that his old wound became painful, and seemed ready to break out afresh: for notwithstanding the divine science of the sons of Æsculapius, the cure was not perfect. Thus exhausted, and ready to fall upon the heaps of slain that surrounded him, he was borne off by Archidamas, who excelled all the Cæbalians that he brought with him to found the city of Petilia, in dexterity and courage, just at the moment when Adrastus might, with ease, have laid him dead at his feet. And now the tyrant found none that dared to resist him, or retard his victory; all his enemies were either fallen or fled: and he might justly be resembled to a torrent, which, having overflowed its bounds, rushes on with tumultuous impetuosity, and sweeps away the harvest and the flock, the shepherd and the village together.

Telemachus heard the shouts of the victors at a distance; and saw his people flying before Adrastus, with disorder and precipitation, like a timid hind, that, pursued by the hunter, traverses the plain

rushes through the forest, leaps the precipice, and plunges into the flood. A groan issued from his breast, and his eyes sparkled with indignation: he quitted the spot where he had long fought with so much danger and glory, and hasted to sustain his party: he advanced, covered with the blood of a multitude, whom he had extended in the dust: and, in his way, he gave a shout, that was at once heard by both armies.

Minerva had communicated a kind of nameless terror to his voice, which the neighbouring mountains returned. The voice even of Mars was never louder in Thrace, when he called up the infernal furies, War and Death. The shout of Telemachus animated his people with new courage, and chilled his enemies with fear; Adrastus himself was moved, and blushed at the confusion that he felt. A thousand fatal presages thrilled him with secret horror; and he was actuated rather by despair than courage: his trembling knees thrice bent under him, and he thrice drew back, without knowing what he did; his countenance faded to a deadly pale, and a cold sweat covered his body; his voice became hollow, tremulous, and interrupted; and a kind of sullen fire gleamed in his eyes, which appeared to be starting from their sockets. All his motions had the sudden violence of a convulsion, and he looked like Orestes, when he was possessed by the furies. He now began to believe there were gods: he fancied that he saw them, denouncing vengeance; and that he heard a hollow voice issuing from the depths of hell, and calling him to everlasting torment. Every thing impressed him with a sense that a divine and invisible hand was raised against him; and that it would crush him in its descent. Hope was extinguished in his breast; and his courage fled, as light flies when the sun plunges in the deep, and the earth is enveloped in the shades of night.

Adrastus, whose tyranny would already have been too long, if the earth had not needed so severe a

scourge, the inipious Adrastus, had now filled up the measure of his iniquity, and his hour was come. He rushed forward to meet his fate, with a blind fury, which horror, remorse, indignation, and despair, united to inspire. At the first sight of Telemachus, he thought that Avernus opened at his feet, and the fiery waves of Phlegethon roared to receive him: he uttered a cry of terror, and his mouth continued open, but he was unable to speak; like a man terrified with a frightful dream, who makes an effort to complain, but can articulate nothing. He discharged a lance at Telemachus, with tremour and precipitation; but Telemachus, serene and fearless, as the friend of Heaven, covered himself with his buckler; and Victory seemed to overshadow him with her wings, and suspended a crown over his head: in his eyes there was something that expressed, at once, courage and tranquillity: and such was his apparent superiority to danger, that he might have been taken for Minerva herself. He turned aside the lance that was thrown against him by Adrastus, who instantly drew his sword, that he might prevent Telemachus from discharging his lance in return: Telemachus, therefore, relinquished his spear; and, seeing the sword of Adrastus in his hand, immediately unsheathed his own.

When the other combatants on each side saw them thus closely engaged, they laid down their arms; and, fixing their eyes upon them, waited in silence for the event that would determine the war. Their swords flashed like the bolts of Jove, when he thunders from the sky: and their polished armour resounded with the strokes. They advanced, retired, stooped, and sprung suddenly up: till at length closing, each seized his antagonist at the same moment. The clasping ivy less closely embraces the elm, than these combatants each other. The strength of Adrastus was undiminished; but that of Telemachus was not yet mature. Adrastus frequently endeavoured to sur-

prise and stagger him, by a sudden and violent effort, but without success: he then endeavoured to seize his sword; but the moment he relinquished his grasp for that purpose, Telemachus lifted him from the ground, and laid him at his feet. In this dreadful moment, the wretch, who had so long defied the gods, betrayed an unmanly fear of death. He was ashamed to beg his life; yet not able to suppress his desire to live, he endeavoured to move Telemachus with compassion: "O son of Ulysses!" said he, "I now acknowledge that there are gods, and that the gods are just: their righteous retribution has overtaken me! It is misfortune only that opens our eyes to truth: I now see it, and it condemns me. But let an unhappy prince bring thy father, now distant from his country, to thy remembrance, and touch thy breast with compassion!"

Telemachus, who kept the tyrant under him with his knee, and had raised the sword to dispatch him, suspended the blow: "I fight," said he, "only for victory, and for peace; not for vengeance, or for blood. Live then: but live, to atone for the wrongs you have committed: restore the dominions you have usurped: and establish justice and tranquillity upon the coast of Hesperia, which you have so long polluted by cruelty and fraud? Live from henceforth, a convert to truth and virtue! Learn from your defeat, that the gods are just, and that the wicked are miserable; that to seek happiness in violence and deceit, is to insure disappointment; and that there is no enjoyment like the constant exercise of integrity and benevolence! As a pledge of your sincerity, give us your son Metrodorus, and twelve chiefs of your nation, for hostages."

Telemachus then suffered Adrastus to rise; and, not suspecting his insincerity, offered him his hand. But the tyrant, in this unguarded moment, perfidiously threw a short javelin at him which he had hitherto kept concealed: the weapon was so keen, and

thrown with such dexterity and strength, that it would have pierced the armour of Telemachus, if it had not been of divine temper ; and Adrastus, being now without arms, placed himself, for security, behind a tree. Telemachus then cried out, "Bear witness, Daunians, the victory is ours! The life of your king was mine, by conquest ; and it is now forfeited by treachery. He that fears not the gods, is afraid of death : he that fears the gods, can fear nothing else." He advanced hastily towards the Daunians, as he spoke ; and made a sign to his people, that were on the other side of the tree, where Adrastus had taken refuge, to cut off his retreat. The tyrant, perceiving his situation, would have made a desperate effort to force his way through the Cretans ; but Telemachus, rushing upon him, sudden and irresistible as the bolt which the father of the gods launches from the summit of Olympus to destroy the guilty, seized him with his victorious hands, and laid him prostrate in the dust ; as the northern tempest levels the harvest, not yet ripe for the sickle. The victor was then deaf to entreaty, though the perfidious tyrant again attempted to abuse the goodness of his heart : he plunged the sword in his breast ; and dismissed his soul to the flames of Tartarus, the just punishment of his crimes.

BOOK XXI.

Adrastus being dead, the Daunians offer their hands to the allies in token of peace, and request that one of their own nation may be given them for a king. Nestor being inconsolable for the loss of his son, absents himself from the assembly of the chiefs, where some are of opinion that the conquered lands should be divided among them, and allot the territory of Arpos to Telemachus. Telemachus rejects this offer, and convinces the chiefs that it is their common interest to appoint Polydamas king of the Daunians, and leave them in possession of their country. He afterwards persuades the Daunians to bestow Arpos upon Diomedes, who had accidentally landed upon their coast. Hostilities being now at an end, the allies separate, and every one returns to his country.

THE Daunians, as soon as Adrastus was dead, instead of deploring their defeat, and the loss of their chief, rejoiced in their deliverance ; and gave their

hands to the allies, in token of peace and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the son of Adrastus, whom the tyrant had brought up in the principles of dissimulation, injustice, and cruelty, pusillanimously fled; but a slave, who had been the confidant and companion of his vices, whom he had enfranchised and loaded with benefits, and to whom alone he trusted in his flight, thought only how he might improve the opportunity to his own advantage: he therefore attacked him behind, as he fled; and having cut off his head, brought it into the camp of the allies, hoping to receive a great reward for a crime, which would put an end to the war: the allies, however, were struck with horror at the fact, and put the traitor to death.

Telemachus, when he saw the head of Metrodorus, a youth of great beauty and excellent endowments, whom the love of pleasure and bad example had corrupted, could not refrain from tears: "What an instance," said he, "of the mischief of prosperity to a young prince! The greater his elevation, and the keener his sensibility, the more easy and the more certain is his seduction from virtue! And what has now happened to Metrodorus, might, perhaps, have happened to me, if I had not been favoured by the gods with early misfortune and the counsels of Mentor."

The Dannians being assembled, required, as the only condition of peace, that they should be permitted to choose a king of their own nation, whose virtues might remove the disgrace which Adrastus had brought upon royalty: they were thankful to the gods, who had cut him off: they came, in crowds, to kiss the hand of Telemachus, as the instrument of divine justice; and they celebrated their defeat as a triumph. Thus, the power which threatened all Hesperia, and struck united nations with terror, fell, in a moment, totally and for ever! So the ground, that is gradually undermined, in appearance main-

tains its stability : the slow progress of the work below is disregarded or despised ; nothing shakes, nothing is broken, and, in appearance, nothing is weak : yet the secret support is certainly, though insensibly, destroyed ; and the moment, at last, arrives, when the whole falls at once into ruin, and nothing remains but an abyss, in which the surface, and all that covered it, is swallowed up. An illegal authority, however founded, is gradually subverted by fraud and cruelty : it is gazed at with admiration and terror, and every one trembles before it, till the moment when it sinks into nothing : it falls by its own weight, and it can rise no more ; for its support is not only removed, but annihilated : justice and integrity are wanting, which alone can produce confidence and love.

On the next day, the chiefs of the army assembled to give the Daunians a king : they saw the two camps intermingled by an amity so sudden and unexpected, and the two armies, as it were, incorporated into one, with infinite pleasure. Nestor, indeed, could not be present ; for the death of his son was more than the weakness of age could support : he sunk under this misfortune, in the decline of life, as a flower sinks under the showers of the evening, which was the glory of the field, when Aurora first gave the day : his eyes continually overflowed, from an inexhaustible source ; the lenient hand of sleep closed them no more ; and the soothing prospects of hope, in which misery itself can rejoice, were cut off. All food was bitter to his taste, and light was painful to his eye : he had no wish, but to be dismissed from life, and covered with the veil of eternal darkness. The voice of friendship soothed and expostulated in vain ; for even kindness itself disgusted him, as the richest dainties are disgustful to the sick. The soft condolence and tender expostulation, he answered only by sounds of inarticulate sorrow : yet he was sometimes heard to break out into passionate exclama-

tions, alone: "O Pisistratus!" he would say, "O my son! thou callest me, and I will follow thee: thou hast made death welcome; and I have no wish, but once more to behold thee upon the borders of the Styx!" After such bursts of grief, he would pass whole hours in silence; except that, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, groans would involuntarily escape him.

In the mean time, the princes that were assembled, waited impatiently for Telemachus, who still continued near the body of Pisistratus, burning the richest perfumes, scattering flowers over it with a liberal hand, and mingling the fragrant shower with his tears: "O my dear companion," said he, "can our first meeting at Pylos, our journey to Sparta, and our meeting on the coast of Hesperia, be forgotten? How many obligations am I under to thee! how tenderly did I love thee! and how faithfully was my love returned! I knew thy valour: it would have rivalled the greatest heroes of Greece! but, alas! it has destroyed thee! It has, indeed, consecrated thy name; but it has impoverished the world! We have lost the virtues that would have been equal to those of thy father; another Nestor, whose wisdom and eloquence would, in future times, have been the pride and admiration of Greece! that soft persuasion was already upon thy lips, which, when Nestor speaks, is irresistible; that native simplicity and truth, that gentle expostulation, which soothes anger into peace; and that authority, which equanimity and wisdom necessarily acquire, were already thy own! To thy voice every ear was attentive: and every heart was inclined to approve thy judgment! Thy words, plain and artless, distilled upon the heart, as the dews of heaven distil upon the rising herbage of the field! In thee, how many blessings, within a few hours, did we possess! with thee, how many blessings have we now lost for ever! Pisistratus, whom, but

yesterday, I clasped to my breast, is now insensible to my friendship; and a mournful remembrance of him is all that remains! If, instead of our closing thy eyes, thou hadst closed the eyes of Nestor, the gods would have spared him this sight of anguish and horror; and he would not have been distinguished, among fathers, by unexampled calamity!"

After these exclamations of tenderness and pity, Telemachus ordered the body to be washed from the wounded side of Pisistratus, and the body to be laid upon a purple bier. Upon this bed of death, his head reclined, and his countenance pale, he resembled a young tree, which, having covered the earth with its shade and shot up its branches to heaven, is cut down by the axe with an untimely stroke: it is severed at once from its root, and from the earth, a prolific mother, that cherishes her offspring in her bosom! The branches languish, and the verdure fades! it is no longer self-supported; it falls to the ground, and its spreading honours, that concealed the sky, are stretched, withered and sapless, in the dust: it is no more a tree, but a lifeless trunk; it aspires, and is graceful no more! Thus fallen and thus changed, Pisistratus was now borne to the funeral pile, attended by a band of Pylians, moving with a slow and mournful pace; their arms reversed, and their eyes, swimming in tears, fixed upon the ground! And now the flame ascends in ruddy spires to the sky; the body is quickly consumed, and the ashes deposited in a golden urn. This urn, as an invaluable treasure, Telemachus, who superintended the whole, confided to Callimachus, to whom Nestor had once confided the son whose remains it contained: "Preserve," said he, "these mournful but precious relics, of one whom you tenderly loved; preserve them for his father; but do not give them till he has fortitude enough to ask for them: that, which at one time exasperates sorrow, will soothe it at another."

Telemachus, having thus fulfilled the last duties to his friend, repaired to the assembly of the confederate princes, who, the moment they saw him, became silent with attention: he blushed at the deference that was paid him, and could not be prevailed upon to speak. The acclamations that followed increased his confusion; he wished to hide himself, and now, for the first time, appeared to be irresolute and disconcerted. At last, he entreated, as a favour, that they would praise him no more; "Not," says he, "because it displeases me, especially from those who are so well able to distinguish virtue, but because I am afraid it should please me too much: praise is the great corrupter of mankind: it renders them arrogant, presumptuous, and vain: and ought alike to be deserved and avoided. Nothing is so like honest praise, as flattery: tyrants, the most wicked of all men, are most the objects of adulation: and what pleasures can I derive from such tribute? Honest praise, if I am so happy to deserve it, will be paid when I am absent; and, if you believe that I have merit, you must also believe that I desire to be humble, and am afraid of being vain. Spare me then, if you esteem me; and do not praise me, as if you thought praise was delightful to my ear.

Telemachus, having thus expressed the sentiments of his heart, took no farther notice of those who still continued loud in extravagant encomiums, and his neglect soon put them to silence; for they began to fear that their zeal would displease him: praise, therefore, was at an end, but admiration increased; for the tenderness which he had shown to Pisistratus, and the affectionate assiduity with which he had paid the last duties of a friend, were universally known; and the whole army was more touched with these testimonies of sensibility and benevolence, than with all the prodigies of wisdom and valour that had distinguished his character with

unrivalled lustre. "He is wise," said they to each other; "and he is brave: he is beloved of the gods; he stands alone, the hero of our age; he is more than man! but this is only wonderful, this excites no passion but astonishment. He is, besides, humane; he is good; he is a faithful and a tender friend; he is compassionate, liberal, beneficent, and devoted, without reserve, to those who merit his affection! Of his haughtiness, indifference, and ferocity, nothing remains: and he is now, not the wonder only, but the delight of mankind. His character is now distinguished by useful and endearing excellence; by qualities that reach the heart, that melt us with tenderness, that make us not only acknowledge but feel his virtues, and would prompt us to redeem his life with our own."

The princes, having thus given vent to their esteem and admiration, proceeded to debate the necessity of giving the Daunians a king. The greater part of the assembly was of opinion, that the territories of Adrastus should be divided among them, as a conquered country; and Telemachus was offered, as his share, the fertile country of Arpos, where Ceres pours out her golden treasures, Bacchus presents his delicious fruit, and the olive, consecrated to Minerva, pays her green tribute twice a-year. "This country," said they, "ought to obliterate Ithaca from your remembrance, its barren soil, its mean cottages, the dreary rocks of Dulichium, and the savage forests of Zacynthus. Think no more of your father, who has certainly been buried in the deep at the promontory of Cephareus, by the vengeance of Nauplius, and the anger of Neptune; nor of your mother, who must have yielded to her suitors, in your absence; nor of your country, which the gods have not favoured like that which is now offered you."

Telemachus heard them patiently; but the rocks of Thessaly and Thrace are not more deaf and in-

exorable to the complaints of despairing love, than the son of Ulysses to these offers. "I have no wish," said he, "either for luxury or wealth: and why should I possess a wider extent of country, or command a greater number of men? I should only be more embarrassed, and less at liberty. Men of the greatest wisdom, and most moderate desires, have found life full of trouble, without taking upon them the government of others, who are restless and untractable, injurious, fraudulent, and ungrateful. He that desires to command others for his own sake, without any view but to his own power, and pleasure, and glory, is a tyrant; an enemy to the gods, and a punishment to man! He, who governs mankind with justice and equity, for their own advantage, is rather their guardian than their lord; his trouble is inconceivable; and he is far from wishing to increase it, by extending his authority. The shepherd, who does not riot upon the flesh of his flock, who defends them from the wolf at the hazard of his life, who leads them to the best pasture, and watches over them night and day, has no desire to increase the number of his sheep, or to seize upon those that belong to his neighbour; for this would only increase his care, by multiplying its objects. Though I have never governed, I have learnt from the laws, and from the sages by whom laws have been made, that government is an anxious and laborious task: I am, therefore, content with Ithaca, however small, and however poor; and if I can reign there with fortitude, justice, and piety, I shall have no need to wish for a larger dominion to increase my glory. My reign, indeed, may commence but too soon. Would to Heaven, that my father, escaping the fury of the waves, may reign himself to the longest period of human life; and that, under him, I may learn to subdue my own passions, till I know how to restrain those of a whole nation!"

Telemachus then addressed the assembly in these

terms: "Hear, O ye princes! what your interest makes it my duty to declare. If you give the Daunians a just king, he will make them a just people: he will show them the advantage of keeping their faith unbroken, and of not invading the territories of their neighbours; a lesson which, under the impious Adrastus, they could never learn. From these people, while they are under the direction of a wise and good prince, you will have nothing to fear: if such a prince you shall give them, they will be indebted for the peace and prosperity that they will enjoy under him, instead of attacking, they will bless you; and both king and people will be, as it were, the work of your own hands. But, on the contrary, if you divide their country among you, the mischiefs which I now predict, will certainly come to pass. The Daunians, pushed to desperation, will renew the war; they will fight in a just cause, the cause of liberty; and the gods, who abhor tyranny, will fight for them: if the gods shall take part against you, first or last, you must be confounded, and your prosperity will dissipate like a vapour; counsel and wisdom will be withdrawn from your chiefs, courage from your armies, and plenty from your country: your hope will be presumptuous, and your undertakings rash: you will impose silence upon those that warn you of your danger; and your ruin will be sudden and irretrievable. It will then be said, 'Is this the mighty nation that was to give laws to the world; this, that is now vanquished, pursued, and trampled in the dust? Such is the desert of the lawless, the haughty and the cruel: and such is the righteous retribution of Heaven!'

"Consider, also, that if you undertake to divide your conquest, you will unite all the surrounding nations against you: your alliance, which was formed in defence of the common liberty of Hesperia, against the usurpations of Adrastus, will become odious; and you will yourselves be justly accused of aspiring

at an universal tyranny. But suppose that you should be victorious against the Daunians, and every other people, your success will inevitably be your ruin. This measure will disunite you: it cannot be taken, without a violation of those very rules by which alone you can regulate your own pretensions. it will substitute power for justice, and therefore each of you will make his power the measure of his claim. Not one of you will have sufficient authority over the rest, to make a peaceable division of the common property; and thus a new war will commence, of which your descendants, that are not yet born, will probably never see the end. Is it not better to sit down in peace, with justice and moderation, than to follow ambition, where all is tumult, danger and calamity? Is not perfect tranquillity and blameless pleasure, a plentiful country and friendly neighbours, the glory that is inseparable from justice, and the authority that must result from an integrity, to which foreign nations refer their contests for decision, more desirable than the idle vanity of lawless conquests? I speak, O princes! without interest: I oppose your opinions, because I love you; I tell you the truth, though I risk your displeasure. Should the counsel of integrity be lightly rejected?"

While Telemachus was thus speaking with a new and irresistible authority, and the princes were admiring the wisdom of his counsels in astonishment and suspense, a confused noise spread through the camp, and came at last to the place where they were assembled. It was said that a stranger had just landed, with a company of men in arms; that he was of a lofty port, and had a military greatness in his aspect and demeanour; that he appeared to have endured great adversity, and to be superior to all sufferance. The soldiers, who were stationed to guard the coast, at first prepared to repulse him as an enemy that was invading their country: upon which he drew his sword with an air of intrepidity, and declared that it

he was attacked, he could make good his defence; but that he required only peace and hospitality. He then held out an olive branch as a suppliant; and, desiring to be conducted to those who commanded that part of the coast, he was accordingly brought to the royal assembly.

The moment after this intelligence was received, the stranger entered. His majestic appearance struck the whole assembly with surprise: he looked like the god of war, when he calls together his sanguinary bands upon the mountains of Thrace; and he addressed the princes in these terms:

“Surely I see the guardians of mankind assembled to defend their country, or distribute justice! Here, then, a man, persecuted by fortune, may hope to be heard! May the gods preserve you from the like calamity! I am Diomedes, the king of *Ætolia*, who wounded *Venus* at the siege of *Troy*; and her vengeance pursues me whithersoever I fly. *Neptune*, who can refuse nothing to the divine daughter of the sea, has given me up to the fury of the winds and waves; and I have suffered shipwreck almost upon every rock. *Inexorable Venus* has left me no hope of again returning to my kingdom, or clasping my family to my breast! In the country where I first beheld the light, I shall behold it no more: from all that is dear to me, I am severed for ever! Upon this unknown coast, after all my shipwrecks, I seek only security and rest. *Jupiter* himself is the stranger’s titular god: if, therefore, ye have any reverence of Heaven, if ye have any feelings of compassion, vouchsafe me some neglected corner of this vast country, some barren spot, some untrodden waste, some sandy plain, some craggy rock, where I may take refuge with my associates in misfortune, and build a little town, a sad memorial of the country we have lost! We ask but a small track of such ground as is useless to you; we will be peaceful neighbours, and firm allies; we will have no enemy,

and no interest but yours; and we desire no other distinction or peculiarity, than the liberty of living according to our own laws."

While Diomede was speaking, Telemachus kept his eye fixed upon him; and all the changes of passion were, by turns, expressed in his aspect. When the hero at first mentioned his long misfortunes, he thought this majestic stranger might be his father, and his countenance brightened with hope: the moment he declared himself to be Diomede, it faded, like a flower at the chill blast of the north; and when he complained of inexorable anger, and an offended goddess, the heart of Telemachus was melted, by the remembrance of what his father and himself had suffered from the same cause: the conflict was, at last, more than he could sustain; and, bursting into tears of grief and joy, he threw himself upon the neck of Diomede, and embraced him.

"I am," said he, "the son of Ulysses, your associate in the war; who, when you carried off the horses of Rhesus, was not idle. The gods have treated him with unrelenting severity, as they have treated you. If the oracles of Erebus may be believed, he is still alive; but, alas! he is not alive to me. I have left Ithaca to seek him; and I have now lost him, and my country, for ever! Judge, from my misfortunes, of my compassion for yours; for Misfortune is the parent of Pity, and so far it is an advantage. In this country I am but a stranger myself; and I have, from my infancy, suffered various distresses in my own. Yet, O mighty Diomede! I was not there ignorant of the glory you have acquired; nor am I, here, unable, O next to Achilles in courage and prowess! to procure you some succour. The princes which you see in this assembly are not strangers to humanity; they are sensible that without it there is neither virtue, nor courage, nor honour. The truly great become more illustrious by adversity: without adversity, something is wanting in their character;

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they cannot be examples either of patience or of fortitude: when virtue suffers, every heart is melted, that is not insensible to virtue. Entrust, then, your affairs implicitly with us, to whom the gods have given you: we receive you as a bounty from their hands, and shall think ourselves happy in the power of alleviating your distress."

Diomede, astonished at what he heard, fixed his eyes upon Telemachus; and feeling himself moved to the heart, they embraced, as if they had been long united by the most intimate friendship. "O son of the wise Ulysses," said he, "how worthy art thou of such a father! Thou hast the same sweetness of countenance, the same graceful elocution, the same force of eloquence, the same elevation of sentiment, and the same rectitude of thought!"

The hero was also embraced by Philoctetes; and they related their unfortunate adventures to each other. "You would, certainly," said Philoctetes, "be glad once more to see Nestor: he has just lost his last surviving child, Pisistratus; and, to him, this world is now only a vale of tears, leading to the grave. Come with me, and comfort him: an unfortunate friend is more likely than any other to soothe his distress."

They went immediately to his tent; but grief had so much affected both his senses and his understanding, that he recollected Diomede with difficulty. Diomede, at first, wept with him; and the old man felt his grief increased by the interview: the presence of his friend, however, soothed his anguish by degrees; and it was easy to perceive that the sense of his misfortunes was, in some degree, suspended by the pleasure of relating them, and of hearing what had befallen Diomede in return.

In the mean time, the assembled princes consulted with Telemachus, what was proper to be done. Telemachus advised them to bestow the country of Arpos upon Diomede, and to give Polydamas to the

Daunians for their king. Polydamas was their countryman; a soldier, of whose eminent abilities Adrastus was jealous, and whom, therefore, he would never employ, lest he should share the glory of success, which he wished to secure to himself. Polydamas had often told him, in private, that in a war against united nations, his life, and the public welfare, were too much exposed; and would have persuaded him to treat the neighbouring states with more justice and equity: but men who hate truth, hate those also who are bold enough to speak it; they are not touched either with their sincerity, their zeal, or their disinterestedness. A deluded prosperity hardened the heart of Adrastus against the counsels of virtue; and the neglect of them afforded him every day a new triumph; for fraud and violence gave him the advantage over all his enemies. The misfortunes which Polydamas predicted did not happen. Adrastus despised the timid prudence which foresaw nothing but difficulty and danger. Polydamas became, at length, insupportable: he was dismissed from all his employments, and left to languish in poverty and solitude.

Polydamas was at first overwhelmed with this reverse of fortune; but at length it supplied what was wanting in his character, a sense of the vanity of external greatness. He became wise at his own expense, and rejoiced that he had felt adversity: he learnt, by degrees, to suffer; to live upon little; to regale with tranquillity upon truth; to cultivate the virtues of private life, which are infinitely more estimable than those that glitter in the public eye; and not to depend for his enjoyments upon mankind. He dwelt in a desert at the foot of Mount Gargamus, where a rock, that formed a kind of rude vault, sheltered him from the weather; a river that fell from the mountain quenched his thirst, and the fruit of some neighbouring trees allayed his hunger. He had two slaves, whom he employed to cultivate a small

spot of ground; and he assisted them in their work with his own hands. The soil repaid his labour with usury, and he was in want of nothing. He had not only fruit, herbs, and roots, in abundance, but most fragrant flowers of every kind. In this retirement he deplored the misfortune of those nations which the mad ambition of their prince pushes on to their ruin. He expected, every day, that the gods, who, though long-suffering, are just, would put an end to the tyranny of Adrastus: he thought he perceived that the more the tyrant rose in prosperity, the nearer he approached to destruction; for successful imprudence, and absolute authority in its utmost stretch, are, to kings and kingdoms, the certain forerunners of a fall. Yet when he heard of the defeat and death of Adrastus, he expressed no joy, either in having foreseen his ruin, or in being delivered from his tyranny: he was anxious only for his country, which he feared the conquerors might reduce to a state of slavery.

Such was the man whom Telemachus proposed to give the Daunians for their king. He had been some time acquainted both with his abilities and his virtue; for Telemachus, as he had been advised by Mentor, applied himself, with incessant diligence, to discover the good and bad qualities of all persons who had any considerable trust, whether under the allied princes with whom he served in the war, or among their enemies: and it was one of his principal employments, in every place, to discover and examine men who were distinguished by some singular talent or qualification, wherever they were to be found.

The confederate princes were, at first, something unwilling to bestow the kingdom upon Polydamas. "We have learnt," said they, "by fatal experience, that a king of the Daunians who has a military disposition, and military skill, must be extremely formidable to his neighbours. Polydamas is a great commander, and he may bring us into great danger."—"It is true," said Telemachus, "that Polydamas is

acquainted with war; but it is also true, that he is a lover of peace; which, together, make the very character that our interest requires. A man who has experienced the difficulties, the dangers, and the calamities of war, is much better qualified to avoid them, than he that knows them only by report. Polydamas has learnt to relish, and to value, the blessings of tranquillity: he always condemned the enterprises of Adrastus, and foresaw the ruin in which they would terminate. You will have much more to fear, from a weak prince, without knowledge, and without experience, than from one who sees all with his own eye, and determines all by his own will. The weak and ignorant prince will see all things with the eyes of another; either of some capricious favourite, or some flattering, turbulent, and ambitious minister: he will therefore be engaged in a war without intending it; and you can certainly have no dependence upon him who acts implicitly by the direction of others: there can be no hope that his promises will be kept; and you will, in a short time, have no alternative but to destroy him, or suffer yourselves to be destroyed by him. Is it not, therefore, more advantageous, more safe, and at the same time more just and more generous, faithfully to fulfil the trust which the Daunians have placed in you, and give them a king that is worthy of dominion?"

All scruples being entirely removed by this discourse, Polydamas was immediately proposed to the Daunians, who waited the determination of the assembly with great impatience. As soon as they heard the name of Polydamas, they answered, "The allies have now proved the sincerity of their intentions, and given us a pledge of perpetual peace, by proposing a man of such virtue and abilities for our king: if they had proposed a man without spirit, without virtue, without knowledge, we should have concluded that they designed only to make us weak and contemptible, by rendering our government corrupt; a cruel

subtilty which we could not have seen practised against us without a secret but strong resentment!

The choice of Polydamas, indeed, is a proof of nobler principles; for, as the allies have given us a king who is incapable of doing any thing inconsistent with the liberty and honour of our state, it is manifest that they expect nothing which can either degrade or oppress us; and on our part, we take the gods to witness, that, if the rivers return not back to their sources, we will not cease to love those who have treated us with so noble a beneficence. May our latest posterity remember the benefits which have this day been conferred upon us; and renew, from generation to generation, the peace of the golden age of Hesperia, till time shall be no more!"

Telemachus then proposed to the Daunians, that the plains of Arpos should be given to Diomedes, for the settlement of a colony: "You will lay this new people," said he, "under an obligation without expense. You do not occupy the country in which they will settle; yet they will be indebted for their settlement there to you. Remember that all men should be united by the bands of love: that the earth is of an extent much larger than they can fill; that it is necessary to have neighbours, and eligible to have such neighbours as are obliged to you for their settlement: nor should you be insensible to the misfortunes of a prince, to whom his native country is interdicted for ever. An union between him and Polydamas will be immediately formed, upon mutual principles of rectitude and benevolence, the only principles upon which any union can be lasting: you will therefore secure all the blessings of peace to yourselves, and become so formidable to all the neighbouring states, that none of them will attempt the acquisition of greatness and power that would be dangerous to the rest. As we have given to your country and people, a king that will procure to both the highest degree of prosperity and honour, let

your liberality, at our request, bestow a country, that you do not cultivate, upon a king who has an indubitable claim to your assistance."

The Daunians answered that they could refuse nothing to Telemachus, who had given them Polydamas for a king; and they went immediately to seek him in his desert, that they might place him upon the throne. First, however, they granted the fertile plains of Arpos to Diomede, for a new kingdom; and their bounty to him was extremely pleasing to the allies, because this colony of Greeks would powerfully assist them to repress the Daunians, in any future attempt to make encroachments upon the neighbouring states, of which Adrastus had given them so pernicious an example. All the purposes of the alliance being now accomplished, the princes drew off their forces in separate bodies; and Telemachus departed with his Cretans, having first tenderly embraced his noble friend Diomede; then Nestor, still inconsolable for the loss of his son; and last Philoctetes, who possessed and deserved the arrows of Hercules.

BOOK XXII.

Telemachus, at his return to Salentum, is surprised to see the country so well cultivated, and so little appearance of magnificence in the city. Mentor accounts for these alterations, and points out the principal causes that prevent national prosperity; he proposes the conduct and government of Idomeneus as a model. Telemachus discovers to Mentor his desire to marry the daughter of Idomeneus, Antiope; Mentor approves of the choice, and assures him that she is designed for him by the gods; but that at present he should think only of returning to Ithaca, and delivering Penelope from her suitors.

TELEMACHUS was now impatient to rejoin Mentor at Salentum, and to embark with him for Ithaca, where he hoped his father would arrive before him. As he approached the city, he was astonished to see that the neighbouring country, which he had left almost a desert, was now in the highest state of cultivation, and swarmed like a hive with the children of industry and labour: this change he imputed to the wisdom of Mentor. But when he entered the

city, and perceived that its appearance was much less magnificent, and that fewer hands were employed to furnish the luxuries of life, he was displeased; for he was naturally fond of elegance and splendour: his displeasure, however, soon gave way to other sentiments: he saw Idomeneus and Mentor at a distance, coming to meet him, and his heart instantly overflowed with tenderness and joy. It was not, however, without some mixture of anxiety; for, notwithstanding his success in the expedition against Adrastus, he doubted whether his conduct, upon the whole, would be approved by Mentor, and endeavoured to read his sentiments in his eyes as he approached.

Idomeneus embraced Telemachus with the affection of a parent; and Telemachus, as soon as he was disengaged, threw himself upon the neck of Mentor, and burst into tears. "I am satisfied," says Mentor: "you have, indeed, committed great faults; but they have acquainted you with your infirmities, and warned you of self-confidence. More advantage is sometimes derived from disappointment than success. Great achievements frequently produce contemptible vainglory, and dangerous presumption: but disappointments from ill conduct make a man the censor of himself, and restore the wisdom which success had taken away. You are not to seek praise from men, but to offer it with humility to the gods. You have indeed performed noble exploits; but you must confess that you were rather the instrument than the agent. Were they not effected by powers communicated from without? and were they not frequently endangered by your participation and imprudence? Are you not secretly conscious that Minerva exalted you into a nature superior to your own; and that after this transformation only, you became equal to the achievements that you performed? Minerva suspended your passions, as Neptune suspends the swelling of the surge, when he commands the tempest to be still."

While Idomeneus was gratifying his curiosity by making various inquiries of the Cretans that were returned with Telemachus from the war, Telemachus was listening to the wisdom of Mentor. At length, looking round him with astonishment, "I see many alterations here," said he, "of which I cannot comprehend the cause: has any misfortune happened to Salentum in my absence? The magnificence and splendour in which I left it have disappeared. I see neither silver, nor gold, nor jewels: the habits of the people are plain, the buildings are smaller and more simple, the arts languish, and the city is become a desert."

"Have you observed," replied Mentor with a smile, "the state of the country that lies round it?"—"Yes," said Telemachus, "I perceive that agriculture is become an honourable profession, and that there is not a field uncultivated."—"And which is best," replied Mentor; "a superb city abounding with marble, and silver, and gold, with a sterile and neglected country; or a country in a state of high cultivation and fruitful as a garden, with a city, where decency has taken place of pomp? A great city, full of artificers, who are employed only to effeminate the manners, by furnishing the superfluities of luxury, surrounded by a poor and uncultivated country, resembles a monster with a head of enormous size, and a withered enervated body, without beauty, vigour, or proportion. The genuine strength and true riches of a kingdom consist in the number of people, and the plenty of provisions; and innumerable people now cover the whole territory of Idomeneus, which they cultivate with unwearied diligence and assiduity. His dominions may be considered as one town, of which Salentum is the centre; for the people that were wanting in the fields, and superfluous in the city, we have removed from the city to the fields: we have also brought in many foreigners: and as the produce of

the earth will always be in proportion to the number of people that till it, this quiet and peaceable multitude is a much more valuable acquisition than a new conquest. We have expelled those arts which divert the poor from procuring, by agriculture, the necessaries of life, and corrupt the wealthy, by giving them the superfluities of luxury and pride: but we have done no injury to the polite arts, nor to those who have a true genius for their cultivation. Idomeneus is thus become much more powerful than he was when you admired his magnificence; a false splendour, which, by dazzling the eye, concealed such weakness and misery as would in a short time have subverted his empire. He has now a much greater number of subjects, and he subsists them with greater facility: these people, inured to labour and hardship, and set above a fond and effeminate attachment to life, by the wise institutions of the government under which they live, are always ready to take the field in defence of the country which they have cultivated with their own hands; and the state which you think is in decay, will shortly be the wonder of Hesperia.

“Remember, O my son! that there are two evils in government which admit of no remedy; an unequitable and despotic power in the prince, and a luxurious depravity of manners in the people. Princes that have been accustomed to consider their will only as law, and to give the reins to their passions, may do any thing; but their power of doing any thing is necessarily subverted by its own excess: their government is capriciously administered without maxim or principle; they are universally feared and flattered; their subjects degenerate into slaves; and of these slaves the number is perpetually diminishing. Who shall dare to affront them with truth? Who shall stem the torrent of destruction? It swells over all bounds: the wise fly before it, and sigh in secret over the ruins of their country. Some sudden and violent revolution only can reduce this

enormous power within proper bounds ; and by that which alone can restrain it, it is frequently destroyed. Nothing is so certain a presage of irremediable destruction, as authority pushed to excess : it is like a bow that is over-bent, which, if not relaxed, will suddenly fly to pieces : and who shall venture to relax it ? This excessive, this fatal but flattering power has been once the ruin of Idomeneus : he was dethroned, but not undeceived : and of that power, which, as it is not intended for mankind, can be assumed only to their ruin, he would still have been the dupe, if the gods had not sent us hither for his deliverance : and, after all, events, scarce less than miracles, have been necessary to open his eyes.

“ The other incurable evil is luxury. As the prince is corrupted by an excess of power, the people are corrupted by luxury. It has been said, indeed, that luxury feeds the poor at the expense of the rich : but certainly the poor may be subsisted by useful employments. If they apply themselves to multiply the products of the earth, they will be under no necessity to corrupt the rich by the refinements of luxury. A deviation from the simplicity of nature is sometimes so general, that a whole nation considers the most trifling superfluities as the necessities of life : these factitious necessities multiply every day ; and people can no longer subsist without things which thirty years before had never been in being. This luxury is called taste, improvement, and politeness ; and though a vice which superinduces almost every other, it is cultivated and commended as a virtue. Its contagion spreads from the prince to the meanest of his people : the royal family imitate the magnificence of the king ; the nobles, that of the royal family ; the middle class, that of the nobles ; for who makes a just estimation of himself ? and the poor would intrude upon the class above them. Every one lives above his condition : some from ostentation, and to glory in their wealth : some from a false

shame, and to conceal their poverty." Even those who discover the mischief of this general folly, want fortitude to set the first examples of reformation: all conditions are confounded, and the nation is undone. A desire of gain, to support this idle expense, taints by degrees the purest minds: wealth is the only object of desire, and poverty the only mark of disgrace. You may have learning, talents, and virtue; you may diffuse knowledge; you may win battles, save your country, and sacrifice your interest; and after all, if your merit is not set off by the glitter of fashionable expense, you will sink into obscurity and contempt. Even those who are without money, will not appear to want it: they live at the same expense as if they had it; they borrow, they cheat, and practise a thousand scandalous expedients to procure it: and who shall apply a remedy to these evils? New laws must be instituted, and the taste and habit of the whole nation must be changed: and who is equal to such an undertaking, but he who is at once a philosopher and a prince; who, by the example of his own decency and moderation, can shame the fools that are fond of ostentation and parade, and keep the wise in countenance, who would rejoice to be encouraged in an honest frugality."

Telemachus, while he listened to this discourse, perceived the delusions of his mind to vanish, like a man that wakes from a dream. He was now conscious to truth; and his heart was transformed to its image, as marble to the idea of the sculptor, when he gives it the features, the attitude, and almost the softness of life. At first he made no reply; but while he recollected what he had heard, he attentively reviewed the alterations that had been made in the city.

At length, turning to Mentor, "You have," said he, "made Idomeneus one of the wisest princes upon earth. I no longer know either him or his people. I am now convinced that your achievements here are much greater than ours in the field. The success of

war is, in a great degree, the effect of personal prowess and chance: and the commander must always share the glory of conquest with his men: but your work is properly and exclusively your own: you have alone opposed a whole nation and its prince; and you have corrected the manners and principles of both. The success of war is always fatal and horrid: but all here is the work of celestial wisdom; all is gentle, pure, and lovely; all indicates an authority more than human. When man is desirous of glory, why does he not seek it by works of benevolence like these? O how false are their notions of glory, who hope to acquire it by ravaging the earth, and destroying mankind!" At this exclamation of Telemachus, Mentor felt a secret joy that brightened in his countenance; for it convinced him that his pupil had reduced the value of conquest and triumph to their true standard, at an age when it would have been but natural to over-rate the glory he had acquired.

"It is true," replied Mentor, after a pause, "all that Idomeneus has done here is right, and deserves commendation; but he may do still better. He has now brought his passions under subjection; and he applies himself to the government of his people upon just principles: but he has still great faults, which seem to be the progeny of faults that are past. When we make an effort to leave familiar vices, they seem to follow us: bad habits, relaxation of mind, inveterate errors, and strong prejudices, long remain. Happy are those who never deviated into error; for their rectitude, and theirs only, can be uniform and constant. The gods, O Telemachus! require more from you than from Idomeneus; because you have been made acquainted with truth from your earliest infancy, and have never been exposed to the seduction of unbounded prosperity.

"Idomeneus," continued Mentor, "is by no means deficient, either in penetration or knowledge; but he wastes his abilities upon little things: he is too much

busied upon parts to comprehend the whole; and he arranges atoms, instead of conceiving a system. The proof of abilities in a king, as the supreme governor of others, does not consist in doing every thing himself: to attempt it is a poor ambition; and to suppose that others will believe it can be done, an idle hope. In government, the king should not be the body, but the soul; by his influence, and under his direction, the hands should operate, and the feet should walk: he should conceive what is to be done, but he should appoint others to do it: his abilities will appear in the conception of his designs, and the choice of his instruments. He should never stoop to their function, nor suffer them to aspire to his; neither should he trust them implicitly; he ought to examine their proceedings, and be equally able to detect a want of judgment or integrity. He governs well who discerns the various characters and abilities of men, and employs them to administer government under him, in departments that are exactly suited to their talents. The perfection of supreme government consists in the governing of those that govern: he that presides, should try, restrain, and correct them; he should encourage, raise, change, and displace them; he should keep them for ever in his eye, and in his hand: but, to make the minute particulars of their subordinate departments objects of personal application, indicates meanness and suspicion; and fills the mind with petty anxieties, that leave it neither time nor liberty for designs that are worthy of royal attention. To form great designs, all must be freedom and tranquillity: no intricacies of business must embarrass or perplex, no subordinate objects must divide the attention. A mind that is exhausted upon minute particulars, resembles the lees of wine, that have neither flavour nor strength: and a king, that busies himself in doing the duty of his servants, is always determined by present appearances, and never extends his view to futurity: he is always ab-

sorbed by the business of the day that is passing over him ; and this being his only object, acquires an undue importance, which, if compared with others, it would lose. The mind that admits but one object at a time, must naturally contract ; and it is impossible to judge well of any affair, without considering many, comparing them with each other, and ranging them in a certain order, by which their relative importance will appear. He that neglects this rule in government, resembles a musician, who should content himself with the discovery of melodious tones, one by one, and never think of combining or harmonizing them into music, which would not only gratify the ear, but affect the heart. Or he may be compared to an architect, who should fancy the powers of his art exhausted, by heaping together large columns, and great quantities of stone curiously carved, without considering the proportion of his building, or the arrangement of his ornaments: such an artist, when he was building a saloon, would not reflect that a suitable staircase should be added ; and when he was busy upon the body of the building, he would forget the court-yard, and the portal: his work would be nothing more than a confused assemblage of parts, not suited to each other, nor concurring to form a whole: such a work would be so far from doing him honour, that it would be a perpetual monument of disgrace: it would show that his range of thought was not sufficient to include all the parts of his design at once, that his mind was contracted, and his genius subordinate ; for he that sees only from part to part, is fit only to execute the designs of another. Be assured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony like music, and just proportions, like architecture.

“ If you will give me leave to carry on the parallel between these arts and government, I can easily make you comprehend the inferiority of those

who administer government by parts, and not as a whole. He that sings particular parts in a concert, however great his skill, or excellent his voice, is still but a singer; he who regulates all the parts, and conducts the whole, is the master of music: so, he that fashions the columns, and carries up the side of a building, is no more than a mason; but he who has designed the whole, and whose mind sees all the relations of part to part, is the architect. Those, therefore, who are most busy, who despatch the greatest number of affairs, can least be said to govern; they are inferior workmen: the presiding mind, the genius that governs the state, is he who, doing nothing, causes all to be done; who meditates and contrives; who looks forward to the future, and back to the past; who sees relative proportions, arranges all things in order, and provides for remote contingencies; who keeps himself in perpetual exercise, to wrestle with fortune, as the swimmer struggles with a torrent; and whose mind is night and day upon the stretch, that, anticipating all events, nothing may be left to chance.

“Do you think, my dear Telemachus, that a great painter is incessantly toiling, that he may despatch his work with the greater expedition? No: such drudgery and constraint would quench all the fire of imagination: he would no longer work like a genius; for the genius works as he is impelled by the power of fancy, in sudden, vigorous, but irregular sallies. Does the genius grind his colours, or prepare his pencils? No: he leaves that to others who are as yet but in the rudiments of his art: he reserves himself for the labours of the mind; he transfers his ideas to the canvass, in some bold and glowing strokes, which give dignity to his figures, and animates them not only with life, but passion. His mind teems with the thoughts and sentiments of the heroes he is to represent; he is carried back to the

ages in which they lived, and is present to the circumstances they were placed in. But, with this fervid enthusiasm, he possesses also a judgment that restrains and regulates it; so that his whole work, however bold and animated, is perfectly consonant to propriety and truth. And can it be imagined, that less elevation of genius, less effort of thought, is necessary to make a great king, than a good painter? Let us therefore conclude, that the province of a king is to think; to form great designs; and to make choice of men properly qualified to carry them into execution."

"I think," said Telemachus, "that I perfectly comprehend your meaning: but surely, a king who leaves the despatch of public business to others, will be often imposed upon."—"You impose upon yourself," replied Mentor: "a general knowledge of government will always secure him against imposition. Those who are not acquainted with radical principles, and have not sagacity to discern the talents and characters of men, are always seeking their way, like men in the dark. If these, indeed, escape imposition, it is by chance: for they have not a clear and perfect knowledge of what they seek, nor in what direction they should move to find it: their knowledge is just sufficient to excite suspicion; and they are rather suspicious of integrity that opposes them with truth, than of fraud that seduces them by flattery. Those, on the contrary, who know the principles of government, and can distinguish the characters of men, know what is to be expected from them, and how to obtain it: they know, at least, whether the persons they employ are, in general, proper instruments to execute their designs; and whether they conceive and adopt their views, with sufficient precision and abilities to carry them into effect. Besides, as their attention is not divided by embarrassing particulars, they keep the great object steadily in view; and can always judge

whether they deviate or approach it: if they are sometimes deceived, it is in accidental and trifling matters, that are not essential to the principal design. They are also superior to little jealousies, which are always marks of a narrow mind, and grovelling disposition: they know, that in great affairs, they must in some particulars be deceived, because they are obliged to make use of men, and men are often deceitful; and more is lost by the delay and irresolution which arises from want of confidence in those who must be employed, than from petty frauds, by which that confidence is abused. He is comparatively happy who is disappointed only in affairs of small moment: the great work may go on with success: and it is about this only that a great man ought to be solicitous. Fraud, indeed, should be severely punished when it is discovered; but he that would not be deceived in matters of importance must in trifles be content to be deceived. An artificer, in his workroom, sees every thing with his own eye, and does every thing with his own hand; but a king who presides over a great nation, can neither see all, nor do all: he ought, indeed, to do nothing himself, but what another cannot do under him: and to see nothing that is not essential to some determination of great importance.

“You, Telemachus,” continued Mentor, “are a favourite of the gods; and it is their pleasure to distinguish your reign by wisdom. All that you see here, is done less for the glory of Idomeneus, than for your instruction: and if your virtues correspond with the designs of Heaven, the wise institutions that you admire in Salentum, are but as shadows to the substance, in comparison of what you will one day do in Ithaca. But Idomeneus has now prepared a ship for our departure; and it is time that we should think of quitting the coast of Hesperia.”

At the mention of their departure, Telemachus opened his heart to his friend, with respect to an at-

tachment, which made it impossible for him to leave Salentum without regret. The secret, however, cost him some pain: "You will blame me, perhaps," said he, "for yielding too easily to impressions of love, in the countries through which I pass; but my heart would always reproach me, if I should hide from you that passion that I have conceived for Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. This, my dear Mentor, is not a blind impulse, like that which you taught me to surmount in the island of Calypso. I know that the wound which my heart received from Eucharis was deep; neither time nor absence can efface her image from my heart; and I cannot even now pronounce her name without emotion. After such experience of my weakness, I must be diffident of myself: yet what I feel for Antiope, is wholly different from what I felt for Eucharis: it is not the tumultuous desire of passion; it is the calm complacency of reason, a tender approbation and esteem. I desire her as the sister of my soul, my friend and companion for life; and if the gods shall ever restore my father to me, and I am permitted to choose, my fate and the fate of Antiope shall be one. The charms that have attached me to Antiope, are the glowing modesty of her countenance; her silent diffidence and sweet reserve; her constant attention to tapestry, embroidery, or some other useful and elegant employment; her diligence in the management of her father's household, since the death of her mother; her contempt of excessive finery in her dress; and her total forgetfulness or rather ignorance of her beauty. When, at the command of Idomeneus, she leads the dance, with the beauties of Crete, to the soft sound of the flute, she might be well taken for Venus, the queen of smiles, with the Graces in her train. When he takes her with him to the chase, she discovers such skill in the bow, and such dignity of deportment, as distinguish Diana, when she is surrounded by her nymphs. Of this superiority, she alone is igno-

rant, while every eye remarks it with admiration. When she enters a temple with sacred offerings to the god, she might herself be taken for the divinity of the place: with what devotion and awe she presents her gifts, and propitiates the gods, when some crime is to be expiated, or some fatal omen averted! And when she appears with a golden needle in her hand, surrounded by the virgins of her train, we are tempted to believe that Minerva has descended, in a human form to the earth, and is teaching the polite arts to mankind. She encourages others to diligence by her example: she sweetens labour, and suspends weariness, by the melody of her voice, when she sings the mysterious history of the gods: and she excels the most exquisite painters in the elegance of her embroidery. How happy the man whom Hymen shall unite with her by a gentle band! What can he suffer but her loss? what can he fear, but to survive her?

“But I take the gods to witness, my dear Mentor, that I am ready to depart. I shall love Antiope for ever; but she shall not delay my return to Ithaca a moment. If another shall possess her, I shall be wretched; yet I will leave her. Although I know that I may lose her by absence, I will not mention my love either to her or to her father; for I ought to conceal it in my bosom from all but you, till Ulysses, again seated upon his throne, shall permit me to reveal it. Judge then, my dear Mentor, how much my attachment to Antiope differs from that passion for Eucharis, by which you remember both my virtue and reason to have been overborne.”

“I am sensible of this difference,” said Mentor: “Antiope is all gentleness, prudence, and simplicity: her hands do not despise labour; she looks forward with a provident forecast; she provides for contingencies; she despatches pressing business with silent expedition; she is always busy, but never confused; for every thing is referred to its proper time and place. The elegant regularity of her father’s house-

hold is her glory; a nobler distinction than youth and beauty! Though the whole is submitted to her management, and it is her province to reprove, to deny, to spare, which make almost every other woman hated, yet she is beloved by the whole house; for she discovers neither passion, nor obstinacy, nor levity, nor caprice, which are so often blemishes in the sex: a glance of her eye is a sufficient command, and every one obeys from an unwillingness to displease her. She gives particular directions with exactness and precision, and commands nothing that cannot be executed: there is kindness even in her reproof; and she encourages to amendment, while she blames for misconduct. She is the solace of her father's fatigue and care: and to her his mind retreats for rest: as a traveller, fainting with heat in the summer's sun, retreats to the shade of a grove, and reposes in luxurious ease upon the downy turf. Anti-ope is, indeed, a treasure that would repay the most distant and laborious search. Her mind, no more than her body, is dishonoured by trifling ornaments: her imagination is lively but not uncontrolled; she speaks only when it is improper to refrain; and in her speech, there is an artless grace, a soft but irresistible persuasion; all listen in silence, and she blushes with confusion: the deference and attention with which she is heard, make it difficult for her modesty not to suppress what she intended to say. We have, indeed, heard her speak but seldom; yet you once heard her upon an occasion which I am sure you cannot forget. She was one day sent for by her father, when he was about to punish one of his slaves with exemplary severity: she appeared with her head modestly reclined, and her face covered with a long veil: she spoke, but said no more than was just necessary to appease his anger. At first she seemed to take part in his resentment: she then softened it by insensible degrees: at last she insinuated an apology for the offender and, without wounding the king, by

the mortifying sense of excessive anger, she kindled in his bosom sentiments of justice and compassion: the tumult of his mind subsided under an easy, but irresistible influence, as the yielding waves insensibly lose their undulation, when hoary Nereus is soothed into peace by the gentle blandishments of his daughter Thetis. Thus will the heart of a husband one day correspond with the influence of Antiope, though she assumes no authority, nor takes advantage of her charms; as the lute now answers to her touch, when she wakes it to the tenderest strains. Antiope is indeed worthy of your affection, and she is intended for you by the gods; but though your love for her is justified by reason, you must wait till she is given you by Ulysses. I commend you for having concealed your sentiments; and I may now tell you, that if you had made any propositions to Antiope, they would have been rejected, and you would have forfeited her esteem: she will enter into no engagement, but leaves herself wholly to the disposal of her father. He that hopes to be her husband, must reverence the gods, and fulfil every duty to man. I have observed, and has it not been observed by you? that she is less seen, and that her eyes are more frequently fixed upon the ground, than before your expedition. She is not a stranger to any of your achievements in the war; she is acquainted with your birth and your adventures; and she knows the endowments which you have received from the gods: this knowledge has increased her reserve. Let us then depart for Ithaca: my task will be accomplished, when I have assisted you to find your father, and put you in a condition to obtain such a wife as might have increased the felicity of the golden age. If Antiope, a royal virgin, the daughter of Idomeneus, king of Salentum, was a keeper of sheep upon the bleak summit of mount Algidus, the possession of Antiope would still be happiness and honour."

BOOK XXIII.

Idomeneus, fearing the departure of his guests, proposes several embarrassing affairs to Mentor, and assures him that without his assistance they cannot be adjusted. Mentor lays down general principles for his conduct, but continues steady to his purpose of departing with Telemachus for Ithaca. Idomeneus tries another expedient to detain them: he encourages the passion of Telemachus for Antiope, and engages him and Mentor in a hunting party with his daughter; she is in the utmost danger from a wild boar, but is delivered by Telemachus; he feels great reluctance to leave her, and has not fortitude to bid Idomeneus farewell: being encouraged by Mentor, he surmounts his difficulties, and embarks for his country.

IDOMENEUS, who dreaded the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, formed many pretences to delay them. He told Mentor that he could not, without his assistance, determine a dispute which had arisen between Diophanes, a priest of Jupiter Conservator, and Heliodorus, a priest of Apollo, concerning the omens that were to be drawn from the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims. "And why," said Mentor, "should you concern yourself about sacred things? Leave questions of religion to be decided by the Etrurians, who have preserved the most ancient oracles by tradition, and who are by inspiration interpreters of the gods to men. Employ your authority only to suppress these disputes in the beginning; act with perfect neutrality while they continue; and content yourself with supporting the decision, when it shall be made. Remember that kings ought to submit to religion, and not make it: religion is from the gods, and above regal authority. If kings concern themselves with religion, they do not protect it as a divine institution, but degrade it to a mere instrument of state policy. The power of kings is so great, and that of others so little, that religion would be in danger of becoming just what the sovereign would wish to make it, if he should undertake to determine any question about its doctrines or duties. Leave, then, the decision of these questions, implicitly, to the friends of the gods; and exert your authority only against those who will not conform to their determination when it is made."

Idomeneus then complained of the perplexity he suffered, from the great number of causes between private persons, which he was pressed, with great importunity, to decide. "Decide," said Mentor, "all new questions of right, by which some general maxim of jurisprudence will be established, or some precedent given for the explanation of laws already in force : but do not take upon you to determine all questions of private property ; they would overwhelm and embarrass you, by their variety and number ; justice would necessarily be delayed for your single decision, and all subordinate magistrates would become useless. You would be overwhelmed and confounded : the regulation of petty affairs would leave you neither time, nor thought, for business of importance ; and, after all, petty affairs would not be regulated. Avoid, therefore, a state of such disadvantage and perplexity ; refer private disputes to subordinate judges ; and do nothing yourself, but what others cannot do for you : you then, and then only, fulfil the duties of a king." "But," said Idomeneus, "there are many persons of high birth about me, who have followed my fortunes, and lost great possessions in my service : these persons seek some kind of recompense for their losses, by obtaining certain young women of great wealth in marriage : they urge me, with incessant importunity, to interpose in their behalf ; and a single word from me would insure them success."

"It is true," said Mentor, "a single word from you would be sufficient ; but that single word would cost you too dear. Would you deprive fathers and mothers of the liberty and consolation of choosing their sons-in-law, and, consequently, their heirs ? This, surely, would reduce them to the severest and most abject slavery, and make you answerable for all the domestic evils of your people. Marriage, at the best, is not the couch of unmingled delight ; and why should you scatter new thorns among the down ?

If you have faithful servants to reward, distribute among them some unappropriated lands; and give them, besides, rank and honours suited to their merits and condition: if more still is necessary, add to these, pecuniary gratifications from your treasury; and make good the deficiency by retrenching your expense: but never think of paying your own debts with the property of others; much less, with property transferred in violation of the most sacred rights, by giving a daughter in marriage, without the consent of her parents."

This difficulty being removed, Idomeneus immediately proposed another. "The Sibarites," said he, "complain that certain districts, which we have given, as uncultivated lands, amongst the strangers whom we have drawn to Salentum, belong to them. Must I admit this claim? and shall I not encourage other nations to make demands upon our territory, if I do?"

"The Sibarites," said Mentor, "should not be implicitly believed in their own cause; nor is it just to believe you implicitly in yours."—"Upon whose testimony will you then depend?" said Idomeneus. "Upon that of neither of the parties," replied Mentor: "some neighbouring nation, that cannot be suspected of partiality to either, must determine between you. The Sipontines are such a nation; they have no interest that is incompatible with yours."—"But am I obliged," said Idomeneus, "to submit to an umpire? Am I not a sovereign prince? and is a sovereign prince to leave the extent of his dominions to the decision of foreigners?"

"If you resolve to keep the lands in question," answered Mentor, "you must suppose that your claim to them is good: if the Sibarites insist upon a restoration, they must, on their part, suppose their right to be incontestible. Your opinions being thus opposite, the difference must either be accommodated by an umpire mutually chosen, or decided by force."

arms: there is no medium. If you should enter a country, inhabited by people who had neither judge nor magistrate, and among whom every family assumed a right of determining differences with a neighbouring family by violence, would you not deplore their misfortune, and think with horror of the dreadful confusion which must arise from every man's being armed against his fellow? Can you then believe, that the gods would look with less horror upon the earth, of which all the inhabitants may be considered as one people, if every nation, which is but a more numerous family, should assume the right of determining by violence, all differences with a neighbouring nation? An individual, who possesses his field as an inheritance from his ancestors, depends wholly upon the authority of the laws, and the judgment of the magistrate, for the security of his property; and would be severely punished, as guilty of sedition, if he should endeavour to secure, by force, what was given him by right: do you then believe that kings are at liberty to support their pretensions by violence, without having first tried what could be done by expedients more consonant to reason and humanity? Is not justice yet more sacred and inviolable, as an attribute of kings, when it has whole nations for its object, than as a private virtue in an individual, when it relates only to a ploughed field? Is he a villain and a robber who seizes only a few acres? and is he just, is he a hero, who wrests whole provinces from their possessor? If men are subject to prejudice, partiality, and error, with respect to the trifling concerns of private property, is it probable that they should be less influenced by such motives in affairs of state? Should we rely upon our own judgment, where it is most likely to be biassed by passion? and should not error be most dreaded, where its consequences will be most fatal? The mistake of a prince with respect to his own pretensions, is the cause of ravage, famine, and massacres; of irreparable

loss to the present generation ; and of such depravation of manners, as may extend calamity to the end of time. A king knows that he is always surrounded by flatterers : should he not therefore suppose, that, upon such occasions, he will be flattered ? If he leaves his differences to arbitration, he shows himself candid, equitable, and dispassionate : he states the reasons upon which his claim is founded : the umpire is an amicable mediator, not a rigorous judge ; and though his determinations do not compel implicit obedience, yet the greatest deference should be paid to them : he does not pronounce sentence like a judge, from whose authority there is no appeal ; but he proposes expedients, and, by his advice, the parties make mutual concessions for the preservation of peace. If war is, at last, inevitable, notwithstanding the king's utmost endeavours to avoid it, he will, at least, have secured the testimony of a good conscience, the esteem of his neighbours, and the protection of the gods." Idomeneus felt the force of this reasoning, and consented that the Sipontines should mediate between him and the Sibarites.

The king, finding these expedients to prevent the departure of the two strangers ineffectual, endeavoured to detain them by a stronger tie. He had observed the attachment of Telemachus to Antiope : and he hoped that, by strengthening this, he might accomplish his purpose. When he gave an entertainment, therefore, he frequently commanded his daughter to sing : she obeyed, from a sense of duty ; but it was with such regret and confusion, as made it easy to perceive how much she suffered by her obedience. Idomeneus went so far, as to intimate his desire, that the subject of her song might be the victory which had been obtained over the Daunians and Adrastus ; but she could not be prevailed upon to sing the praises of Telemachus : she declined it with modest respect, and her father thought fit to acquiesce. There was something in her voice inexpressibly tender and sweet :

Telemachus felt all its power, and his emotion was too great to be concealed. Idomeneus remarked it with pleasure; but Telemachus appeared not to perceive his design: he could not quench the sensibility of passion, but reason precluded its effects. He was no longer that Telemachus, whom love, the tyrant of the mind, had once held captive in the island of Calypso: while Antiopesung, he was silent; and, as soon as the song was over, he turned the conversation to some other subject.

The king, being again disappointed, resolved to give his daughter the pleasure of a great hunting match. She declined the sport, and entreated with tears to be left behind; but the commands of Idomeneus were peremptory, and she was obliged to obey. She was mounted upon a fiery steed, which, like those that Castor had trained to war, disdained the ground, and was impatient of the rein; yet she governed him with such easy negligence, that he seemed to move by the secret impulse of her will. A train of virgins followed her with that ardour which is the distinction and felicity of youth; and she might have been taken for Diana with her nymphs. The king followed her incessantly with his eye; and while he gazed upon his child, forgot the past misfortunes of his life: she fixed also the attention of Telemachus, who was more touched with her modesty, than with the graces of her person, or her dexterity in the field.

The dogs gave chase to a wild boar of an enormous size. He was more furious than that of Calydon; the bristles of his back were as rigid as iron, and as sharp and long as a dart; his eyes seemed to sparkle with fire, and to be suffused with blood; his breath was heard at a remote distance, like the hoarse murmurs of rebellious winds, when Æolus recalls them to his cave, that the tempest may cease: his long tusks were crooked like a sickle, nor could the trees of the forest stand before them. He gored all the dogs that had courage to approach him; and the boldest hunters

that pursued him, were afraid he should be overtaken : yet Antiope, who, in the course, was swifter than the wind, came up, and attacked him : she threw a javelin at him, which wounded him in the shoulder ; the blood gushed out in a torrent, and he turned upon his adversary with new fury. The horse of Antiope, however bold and spirited, shuddered and drew back : the monster then rushed against him ; and the shock was like that of the ponderous engines, that overturn the bulwarks of the strongest city : the horse could not sustain it, and fell. Antiope was now upon the ground, in a situation that left her no power to avoid the tusks of the furious animal, whom she had provoked : but Telemachus, whose attention had been engrossed by her danger, was already dismounted ; and with a rapidity scarce less than that of lightning, threw himself between her and the boar, that was foaming to revenge his wound : the prince instantly plunged a hunting spear in his body ; and the horrid monster fell agonised with fury to the ground.

Telemachus cut off the head, which astonished the hunters, and was still terrible when nearly viewed ; he presented it immediately to Antiope, who blushed, and consulted the eyes of Idomeneus, to know what she should do. Idomeneus, who had been terrified at her danger, and was now transported with joy at her deliverance, made a sign that she should accept the present : she took it, therefore, with an elegant acknowledgment : “ I receive from you, with gratitude,” said she, “ a more valuable gift ; I am indebted to you for my life.” The moment she had spoken, she feared she had said too much, and fixed her eyes upon the ground. Telemachus, who perceived her confusion, could only reply, “ How happy is the son of Ulysses, to have preserved a life so precious ! How much more happy, if he could unite it with his own !” Antiope made no answer, but mixed hastily with her young companions, and immediately remounted her horse.

Idomeneus would immediately have promised his daughter to Telemachus; but he hoped, that, in a state of uncertainty, his passion would still increase, and that the hope of insuring his marriage would prevent his departure from Salentum. Such were the principles upon which Idomeneus reasoned; but the gods deride and disappoint the wisdom of men: the very project that was formed to detain Telemachus hastened his departure. That tumult of love, and hope, and fear, which he now felt in his breast, made him justly distrust his resolution: Mentor laboured, with double diligence, to revive his desire of returning to Ithaca; and the vessel, being now ready, he also pressed Idomeneus to dismiss them. Thus the life of Telemachus, being every moment regulated by the wisdom of Mentor, with a view to the consummation of his glory, he was suffered to remain no longer at any place, than was necessary to exercise his virtues, and add experience to knowledge.

Mentor, as soon as Telemachus arrived, had given orders that a vessel should be got ready. Idomeneus had seen the preparations with inexpressible regret; and when he perceived that the guests, from whom he had derived advantages so numerous and important, could be detained no longer, he gave himself up to melancholy and despair: he shut himself up in the innermost recesses of his palace; and endeavoured to soothe his anguish, by venting it in sighs and tears: he forgot that nature was to be sustained with food, and no interval of tranquillity was bestowed by sleep: his health gradually declined, and a secret anxiety of his heart consumed him: he withered, like a stately tree, which covers the earth with its shadow, but is gnawed by a worm at the root: the winds in their fury may have attacked it in vain; the earth may have nourished it with delight; and it may have been spared, in reverence, by the axe; but if the latent mischief is not discovered, it will fade; its leaves, which are its honours, will be scattered in the

dust; and the trunk and branches only, rifted and sapless, will remain. Such, in appearance, was Idomeneus, the victim of inconsolable grief.

Telemachus was tenderly affected at his distress, but did not dare to speak to him: he dreaded the day of departure, and was always busied in finding pretences for delay; but he was, at length, delivered from this state of embarrassment and suspense by Mentor: "I am glad," said he, "to see this alteration in your temper: you were, by nature, obdurate and haughty, sensible only to your convenience and interests; but you are now softened into humanity, and your own misfortunes have taught you to compassionate the sufferings of others. Without this sympathy, there can be neither goodness, nor virtue, nor ability to govern: but it must not be carried to excess, nor suffered to degenerate into feminine softness. I would myself solicit Idomeneus to dismiss you, and spare you the embarrassment of so painful a conversation; but I am unwilling that a false shame and unmanly timidity should predominate in your breast. You must learn to blend fortitude and courage with the tenderness and sensibility of friendship; you should preserve an habitual fear of giving unnecessary pain: when you are compelled to grieve any man, you should participate his sorrow; and make the blow fall lightly, which you cannot avert."—"That an inevitable stroke may be thus lightened," said Telemachus, "is the reason why I wish that Idomeneus should be acquainted with our departure, rather by you than by myself."

"My dear Telemachus," said Mentor, "you mistake your motive. You are like all other children of royalty, whose passions have been flattered, and whose wishes prevented in their earliest youth: they expect that every thing should be managed, so as to coincide with their desires, and that the laws of nature should be subservient to their will; yet they have not resolution to oppose any man to his face. They

avoid an opposition, not in tenderness to others: not from a principle of benevolence, that fears to give pain; but from a regard to their own convenience and gratification: they cannot bear to be surrounded with mournful or discontented countenances; and are touched with the miseries of men, only as objects disagreeable to their eye: they will not hear of misfortune, because it is a disgusting subject; and lest their fancy should be offended, they must be told that all is prosperity and happiness: they are surrounded with delights, and will neither see nor hear any thing that may interrupt their joy. If misconduct is to be reprov'd, or error detected, importunity repress'd, false claims oppos'd, or factious turbulence controlled; they will always depute another for the purpose, rather than declare their own will with that gentle firmness which enforces obedience without kindling resentment. They will tamely suffer the most unreasonable favours to be extorted, and the most important affairs to miscarry, rather than determine for themselves, against the opinion of these who are continually about them. This weakness is easily discovered, and every one improves it to his advantage: every request becomes, in effect a demand; it is urg'd with the most pernicious and troublesome importunity; and is granted, that importunity may be troublesome no more. The first attempt upon the prince is by flattery: by this, designing parasites recommend themselves to favour: but they are no sooner trusted to serve, than they aspire to govern: they rule their lord by the very power they have derived from him; their bridle is in his mouth, and their yoke upon his shoulders: he groans under it, and sometimes he makes an effort to throw it off; this effort is soon remitted, and he bears the yoke to his grave: he dreads the appearance of being govern'd, yet tamely suffers the reality: to be govern'd, is, indeed, necessary to such princes; for they resemble the feeble branches of a vine, which, not being

able to support themselves, always creep round the trunk of some neighbouring tree. I must not suffer you, O Telemachus! to fall into this state of imbecility, which cannot fail to render you wholly unfit for command. Though you dare not speak to Idomeneus, lest you should wound your sensibility, you will yet have no sense of his affliction, when the gates of Salentum are behind you: you are even now less melted by his grief, than embarrassed by his presence. Go, then, and speak to him for yourself: learn, upon this occasion, to unite the tender and the firm; let him see that you leave him with regret, but that you are determined to leave him."

Telemachus did not dare to oppose Mentor, nor yet to seek Idomeneus: he was ashamed of his timidity, and yet unable to surmount it; he hesitated, he went forward a few steps, and then returned to Mentor, with some new pretence for delay. He was about to speak: but the very look of Mentor deprived him of the power, and silently confuted all that he would have said. "Is this, then," said Mentor, with a smile of disdain, "the conqueror of the Daunians, the deliverer of Hesperia? Is this the son of the wise Ulysses, who is to succeed him as the oracle of Greece? and does he not dare to tell Idomeneus, that he can no longer delay his return to his country, where he hopes once more to embrace his father? O wretched Ithaca! how great will be thy misfortune, if thou art one day to be governed by a prince, who is himself a slave to an unworthy shame; and who, to gratify his weakness in the lightest trifle, will sacrifice the most important interest! Remark now the difference between the sedate fortitude of the closet, and the tumultuous courage of the field: you feared not the arms of Adrastus, yet are intimidated by the grief of Idomeneus: this inequality often brings dishonour upon those princes who have been distinguished by the noblest achievements; after they have appeared heroes in battle, they have been found less

than men in common occurrences, in which others have been consistent and steady."

Telemachus, feeling the force of these truths, and stung with the reproach they contained, turned abruptly away, and debated no longer even with himself. But when he approached the place, where Idomeneus was sitting pale and languishing, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his heart overwhelmed with sorrow, they became in a moment afraid of each other: they did not dare to interchange a look; and their thoughts were mutually known, without language: each dreaded that the other should break silence; and, in this painful suspense, both burst into tears. At length, Idomeneus, pressed by excess of anguish, cried out, "Why should we seek virtue, since those who find her are thus wretched! I am made sensible of my weakness, and then abandoned to its effects. Be it so; and let the past calamities of my life return. I will hear no more of good government; I know not the art, and am weary of the labour. But as for you, Telemachus, whither would you go? To seek your father is in vain, for among the living he is not to be found: Ithaca is in possession of your enemies, who will destroy you if you return; and one of whom is now certainly the husband of your mother. Be content, therefore, to continue at Salentum; my daughter shall be your wife, and my kingdom your inheritance. Your power here, even while I live, shall be absolute; and my confidence in you without limits. If these advantages are unworthy of your acceptance, at least leave me Mentor: Mentor is my last resource. Speak; answer me: let not your heart be steeled against me, nor deny your pity to the most unfortunate of men! Alas, you are still silent! the gods are still inexorable: I feel more sensibly their resentment at Salentum, than at Crete; and the loss of Telemachus wounds me deeper than the death of my son!"

Telemachus replied, in a timid and a faltering tone,

“My departure from Salentum is not choice, but fate. I am commanded to Ithaca by the gods; their wisdom is communicated to Mentor, and Mentor has urged my departure in their name. What then can I do? Should I renounce my father, my mother, and my country, that should be yet dearer than both? As I am born to royalty, a life of ease and pleasure must not be my portion, nor must inclination be my guide. With your kingdom I should possess more wealth and power than my father’s can bestow: but I ought to prefer what the gods have decreed me, to what your bounty has offered in its stead. If Antiope was my wife, I should think myself too happy to desire your kingdom; but that I may deserve Antiope, I must go whither I am called by duty, and she must be demanded for me by my father. Did you not promise to send me back to Ithaca? and was it not under this promise that I marched against your enemy Adrastus, with the army of the allies? And is it not now time that I should attend to my own interest, and endeavour to redress the misfortunes of my family? The gods, who have given me to Mentor, have also given Mentor to the son of Ulysses, that, guided by his wisdom, he might fulfil their purpose: would you, therefore, have me lose Mentor, when all but Mentor is lost already? I have now no certain portion, retreat, or parent, or country. One man, distinguished for virtue and for wisdom, is all that remains; and this, indeed, is the most valuable donation of Jove: judge, then, if I can renounce this bounty, and consent to be totally destitute and forlorn. I would cease to be, rather than be thus: life itself is of less value than a friend: take my life, therefore, but leave me Mentor!”

When Telemachus was speaking, his voice became stronger, and his timidity vanished. Idomenus could not acquiesce, though he knew not what to reply: and being unable to speak, he attempted to excite pity by looks and gestures of distress.

At this moment he perceived Mentor, who addressed him in a solemn tone, but without severity: "Do not give way," said he, "to unreasonable sorrow. We leave you; but we leave you to that wisdom which presides in the councils of the gods. Remember, with gratitude, that we were sent by the direction of that wisdom, to correct your errors and preserve your state. We have restored Philocles, and he will serve you with fidelity; reverence for the gods, delight in virtue, love for the people, and compassion for the wretched, will be always predominant in his bosom. Listen to his advice, and employ him without jealousy or distrust. The most important service he can render you, is to tell you your faults without disguise or palliation; require this service of him, therefore, in the first place. A good king is distinguished by the noblest fortitude; he fears not the monitor in the friend, nor shrinks from the sight of his own failings: if you are endowed with this fortitude, you have nothing to fear from our absence; the felicity of your life is secure; but if flattery, which steals its winding way like a serpent, should once more get access to your heart, and render you suspicious of disinterested counsel, you are undone. Pine no longer in voluntary subjection to sorrow; but follow virtue with the utmost effort of your mind. I have instructed Philocles to lighten your cares, and deserve your confidence; and I will be answerable for his integrity. The gods have given him to you, as they have given me to Telemachus: the destiny which they have allotted us, we should fulfil boldly; for to regret it is in vain. If my assistance should be necessary, after I have restored Telemachus to his father and his country, I will return; and what could give me more sensible delight? I seek, for myself, neither wealth nor power; and I wish only to assist others, in the search of justice and virtue. To you, I have a particular attachment; for the generous confidence of your friendship can never be forgotten."

While Mentor was speaking, Idomeneus became conscious to a sudden and pleasing change. He felt his passions subside into peace, as the waves sink to rest, and the tempest is hushed to silence, when the father of the deep lifts his trident against them. Nothing now remained but a kind of tender regret; something that was rather a soft and soothing melancholy, than grief; and courage, hope, virtue, and confidence in the gods, began once more to kindle in his bosom.

“Well then, my dear Mentor,” said he, “I must lose all, and be content: let me, however, be still present to your mind. When you shall have arrived in Ithaca, where the reward of wisdom shall fill all your wishes, remember that Salentum is your own work; and that Idomeneus is inconsolable for your loss, has no hope but in your return. Farewell, O son of Ulysses! my ports shall detain you no more: the gods reclaim the treasure which they lent, and it is my duty to comply. Farewell, Mentor, the greatest and wisest of men! if such excellence as thine is within the limits of our nature, and thou art not a divinity, that has assumed the form, to call strength from weakness, and from simplicity wisdom: be still the guide and the guardian of Telemachus, who is more fortunate to be thy charge, than to be the conqueror of Adrastus. I dismiss you both: I will restrain my words; my sighs are involuntary, and may, therefore, be forgiven. Go, live together, and together be happy! I have nothing left, but the remembrance that I once shared your felicity: the golden moments are past, and I knew not their value; they fled in haste, alas! and they will never return! I have possessed you; but the joy is vanished! I now see you, but I shall see you no more.”

Mentor took this opportunity to withdraw: he embraced Philocles, who burst into tears, and was unable to speak. Telemachus would have taken hold of Mentor's hand, that he might have quitted

that of Idomeneus : but Idomeneus, placing himself between them, went towards the port : he gazed upon them by turns ; he sighed ; and he frequently began to speak ; but his voice faltered, and he left the sentence unfinished.

And now they heard, in a confused murmur, the voices of the mariners that crowded the shore ; the cordage was stretched, the sails were made ready, and a favourable gale sprang up. Telemachus and Mentor, with tears in their eyes, took leave of the king, who held them long in his arms, and followed them with his eyes as far as they could be seen.

BOOK XXIV.

Telemachus, during the voyage, prevails with Mentor to explain many difficulties in the art of government, particularly that of distinguishing the characters of men, so as to employ the good, and avoid being deceived by the bad ; during this conversation, a calm obliges them to put into a little island where Ulysses had just gone ashore : Telemachus sees and speaks to him, without knowing who he is ; but after having seen him embark, feels a secret uneasiness, of which he cannot imagine the cause : Mentor explains it, and comforts him, assuring him that he shall soon meet with his father again : he puts his patience and piety to another trial, by detaining him to sacrifice to Minerva : the goddess, who had been concealed under the figure of Mentor, resumes her own form, and is known and acknowledged by Telemachus : she gives him her last instructions, and disappears. Telemachus arrives in Ithaca, and finds his father at the house of his faithful servant Eumenes.

THE sails now swell with the breeze, and the shore seems to retreat : the pilot perceived, at a distance, the promontory of Leucate, which conceals its summit in the hoary mists, that are blown round it by the freezing whirlwind : and the Acroceraunian mountains, which still lift their presumptuous brow to heaven, though blasted so often by the bolts of Jove.

“ I believe,” said Telemachus to Mentor, during the voyage, “ that I now perfectly understand the maxims of government that you have given me. They appeared, at first, like the confused images of a dream ; but, by degrees, they became clear and distinct : so all objects appear obscure and cloudy, at the first dawn of the morning ; but, at length,

they rise gradually, like a new creation out of chaos, as the light, increasing by insensible degrees, dissipates the mist that surrounds them, defines their true figure, and tinges them with their proper hue. I am persuaded, that the great secret of government is to distinguish the different characters of men, to select them for different purposes, and allot each to the employment which is most suited to his talents : but I am still to learn how characters are thus to be distinguished."

"Mankind," replied Mentor, "to be known, must be studied; and to be studied, they must frequently be seen and talked to. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, hear their sentiments, and consult them: they should also trust them with some small employment, and take an account how they discharge it, in order to judge whether they are capable of more important service. By what means, my dear Telemachus, did you acquire your knowledge in horses? Was it not by seeing them frequently, and conversing with persons of experience concerning their excellencies and defects? In the same manner, converse with the wise and good, who are grown old in the study of human nature, concerning the defects and excellencies of men: you will thus, insensibly, acquire a nice discernment of character, and know what may be expected from every man that falls under your observation. How have you been taught to distinguish the poet from the mere writer of verses, but, by frequent reading, and conversation with persons who have a good taste for poetry? And how have you acquired judgment in music, but by the same application to the subject? How is it possible that men should be well governed, if they are not known; and how can the knowledge of men be acquired, but by living among them? But seeing them in public, where they talk of indifferent subjects, and say nothing even of them that has not been premeditated, is by no means

living among them : they must be seen in private ; their latent sentiments must be traced to the secret recesses of the heart ; they must be viewed in every light ; all their depths and shallows must be tried. and their principles of action ascertained. But to form a right judgment of mankind, it is principally necessary to know what they ought to be : a clear and definite idea of real merit, is absolutely necessary to distinguish those who have it, from those who have it not. Men are continually talking of virtue and merit : but there are few, who know, precisely, what is meant by either : they are splendid terms, indeed ; but with respect to the greatest part of those who take a pride in perpetually repeating them, of uncertain signification. Justice, reason, and virtue, must be resolved into some certain principles, before it can be determined who are just, reasonable, and virtuous : the maxims of a wise and good administration must be known, before those who adopt them can be distinguished from those who substitute false refinement and political cunning in their stead. To take the dimensions of different bodies, we must have a standard measure ; to judge of qualities and characters, we must have some fixed and invariable principles, to which they may be referred. We must know, precisely, what is the great purpose of human life ; and to what end the government of mankind should be directed : the sole end of all government is to render mankind virtuous and happy ; and with this great end, the notion that a prince is invested with the regal power and authority for his own sake, is wholly incompatible. This notion can only gratify the pride of a tyrant : a good king lives but for his people ; and sacrifices his own ease and pleasure to their advantage. He whose eye is not invariably fixed upon this great end, the public good, if in any instance he attains it, will attain it by chance ; he will float in the stream of time, like a ship in the ocean, without a pilot, the stars un-

marked, and the shores unknown: in such a situation, is it possible to avoid shipwreck?

“It frequently happens, that princes, not knowing in what virtue consists, know not what they ought to seek in mankind: they mistake virtue for austerity; it offends them, by appearing to want complacency, and to affect independence: and, touched at once with fear and disgust, they turn from it to flattery. From this moment, sincerity and virtue are to be found no more; the prince is seduced by a phantom of false glory, which renders him unworthy of the true: he persuades himself that there is no such thing as virtue upon the earth: for though the good can distinguish the wicked, the wicked cannot distinguish the good; and, what they cannot distinguish, they suppose not to exist: they know enough to render them suspicious; but not knowing more, they suspect all alike: they retire from the public eye, and immure themselves in the palace; they impute the most casual trifles to craft and design; they are a terror to mankind, and mankind is a terror to them: they love darkness, and disguise their characters, which, however, are perfectly known; the malignant curiosity of their subjects penetrates every veil, and investigates every secret; but he that is thus known by all, knows nobody; the self-interested wretches that surround him, rejoice to perceive that he is inaccessible; and a prince that is inaccessible to men, is inaccessible to truth: those who avail themselves of his blindness, are busy to calumniate or to banish all who would open his eyes; he lives in a kind of savage and unsocial magnificence, always the dupe of that imposition which he at once dreads and deserves. He that converses only with a small number, almost necessarily adopts their passions and their prejudices, and from passions and prejudices the best are not free: he must also receive his knowledge by report, and therefore lie at the mercy of tale-bearers; a despicable and de-

testable race, who are nourished by the poison that destroys others; who make what is little great, and what is blameless criminal; who, rather than not impute evil, invent it; and who, to answer their own purposes, play upon the causeless suspicion and unworthy curiosity of a weak and jealous prince.

“Let the great object of your knowledge, therefore, O my dear Telemachus! be man. Examine him: hear one man’s opinion of another; try them by degrees; trust implicitly to none; and profit of your experience when you shall have been deceived in your judgment, which sometimes will certainly happen: wicked men disguise themselves with too much art to be always detected: form your opinion of others, therefore, with caution; and do not hastily determine, either that they are bad or good; for, in either case, a mistake may be dangerous: and thus, even from error, you will derive wisdom. When you find a man of virtue and abilities, do not use him only, but trust him: for such men love that others should appear sensible of their merit, and set a much higher value upon confidence and esteem, than pecuniary rewards. But do not endanger their virtue, by trusting them with absolute power; for many men, who have stood against common temptations, have fallen, when unlimited authority, and boundless wealth, have brought their virtue to a severe test. The prince who shall be so far favoured of the gods as to find two or three, whose wisdom and virtue render them worthy of his friendship, will, by their means, find others of the same character, to fill the inferior departments of state: and thus, by the few that he can trust, he will acquire the knowledge of others, whom his own eye could never reach.”

“But I have often heard,” said Telemachus, “that men of ability should be employed, even though virtue be wanting.”—“The service of such men,” replied Mentor, “is sometimes necessary. When a nation is in a state of tumult and disorder, authority is

often found in the hands of wicked and designing men, who are possessed of important employments, from which they cannot immediately be removed; and have acquired the confidence of persons in power, who must not abruptly be opposed; nor must they be abruptly opposed themselves, lest they should throw all things into irremediable confusion: they must be employed for a time; but care must constantly be taken to lessen their importance by degrees; and, even while they are employed, they must not be trusted. He that trusts them with a secret, invests them with power which they will certainly abuse, and of which, from that moment, he will be the slave: by his secret, as with a chain, he will be led about at pleasure; and, however he may regret his bondage, he will find it impossible to be free. Let them negotiate superficial affairs, and be treated with attention and kindness; let them be attached to their duty, even by their passions, for by their passions only they can be held; but let them never be admitted to secret and important deliberations. Some spring should be always ready to put them in motion, when it is fit they should act; but a king should never trust them with the key, either of his bosom, or his state. When the public commotion subsides, and government is regularly administered by men of approved integrity and wisdom, the wicked, whose services were forced upon their prince for a time, will insensibly become unnecessary and insignificant; but even then, they should be well treated; for to be ungrateful, even to the wicked, is to be like them: but in all kindness showed to such characters, there should be a view to their amendment: some of their faults should be overlooked, as incident to human infirmity; but the king's authority should be gradually resumed, and those mischiefs prevented, which they would openly perpetrate if not restrained. It must, however, be confessed, that, after all, the necessity of using wicked men as instruments of doing good, is a

misfortune: and though it is sometimes inevitable, it should be remedied as soon as possible. A wise prince, who has no wish but to establish order and distribute justice, will soon find honest men of sufficient ability to effect his purposes; and be able to shake off the fraudulent and crafty, whose characters disgrace the best service they can perform.

“But it is not enough for a king to find good subjects: he must make them.”—“That,” said Telemachus, “must surely be an arduous task.”—“Not at all,” replied Mentor; “the very search after virtue and abilities will produce them; for rewards, well bestowed, will excite universal emulation. How many languish in idleness and obscurity, who would become distinguished, if the hope of fortune was to excite them to labour! and how many, despairing to rise by virtue, endeavour to surmount the distresses of poverty by vice! If you distinguish genius and virtue by rewards and honours, your subjects will exceed in both characters, by a voluntary and vigorous effort of their own: and how much farther may you carry that excellence, by gradually bringing forward the merit that is thus produced, and advancing those that appear capable of public and important service, from the lowest to the highest employments! You will exercise their various talents; and bring the extent of their understanding, and the sincerity of their virtue, to the test. Those who fill the great offices of state, will then have been brought up, under your own eye, in lower stations: you will have followed them, through life, step by step; and you will judge of them, not from their professions, nor from a single act, but the whole tenor of their conduct.”

While Mentor and Telemachus were engaged in this conversation, they perceived a Phæacian vessel, which had put into a little island wholly desolate, and surrounded by craggy precipices of an enormous height. It was, at this time, a dead calm, so that the zephyrs themselves seemed to hold their breath: the whole

surface of the sea was bright and smooth as a mirror; the sails, which clung to the mast, could no longer impel the vessel in its course; and the rowers, exhausted with labour, endeavoured to supply the deficiency of the gale in vain. It became, therefore, absolutely necessary to go on shore at this place, which was rather a rock of the sea, than an habitation for men; and, at another time, it could not have been approached without the utmost danger. The Phæacians, who were waiting for a wind, were not less impatient of delay than the mariners who had the conduct of Telemachus and Mentor. As soon as Telemachus was on shore, he advanced over the crags, towards some of these people, who had landed before him; and inquired of the first man he met, whether he had seen Ulysses, the king of Ithaca, at the palace of Alcinoüs.

It happened, that the person to whom he addressed himself was not a Phæacian; but was a stranger, whose country was unknown: he was of a majestic deportment, but appeared sorrowful and dejected. When he was accosted, he was lost in thought, and seemed not to hear the question that was asked him; but soon recollecting himself, he replied, “ You suppose that Ulysses has been seen in the island of the Phæacians, and you are not mistaken: he was received at the palace of Alcinoüs, as at a place where the gods are revered, and the duties of hospitality fulfilled: but he soon after left that country, where you will now seek him in vain. He set out, that he might once more salute his household gods in Ithaca, if the superior powers shall forget their anger, and vouchsafe the blessing.”

The stranger pronounced these words in a mournful voice, and immediately rushed into a wild thicket upon the top of a rock; where fixing his eyes upon the sea, he seemed desirous of solitude, and impatient to depart. Telemachus remarked him with great attention: and the more he gazed, the greater

was his emotion and astonishment. “The answer of this stranger,” said he to Mentor, “is that of a man so absorbed in affliction, as scarce to take cognizance of external objects. The unfortunate have my pity, for I am myself unfortunate : and for this man I am particularly interested, without knowing why : he has not treated me with courtesy, he seemed to pay no attention to what I said, and he scarce vouchsafed me an answer ; yet I cannot but wish that his misfortunes were at an end.”

“See then,” said Mentor with a smile, “what advantage is derived from the calamities of life : they humble the pride of greatness, and soften insensibility to compassion. Princes, who have been fatally flattered with perpetual prosperity, imagine themselves to be gods : if they have an idle wish to be gratified, they expect mountains to sink, and seas to vanish : they hold mankind as nothing, and would have all nature the mere instrument of their will : when they hear of misfortune, they scarce understand the term : with respect to them, misfortune is a dream ; and they know not the difference between good and evil. Affliction only can teach them pity ; and give them, for the adamant in their bosom, the heart of a man : when they are afflicted, they become sensible that they participate a common nature with others, to whom they should administer the comfort of which they feel the want. If a stranger has thus forcibly excited your pity, because, like you, he is a wanderer upon the coast, how much more compassion should you feel for the people of Ithaca, if, hereafter, you should see them suffer !—yet the people of Ithaca, whom the gods will confide to your care, as a flock is confided to a shepherd, may, perhaps, become wretched by your ambition, your prodigality, or imprudence ; for nations are never wretched but by the fault of kings, who, like their guardian gods, should watch over them for good.”

To this discourse of Mentor, Telemachus listened

with grief and trouble ; and at length, with some emotion, replied, “ If these things are true, royalty is, of all conditions, the most wretched. A king is the slave of those whom he appears to command ; his people are not subordinate to him, but he is subordinate to his people : all his powers and faculties are referred to them, as their object : he is the servant, not of the community only, but of every individual ; he must supply all their wants, accommodate himself to all their weaknesses, correct their vices, teach them wisdom, and endow them with happiness. The authority with which he appears to be invested is not his own ; he is not at liberty to exert it, either for his glory, or his pleasure : it is, indeed, the authority of the laws, to which he must himself be obedient, as an example to others : the laws must reign, and of their sovereignty he must be their defence ; for them he must pass the night in vigils, and the day in labour : he is less at liberty and at rest, than any other in his dominions ; for his own freedom and repose are sacrificed to the freedom and happiness of the public.”

“ It is true,” replied Mentor, “ that a king is invested with the character, only that he may be, to his people, what a shepherd is to his flock, or a father to his family : but can you imagine, my dear Telemachus, that a king, who is continually employed to make multitudes happy, can himself be wretched ? He corrects the wicked by punishment, he encourages the good by rewards, he forms the world to virtue, a visible divinity, the vicegerent of Heaven ! It is not sufficient glory, to secure the laws from violation ? To affect being above their authority, is not to acquire glory, but to become the object of detestation and contempt. A king, if he is wicked, must indeed be miserable ; for his passions, and his vanity, will keep him in perpetual tumult and solicitude : but, if he is good, he will enjoy the purest and most sublime of all pleasures, in promoting the cause of

virtue, and expecting an eternal recompense from the gods."

Telemachus, whose mind was in great uneasiness and agitation, seemed, at this time, never to have comprehended these principles, though they had long been familiar to his mind, and he had often taught them to others: a splenetic humour, the frequent concomitant of secret infelicity, disposed him, contrary to his own sentiments, to reject the truths which Mentor had explained, with subtile cavils and pertinacious contradiction. Among other objections, he urged the ingratitude of mankind: "What," says he, "shall life be devoted to obtain the love of those who will, perhaps, hate you for the attempt; and to confer benefits upon wretches, who may probably use them to your destruction?"

"Ingratitude," replied Mentor, with great calmness, "must be expected from mankind: but, though mankind are ungrateful, we should not be weary of doing good: we should serve them less for their own sakes, than in obedience to the gods, who command it. The good that we do is never lost: if men forget it, it is remembered and rewarded by the gods. Besides, if the multitude are ungrateful, there will always be virtuous men, by whom virtue will be regarded with reverence and love; and even the multitude, however inconstant and capricious, will, sooner or later, be just to merit. But, if you would prevent the ingratitude of mankind, do not load them with such benefits as, in the common estimation, are of most value: do not endeavour to make them powerful and rich; do not make them the dread or the envy of others, either by their prowess, or their pleasures. This glory, this abundance, these delights will corrupt them; they will become more wicked, and consequently more ungrateful. Instead, therefore, of offering them a fatal gift, a delicious poison, endeavour to improve their morals, to inspire them with justice, sincerity, the fear of the gods, human-

ity, fidelity, moderation, and disinterestedness : by implanting goodness, you will eradicate ingratitude ; when you give virtue, you give a permanent and substantial good ; and virtue will always attach those who receive it to the giver. Thus, by communicating real benefits, you will receive real benefit in return : and the very nature of your gift will make ingratitude impossible. Is it strange that men should be ungrateful to princes, who have trained them to nothing but injustice and ambition ; and taught them only to be jealous, arrogant, perfidious, and cruel ? A prince must expect, that his people will act towards him, as he has taught them to act towards others. If he labours to render them good both by his example and authority, he will reap the fruit of his labour from their virtue : or at least, in his own, and in the favour of the gods, he will find abundant consolation for his disappointment."

As soon as Mentor had done speaking, Telemachus advanced hastily towards the Phæacians, whose vessel lay at anchor near the shore. He found among them an old man, of whom he inquired whence they came, whither they were going, and if he had not seen Ulysses. "We are come," said the old man, "from our own island, Corcyra, and we are going for merchandise to Epirus: Ulysses, as you have been told already, has been in our country, and has now left it."

"But who," said Telemachus, "is he, that, while he waits for the departure of your vessel, seems to be absorbed in the contemplation of his own misfortunes, and retires from society to the most solitary parts of the island?"—"He," said the old man, "is a stranger of whom we have no knowledge. It is said, that his name is Cleomenes ; that he is a native of Phrygia ; and that, before his birth, it was declared, by an oracle, to his mother, that, if he quitted his country, he should be a king ; but that, if he con-

tinued in it, the gods would denounce their anger against the Phrygians by a pestilence.

“ He was, therefore, delivered to some sailors, by his parents, as soon as he was born, who conveyed him to the island of Lesbos, where he was privately educated at the expense of his country, which had so great an interest in keeping him at a distance. As he increased in stature, his person became, at once, comely and robust : and he excelled in all exercises that render the body agile and strong : he also applied, with great genius and taste, to science, and the polite arts : but no people would suffer him to continue among them. The prediction of the oracle concerning him became generally known, and he was soon discovered wherever he went : the kings were every where jealous, lest he should supplant them in the throne ; and thus he became a fugitive from his youth, wandering about from country to country, without finding any place in which he might be allowed to remain. He has visited nations very remote from his own : but the secret of his birth, and the oracle concerning him, is discovered as soon as he arrives. He endeavours to conceal himself, wherever he comes, by entering into some obscure class of life ; but he is soon discovered, by his superior talents for war, literature, and government, which break out with irresistible splendour, notwithstanding his efforts to repress them. In every country, he is surprised into the exertion of his abilities, by some unforeseen occasion ; and these, at once, make him known to the public. His merit is his misfortune ; for this, he is feared wherever he is known, and excluded from every country where he would reside : it is his destiny, to be every where esteemed, beloved, and admired ; and to be excluded from all civil societies upon earth.

“ He is now advanced in years ; and yet he has not hitherto been able to find any district, either of Asia or Greece, where he may be permitted to live in un-

molested obscurity. He appears to be wholly without ambition, and to desire neither honour nor riches; and if the oracle had not promised him royalty, he would think himself the happiest of mankind. He indulges no hope of returning to his native country; for he knows, that to return thither would be to give up every family to mourning and tears. Even royalty itself, for which he suffers, is not desirable in his opinion: he is fulfilling the condition upon which it is to be acquired, in spite of himself; and impelled by an unhappy fatality, he pursues it from kingdom to kingdom, while it flies like a splendid illusion before him, as it were, to sport with his distress, and continue an idle chase, till life itself shall have lost its value with its use. How fatal a gift is reserved for him by the gods! How has it embittered those hours, which youth would have devoted to joy! and how has it aggravated the infirmities of age, when the only felicity of wearied nature is rest!

“He is now going,” continued the old mariner, “to Thrace, in search of some rude and lawless savages, whom he may collect into a society, civilize, and govern for a certain time; that thus, having accomplished the oracle, the most flourishing state may admit him without fear. If he succeeds in this design, he will immediately retire to a village in Caria; and apply himself wholly to his favourite employment, agriculture. He is a wise man, his desires are moderate, he fears the gods, and he knows mankind; and though he does not think them worthy of esteem, can live peaceably among them. Such is the account that I have heard of the stranger, after whom you inquire.”

Telemachus, while he was attending to this narrative, often turned his eyes towards the sea, which began to be troubled: the wind now swelling the surface into waves, which breaking against the rocks, whitened them with foam. The man observed it; and turning hastily to Telemachus, “I must be

gone," said he, "or my companions will sail without me." He then ran towards the vessel, the mariners hurried on board, and a confused clamour echoed along the shore.

The stranger, whom they called Cleomenes, had wandered about in the middle of the island; and, climbing to the summit of many of the rocks, had eyed the boundless diffusion of waters around him, with a fixed and mournful attention. Telemachus had still kept sight of him, and remarked him in every situation; not with an idle curiosity, for his heart melted with compassion for a man who, though virtuous, was wretched and a fugitive; formed for great achievements, yet condemned to be the sport of fortune, and a stranger to his country. "I," said he to himself, "may, perhaps, once more see Ithaca; but the return of this Cleomenes to Phrygia is impossible." Thus Telemachus received comfort, from contemplating the misery of a man more wretched than himself.

The stranger no sooner perceived his vessel ready to sail, than he rushed down the craggy sides of the rock, with as much agility and speed as Apollo bounds from precipice to precipice, in the forests of Lycia, when, with his silver hair gathered in a knot behind him, he pursues the stags and the boars, that fly from the terrors of his bow in vain. When the stranger was on board, and the vessel, dividing the waves, became gradually more distant from the shore, the heart of Telemachus died within him: he felt the keenest affliction without knowing the cause; the tears flowed unbidden from his eyes, and he found nothing so pleasing as to weep.

In the mean time, the mariners of Salentum, overcome with fatigue, were stretched upon the grass near the beach in a profound sleep. A sweet insensibility was diffused through every nerve; and the secret but powerful influence of Minerva had, in full day, scattered over them the dewy poppies of the

night. Telemachus was astonished to see the Salentines thus resign themselves to sleep, while the Phæacians, ever active and vigilant, had improved the gale; yet he was more intent upon watching their vessel, which was now fading from his sight in the horizon, than upon recalling his mariners to their duty. A secret and irresistible sense of astonishment and concern kept his eyes fixed upon the bark that had left the island, and of which the sails only could be seen, which, by their whiteness, were just distinguished from the azure of the sea. Mentor called to him, but he was deaf to the voice; his faculties seemed to be suspended, as in a trance; and he had no more the possession of himself, than the frantic votaries of Bacchus, when grasping the thyrsis in their hands, the ravings of their frenzy are re-echoed from the banks of the Hebrus, and the rude acclivities of Ismerus and Rhodope.

At length, however, the fascination was suspended; and, recovering his recollection, he again melted into tears. "I do not wonder," said Mentor, "my dear Telemachus, to see you weep; for the cause of your trouble, though to you a secret, is known to me. Nature is the divinity that speaks within you: it is her influence that you feel; and, at her touch, your heart has melted. A stranger has filled your breast with emotion: that stranger is the great Ulysses. What the Phæacian has told you concerning him, under the name of Cleomenes, is nothing more than a fiction, invented more effectually to conceal his return to Ithaca, whither he is now going; he is already near the port; and the scenes, so long desired, are at length given to his view. You have seen him, as it was once foretold you, but have not known him: the time is at hand, when you shall see him again: when you shall know him, and be known by him: but the gods would permit this only in Ithaca. His heart did not suffer less emotion than yours: but he is too

wise to trust any man with his secret, while it might expose him to the treachery and insults of the pretenders to Penelope. Your father Ulysses is the wisest of mankind ; his heart is an unfathomable depth ; his secret lies beyond the line of subtilty and fraud : he is the friend of truth, he says nothing that is false : but, when it is necessary, he conceals what is true ; his wisdom is, as it were, a seal upon his lips, which is never broken, but for an important purpose : he saw you, he spoke to you, yet he concealed himself from you : what a conflict must he have sustained, what anguish must he have felt ! Who can wonder at his dejection and sorrow !”

During this discourse, Telemachus stood fixed in astonishment, and at length burst into tears : his wonder was mingled with the tenderest and deepest distress : and it was long before the sighs, that struggled in his bosom, would permit a reply. At length he cried out, “ O my dear Mentor ! there was, indeed, in this stranger something that controlled all my heart ; something that attracted and melted me : a powerful influence without a name ! But, if you knew him, why did you not tell me, before he departed, that he was Ulysses ? And why did you not speak to him yourself, and acquaint him that he was not concealed from you ? What do these mysteries conceal ? Is it, that I shall be wretched for ever ? Will the gods, in their anger, doom me to the torments of Tantalus, whose burning lips a delusive stream approaches for ever, and for ever flies ! O my father, hast thou escaped me for ever ? Perhaps I shall see thee no more ! Perhaps the suitors of Penelope may take thee in the snares which they spread for me ! O had I followed thee ; then, if life had been denied us, we might at least have died together ! O Ulysses, Ulysses ! if thou shouldst escape another shipwreck, which, from the persevering malice of fortune there

is reason to doubt, I fear lest thou shouldst meet at Ithaca as disastrous a fate as Agamemnon at Mycene! But wherefore, O my dear Mentor, did you envy my good fortune? Why have I not already embraced my father? Why am I not now with him, in the port of Ithaca? why not fighting at his side, and exulting in the destruction of his enemies?"

"Let me now, my dear Telemachus," said Mentor, with a smile, "show thee to thyself; and thus acquaint thee with the weakness of mankind. To-day you was inconsolable, because you have seen your father without knowing him; but what would you have given, yesterday, to know that he was not dead! To-day your own eyes assure you that he lives; and this assurance, which should transport you with joy, overwhelms you with distress. Thus do mankind, by the perverse depravity of their nature, esteem that which they have most desired as of no value the moment it is possessed; and torment themselves, with fruitless wishes, for that which is beyond their reach. It is to exercise your patience that the gods thus hold you in suspense. You consider this time as lost; but be assured that it is, more than any other, improved. The distress which you now suffer will exercise you in the practice of that virtue which is of more importance than all others, to those who are born to command. Without patience, you can be master neither of others nor yourself. Impatience which appears to be the force and vigour of the soul, is, indeed, a weakness; the want of fortitude to suffer pain. He that knows not how to wait for good, and to endure evil, is subject to the same imbecility, as he that cannot keep a secret: they both want power to restrain the first impulse of the mind; and resemble a charioteer, whose hand has not strength to restrain his impatient coursers, in their headlong speed: they disdain the bridle, and

rush forward with ungoverned fury, the chariot is overturned, and the feeble driver is crushed under the wheels. An impatient man is thus precipitated to ruin, by the violence of impetuous and ungoverned desire. The more elevated his station, the more fatal his impatience: he waits for nothing, he despises deliberation, and takes all things, as it were, by storm: every enjoyment is a violence and an injury; he breaks down the branches to gather the fruit before it is ripe: he forces the door rather than wait till it is opened; and resolves to reap when the prudent husbandman would sow: all his actions are precipitate, and out of season; all that he does, therefore, is done amiss, and must be futile and transient as his own desires. Such are the extravagant projects of a man, who vainly imagines that he can do all things; and abandons himself to every impatient wish, that prompts him to abuse his power. Your patience is thus tried, my dear Telemachus, that you may learn to be patient; and, for this cause, the gods have given you up to the caprice of Fortune, and suffered you to be still a wanderer, to whom all things are uncertain. Every object of your hope has just appeared and vanished, like the fleeting images of a dream when the slumbers of the night are past, to apprise you, that the blessings which we imagine to be within our grasp, elude us, and disappear in a moment. The best precepts of the wise Ulysses would instruct you less than his absence, and the sufferings which, while you sought him, you have endured."

Mentor then determined to bring the patience of Telemachus to another trial, yet more severe than any that were past. At the moment, therefore, when the young hero was urging the mariners to set sail without delay, Mentor suddenly stopped him, and proposed that they should offer a solemn sacrifice to Minerva upon the beach. Telemachus consented, without remonstrance or complaint;

two altars of turf were immediately prepared, the incense smoked, and the blood of the victims was shed; the youth looked up to heaven, with a sigh of tenderness and devotion, and acknowledged the powerful protection of the goddess.

As soon as the sacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the darkest recess of a neighbouring wood; and here he suddenly perceived the countenance of his friend assume a new form: the wrinkles disappeared, as the shadows of the night vanish when the rosy fingers of Aurora throw back the portals of the east, and kindle the horizon with the beams of day: his eyes, which were keen and hollow, changed to a celestial blue, and sparkled with divine radiance; his beard, grised and neglected, totally vanished; and the sight of Telemachus was dazzled by new features, which were, at once, mild and awful, lovely and majestic. He beheld the countenance of a woman, soft and delicate as the leaves of a flower just opening to the sun, and blooming with the tints both of the lily and the rose: it was distinguished by the ineffable beauty of eternal youth, and the easy dignity of familiar greatness: her flowing hair impregnated the gale with ambrosial odours; and her robes shone with a various and vivid splendour, like the clouds of heaven, which the sun diversifies and irradiates with his earliest light. The divinity was no longer supported by the earth, but reclined upon the air, in which she floated like a bird in its flight: in her hand was the shining lance, at which nations tremble, and Mars himself becomes sensible to fear: her voice was sweet and placid, but penetrating and strong; her words pierced the heart of Telemachus, like shafts of fires, and thrilled him with a kind of delicious pain; upon her helmet appeared the solitary bird of Athens; and her dreadful ægis glittering upon her breast. By these characteristics, Telemachus knew that he beheld Minerva.

“And is it thou thyself,” said he, “O goddess;

who, for the love that thou bearest to Ulysses, ~~was~~ vouchsafed guidance and protection to his son!" He would have said more, but his voice failed him; and the thoughts that rushed, with impetuous tumult, from his heart, his tongue laboured to express in vain: he was overwhelmed by the presence of the divinity, like a man who is oppressed, to the loss of breath, in a dream, and who, although agonized with an effort to speak, can articulate nothing.

At length the goddess addressed him in these words: "Hear me, O son of Ulysses, for the last time! I have hitherto favoured no mortal with such instructions as I have vouchsafed to thee. In countries unknown, in shipwreck, in battle, in every situation of danger and distress, by which the heart of man can be tried, I have been thy protection. For thee I have illustrated, by experiment, all maxims of government, both false and true; and I have improved, not thy misfortunes only, but even thy faults, into wisdom. Who can govern, that has never suffered? Who can avoid error, but by experience of its evil? Thou hast filled earth and ocean with disastrous adventures, like thy father; and art now worthy to follow him to Ithaca, where he is this moment arrived, and whither thy passage is short and easy. In battle, let thy station be at his side: obey him with implicit reverence; and let the meanest subject learn his duty from thy example. He will give Antiope to thy wishes; in this alliance thy object was rather merit than beauty, and it shall be happy. When thou shalt be invested with sovereign power, let it be thy only ambition to restore the golden age: let thy ear be open to all, but thy confidence restrained to few; trust not implicitly to thy own virtue, or thy own wisdom: fear to deceive thyself, but fear not that others should know thou hast been deceived. Love thy people; and neglect nothing that may inspire them with love of thee: those whom love cannot influence must be ruled by fear; but

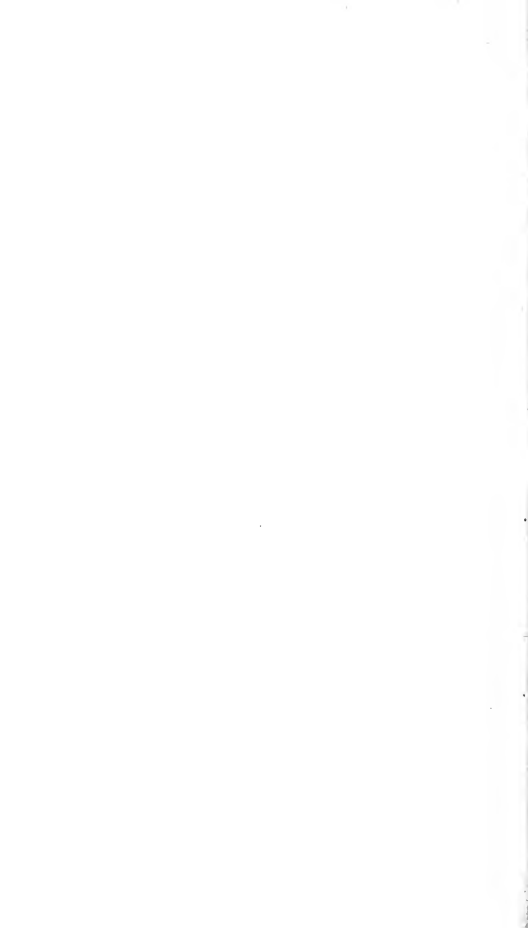
this expedient, like a violent and dangerous remedy, should always be used with reluctance. Undertake nothing of which thou hast not considered the most remote consequences: look steadily at the future, whatever evils it may present; for true courage consists in the anticipation and contempt of necessary danger: he who will not voluntarily look danger in the face, will shrink from the sight when it is obtruded upon him; he only is wise and brave, who willingly looks on all that can be seen, who shuns all that can be shunned, and meets that which is inevitable with equanimity. Avoid luxury, profusion, and pomp, and place thy glory in simplicity: let thy virtues be the ornaments of thy person, and thy palace; let these be the guard that surrounds thee; and let thy example teach the world in what honour consists. Let it be constantly present to thy mind, that kings reign not for their own glory, but for the good of their people: the virtues and the vices of kings entail happiness or misery upon mankind, to the remotest generations: and a bad reign sometimes produces calamity for an age. Above all, guard against thy humour; that peculiarity of disposition which, independent both of the passions and reason, distinguishes mankind from each other; that capricious principle, which chooses and rejects, loves and hates, approves and condemns, not in consequence of qualities in the object, but propensities in the mind. This humour is a bosom enemy, which every man is condemned to carry with him to the grave: it will enter into all thy councils; and, if indulged, will certainly pervert them: it will prevent thee from improving opportunities of advantage; it will prefer shadows to the substance, and determine important affairs by petty considerations: it obscures talents, depresses courage, and renders a man feeble, inconstant, odious, and contemptible: against this enemy, be continually upon the guard. Let the fear of the gods, O

Telemachus, be the ruling passion of thy heart : keep it sacred in thy bosom, as thy dearest treasure ; for with this thou shalt possess wisdom and justice, tranquillity and joy, unpolluted pleasure, genuine freedom, peaceful affluence, and spotless glory.

“ I now leave thee, O son of Ulysses ! but so long as thou shalt feel the want of my wisdom, my wisdom shall remain with thee. It is now time that thou shouldst walk by the light of thy own mind : I withdrew from thee in Egypt and at Salentum, that I might reconcile thee to the want of that assistance and comfort which I afforded, by degrees, as a mother weans an infant from the breast, when it is no longer necessary to indulge him with milk, and he is able to subsist upon coarser food !”

Such was the last counsel of Minerva to Telemachus ; and, while her voice yet vibrated on his ear, he perceived her rise slowly from the earth ; and a cloud of intermingled azure and gold surrounding her, she disappeared. Telemachus stood a moment astonished and entranced ; then sighing, prostrated himself upon the ground, and stretched out his hands towards heaven. After this homage was paid, he arose, awakened his companions, hastened their departure, arrived in Ithaca, and found his father under the friendly roof of his faithful Eumenes.

THE END



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